

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CAREFULLY CORRECTED.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. BALD, T. BLAW, and J. KERT.

M D C C L X X I V .

DRAMATIC WORKS

DAVID G. B. L. C. 111

IN THE

THEATRE OF THE

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A
SHORT SKETCH
OF THE
Character and Writings
OF
Mr. GARRICK:

BEING

An Extract from Mr. VICTOR's elegant Account
of the Dramatic Writers of Great-Britain.

IT would surely be needless here to mention, that Mr. GARRICK is at this time a living Writer, were it not for the sake of future theatrical chronology, which may at some period hereafter have occasion for such information.—He was born in the city of Hereford, in the year 1717, his father bearing a captain's commission in the army; which rank he maintained for several years; and at the time of his death was possessed of a majority, which that event however prevented him from ever enjoying.—Our Author received the first rudiments of his education at the free school at Litchfield, which he afterwards completed at Rochester, under the celebrated Mr. Colson, since mathematical professor at Cambridge.—On the 9th of March 1736, he was entered of the honourable society of Lincoln's-Inn, being intended for the bar.—But whether he found the study of the law too heavy, saturnine, and barren of amusement for his more active and lively disposition, or that a genius like his could not continue circumscribed within the limits of any profession but that to which it was

more peculiarly adapted, and like the magnetic needle pointed directly to its proper centre, or perhaps both, it is certain that he did not long pursue the municipal law; for in the year 1740-1, he quitted it entirely for the stage, and made his first appearance at the theatre in Goodman's-Fields, then under the management of Mr. Giffard.—The character he first represented was that of King Richard III. in which, like the sun bursting from behind an obscure cloud, he displayed, in the very earliest dawn, a somewhat more than meridian brightness.—In short, his excellence dazzled and astonished every one, and the seeing a young man, in no more than his twenty-fourth year, and a novice to the stage, reaching at one single step to that height of perfection which maturity of years, and long practical experience had not been able to bestow on the then capital performers of the English stage, was a phenomenon which could not but become the object of universal speculation, and as universal admiration.—The rumour of this bright star appearing in the east flew with the rapidity of lightening through the town, and drew all the theatrical *magi* thither to pay their devotions to this new-born son of genius; the theatres towards the court-end of the town were deserted, persons of all ranks flocking to Goodman's Fields, where Mr. Garrick continued to act till the close of the season, when, having very advantageous terms offered him for the performing in Dublin, during some part of the summer, he went over thither, where he found the same just homage paid to his merit, which he had received from his own countrymen.—To the service of the latter, however, he esteemed himself more immediately bound; and therefor, in the ensuing winter, engaged himself to Mr. Fleetwood, then manager of Drury-Lane playhouse, in which theatre he continued till the year 1745: in the winter of which he again went over to Ireland, and

continued there through the whole of that season, being joint manager with Mr. Sheridan in the direction and profits of the Theatre-Royal in Smock-Alley.— From thence he returned to England, and was engaged for the year 1746 with the late Mr. Rich, patentee of Covent Garden. This, however, was his last performance as an hired actor, for in the close of that season, Mr. Fleetwood's patent for the management of Drury Lane being expired, and that gentleman having no inclination farther to pursue a design, by which, from his want of acquaintance with the proper conduct of it, or some other reasons, he had already considerably impaired his fortune, Mr. Garrick, in conjunction with Mr. Lacy, purchased the property of that theatre, together with the renovation of the patent, and, in the winter of 1747, opened it with the best part of Mr. Fleetwood's former company, and the great additional strength of Mr. Barry, Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Cibber from Covent Garden.

In this station, Mr. Garrick has continued ever since, and both by his conduct as a manager, and his unequalled merit as an actor, has from year to year added to the entertainment of the public; which he has ever, with an indefatigable assiduity, consulted.—Nor has the public been by any means ungrateful in its returns for that assiduity; but has, on the contrary, by the warm and deserved encouragement, which it has given him, raised him to that state of ease and affluence, to which it must surely be the wish of every honest heart, to see superior excellence of any kind exalted.

To enter into a particular detail of Mr. Garrick's several merits, or a discussion of his peculiar excellencies in the immense variety of characters he performs, would be a task, not only too arduous for me to attempt, and too extensive for the limits of the present work, but

also entirely impertinent and unnecessary, as very few persons, for whose entertainment or information this book is intended, can be supposed unacquainted with them.—However, as readers in some more distant periods, when, as Mr. Cibber expresses it, ‘The animated ‘graces of the player will, at best, but faintly glimmer ‘through the memory, or imperfect attestation, of a ‘few surviving spectators;’ nay, when even these testimonials shall be unattainable, will be desirous of forming to their ideas a portrait of the person and manner of this amazing performer, I shall here bequeath my little mite to future dramatic history, by offering such a rude sketch of them, as when touched up hereafter by some other pencil, may answer the intended purpose, and prove a perfect picture.

Mr. Garrick in his person is low, yet well shap’d and neatly proportioned, and, having added the qualifications of dancing and fencing, to that natural gentility of manner, which no art can bestow, but which our great mother Nature endows many with, even from infancy, his deportment is constantly easy, natural, and engaging.—His complexion is dark, and the features of his face, which are pleasingly regular, are animated by a full black eye, brilliant and penetrating.—His voice is clear, melodious, and commanding; and, although it may not possess the strong overbearing powers of Mr. Moslop’s, or the musical sweetness of Mr. Barry’s, yet it appears to have a much greater compass of variety than either; and from Mr. Garrick’s judicious manner of conducting it, enjoys that articulation and piercing distinctness, which renders it equally intelligible, even to the most distant parts of an audience, in the gentle whispers of murmuring love, the half-smother’d accents of infelt passion, or the professed and sometimes awkward concealments of an aside speech in comedy, as in the rants of

rage, the darings of despair, or all the open violence of tragical enthusiasm.

As to his particular *forte*, or superior cast in acting, it would be, perhaps, as difficult to determine it, as it would be minutely to describe his several excellencies in the very different casts in which he at different times thinks proper to appear.—Particular superiority is swallowed up in his universality; and should it even be contended, that there have been performers, equal to him in their own respective *fortes* of playing, yet even their partizans must acknowledge, there never existed any one performer that came near his excellence in so great a variety of parts.—Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce; the lover and the hero, the jealous husband, who suspects his wife's virtue without cause, and the thoughtless lively rake, who attacks it without design, are all alike open to his imitation, and all alike do honour to his execution.—Every passion of the human breast seems subjected to his powers of expression, nay, even time itself appears to stand still or advance as he would have it.—Rage and ridicule, doubt and despair, transport and tenderness, compassion and contempt, love, jealousy, fear, fury, and simplicity, all take in turn possession of his features, while each of them in turn appears to be the sole professor of those features.—One night, old age sits on his countenance, as if the wrinkles she had stamp't there were indelible; the next, the gaiety and bloom of youth seems to over-spread his face, and smoothe even those marks which time and muscular confirmation may have really made there.—Of these truths no one can be ignorant, who has ever seen him in the different characters of Lear or Hamlet, Richard, Dorilas, Romeo, or Lusignou; in his Ranger, Bays, Druggier, Kitely, Brute, or Benedict.—In short, Nature, the mistress from whom alone this great performer

has borrowed all his lessons, being in herself inexhaustible, and her variation not to be numbered, it is by no means surprizing, that this, her darling son, should find an unlimited scope for change and diversity in his manner of copying from her various productions; and, as if she had, from his cradle, marked him out for her truest representative, she has bestowed on him such powers of expression in the muscles of his face, as no performer ever yet possessed; not only for the display of a single passion, but also for the combination of those various conflicts with which the human breast at times is fraught; so that in his countenance, even when his lips are silent, his meaning stands portray'd in characters too legible for any to mistake it.—In a word, the beholder feels himself affected he knows not how, and it may be truly said of him, by future writers, what the poet has said of Shakespeare, that in his acting, as in the other's writing,

*His powerful strokes prevailing truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.*

During the course of his management, the public has, undoubtedly, been much obliged to him for his indefatigable labour in the conduct of the theatre, and in the pains he has ever taken to discover and gratify its taste; and though the situation of a manager will be perpetually liable to attacks from disappointed authors and undeserving performers; yet, it is apparent, from the barrenness both of plays and players of merit, which has for some years past appeared at the opposite theatre, that this gentleman cannot have refused acceptance to many of either kind, that was any way deserving of the town's regard.—In short, it does not appear that this is the age of either dramatic or theatrical genius; and yet it is very apparent, that the pains Mr. Garrick has taken, in rearing many tender plants of the latter kind,

has added several valuable performers to the English stage, whose first blossoms were far from promising so fair a fruit as they have since produced: and that, among the several dramatic pieces which have within these fourteen years made their first appearance on the theatre in Drury Lane, there are very few, whose authors have not acknowledged themselves greatly indebted to this gentleman for useful hints or advantageous alterations, to which their success has in great measure been owing.—

Add to this care, the revival of many pieces of the more early writers: pieces possessed of great merit, but which had, either through the neglect or ignorance of other managers, lain for a long time unemployed and unregarded.—But there is one part of theatrical conduct which ought unquestionably to be recorded to Mr. Garrick's honour, since the cause of virtue and morality, and the formation of public manners are very considerably dependant on it, and that is, the zeal with which he has ever aimed to banish from the stage all those plays which carry with them an immoral tendency, and to prune from those, who do not absolutely on the whole promote the interests of vice, such scenes of licentiousness and liberty, as a redundancy of wit and too great liveliness of imagination, has induced some of our comic writers, to indulge themselves in, and which the sympathetic disposition of an age of gallantry and intrigue had given a sanction to.—The purity of the English stage has certainly been much more fully established during the administration of this theatrical minister, than it had ever been during preceeding managements: for what the public taste had itself in some measure began, he, by keeping that taste within its proper channel, and feeding it with a pure and untainted stream, seems to have completed; and to have endeavoured as much as

possible to keep up to the promise made in the prologue above quoted, and which was spoken at the first opening of that theatre under his direction, viz.

*Bade scenic virtue form the rising age,
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.*

His superiority to all others in one branch of excellence, however, must not make us overlook the rank he is intitled to stand in as to another; nor our remembrance of his being the first actor living, induce us to forget that he is far from being the last writer. Notwithstanding the numberless and laborious advocations attending on his profession as an actor, and his station as a manager, yet still his active genius has been perpetually bursting forth in various little productions both in the dramatic and poetical way, whose merit cannot but make us regret his want of time for the pursuance of more extensive and important works.

THE
LYING VALET.

A
COMEDY,
In Two ACTS.

The PERSONS.

M E N.

Sharp [the Lying Valet]		Mr. <i>Garrick.</i>
Gaylefs	- - -	Mr. <i>Blakes.</i>
Justice Guttle	- - -	Mr. <i>Taswell.</i>
Beau Trippét	- - -	Mr. <i>Neal.</i>
Dick	- - -	Mr. <i>Yates.</i>

W O M E N.

Meliffa	- - -	Miss <i>Bennet.</i>
Kitty Pry	- - -	Mrs. <i>Clive.</i>
Mrs. Gadabout	- - -	Mrs. <i>Crofs.</i>
Mrs. Trippet	- - -	Mrs. <i>Ridout.</i>

THE LYING VALET*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

GAYLESS'S Lodgings.

Enter GAYLESS and SHARP.

SHARP.

HOW, Sir, shall you be married to-morrow? Eh, I'm afraid you joke with your poor humble servant.

Gayl. I tell thee, Sharp, last night Melissa consented, and fixed to-morrow for the happy day.

* This little piece made its first appearance at the Theatre in *Goodman's Fields*; but the author, soon quitting that place for the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, brought his Farce with him, which was there acted with great applause.—Some of the nibblers in criticism have charged this piece as being borrowed from some *French Comedy*; but as I have never yet heard the title of the supposed original mentioned, I cannot avoid, as far as to the extent of my own knowledge, acquitting the author from the accusation.—A charge, however, which, wherever laid, I am ever apt to suspect as rather the effect of envy, than of a love of justice or the public, as it has ever been the practice of the very best writers, in all ages and nations, to make use of valuable hints in the works of their neighbours, for the use and advantage of those of their countrymen, to whom those works may not be so familiar as to themselves.—No man in his senses would, I think, quarrel with a fine *Nosgay*, because some of the most beautiful flowers in it happened to have been gathered in a neighbouring country; nor is the world much less obliged to the person who favours it with a good translation of a good author, than to that author himself, or one of equal excellence at home.—Intreating pardon, however, for this small digression, I shall now proceed to the little dramatic work under consideration, which, whether original, translation, or copy, has undoubtedly great merit, if character, plot, incident, and a rank of diction well adapted to these characters, can give it a just title to the praise I have bestowed on it.—Nor can there be stronger evidence borne to its deserts, than that approbation which constantly attends on it through the numerous repetitions of it every season at both Theatres.

Companion to the Play-House.

Sharp. 'Tis well she did, Sir, or it might have been a dreadful one for us in our present condition: all your money spent; your moveables sold; your honour almost ruined, and your humble servant almost starved; we could not possibly have stood it two days longer——But if this young lady will marry you, and relieve us, o' my conscience I'll turn friend to the sex, rail no more at matrimony, but curse the whores, and think of a wife myself.

Gayl. And yet, Sharp, when I think how I have imposed upon her, I am almost resolved to throw myself at her feet, tell her the real situation of my affairs, ask her pardon, and implore her pity.

Sharp. After marriage with all my heart, Sir; but don't let your conscience and honour so far get the better of your poverty and good sense, as to rely on so great uncertainties as a fine lady's mercy and good-nature.

Gayl. I know her generous temper, and am almost persuaded to rely upon it: what, because I am poor, shall I abandon my honour?

Sharp. Yes, you must, Sir, or abandon me: so, pray, discharge one of us; for eat I must, and speedily too: and you know very well that that honour of yours will neither introduce you to a great man's table, nor get me credit for a single beef-steak.

Gayl. What can I do?

Sharp. Nothing, while honour sticks in your throat: do gulp, master, and down with it.

Gayl. Prithee leave me to my thoughts.

Sharp. Leave you! no, not in such bad company, I'll assure you: why you must certainly be a very great philosopher, Sir, to moralize and declaim so charmingly, as you do, about honour and conscience, when your doors are beset with bailiffs, and not one single guinea in your pocket to bribe the villains.

Gayl. Don't be witty, and give your advice, firrah!

Sharp. Do you be wise, and take it, Sir. But to be serious, you certainly have spent your fortune, and outlived your credit, as your pockets and my belly can testify; your father has disowned you; all your friends forsook you, except myself, who am starving with you. Now, Sir, if you marry this young lady, who as yet, thank heaven, knows nothing of your misfortunes, and by that means procure a better fortune than that you squander'd away,

make a good husband, and turn œconomist; you still may be happy, may still be Sir William's heir, and the lady too no loser by the bargain: there's reason and argument, Sir.

Gayl. 'Twas with that prospect I first made love to her; and though my fortune has been ill spent, I have, at least, purchased discretion with it.

Sharp. Pray then convince me of that, Sir, and make no more objections to the marriage. You see I am reduced to my waistcoat already; and when necessity has undress'd me from top to toe, she must begin with you; and then we shall be forced to keep house and die by inches. Look you, Sir, if you won't resolve to take my advice, while you have one coat to your back, I must e'en take to my heels while I have strength to run, and something to cover me: so, Sir, wishing you much comfort and consolation with your bare conscience, I am your most obedient and half-starv'd friend and servant. [*Going.*]

Gayl. Hold, Sharp, you won't leave me.

Sharp. I must eat, Sir; by my honour and appetite I must!

Gayl. Well then, I am resolv'd to favour the cheat; and as I shall quite change my former course of life, happy may be the consequences: at least of this I am sure——

Sharp. That you can't be worse than you are at present.

Gayl. (*A knocking without.*)——Who's there?

Sharp. Some of your former good friends, who favour'd you with money at fifty per cent. and helped you to spend it; and are now become daily memento's to you of the folly of trusting rogues, following whores, and laughing at my advice.

Gayl. Cease your impertinence! to the door! if they are duns, tell 'em my marriage is now certainly fix'd, and persuade 'em still to forbear a few days longer, and keep my circumstances a secret for their sakes as well as my own.

Sharp. O never fear it, Sir; they still have so much friendship for you, not to desire your ruin to their own disadvantage.

Gayl. And do you hear, Sharp, if it shou'd be any bo-

dy from Melissa, say I am not at home, lest the bad appearance we make here should make 'em suspect something to our disadvantage.

Sharp. I'll obey you, Sir;—but I am afraid they will easily discover the consumptive situation of our affairs by my chop-fallen countenance. [Exit Sharp.

Gayl. These very rascals, who are continually dunning and persecuting me, were the very persons who led me to my ruin, partook of my prosperity, and profess'd the greatest friendship.

Sharp. (*without.*) Upon my word, Mrs. Kitty, my master's not at home.

Kit. (*without.*) Lockee, Sharp, I must and will see him!

Gayl. Ha, what do I hear? Melissa's maid! what has brought her here? my poverty has made her my enemy too—She is certainly come with no good intent—No friendship there, without fees—She's coming up stairs.—What must I do?—I'll get into this closet and listen.

[Exit Gayless.

Enter SHARP and KITTY.

Kit. I must know where he is, and will know too, Mr. Impertinence!

Sharp. Not of me you won't. [*Aside.*] He's not within, I tell you, Mrs. Kitty; I don't know myself: do you think I can conjure?

Kit. But I know you will lie abominably; therefore don't trifle with me. I come from my mistress, Melissa; you know, I suppose, what's to be done to-morrow morning?

Sharp. Ay, and to-morrow night too, girl!

Kit. Not if I can help it. [*Aside.*]—But come, where is your master? for see him I must.

Sharp. Pray, Mrs. Kitty, what's your opinion of this match between my master and your mistress?

Kit. Why I have no opinion of it at all; and yet most of our wants will be reliev'd by it too: for instance now, your master will get a fortune, that's what I'm afraid he wants; my mistress will get a husband, that's what she has wanted for some time: you will have the pleasure of my

conversation, and I an opportunity of breaking your head for your impertinence.

Sharp. Madam, I'm your most humble servant! But I'll tell you what, Mrs. Kitty, I am positively against the match; for, was I a man of my master's fortune——

Kit. You'd marry, if you cou'd, and mend it. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, Sharp, where does your master's estate lie?

Gayl. Oh the devil! what a question was there! [*Aside.*

Sharp. Lie, lie; why it lies—faith, I can't name any particular place, it lies in so many: his effects are divided, some here, some there; his steward hardly knows himself.

Kit. Scatter'd, scatter'd, I suppose. But harkee, Sharp, what's become of your furniture? You seem to be a little bare here at present.

Gayl. What, has she found out that too? [*Aside.*

Sharp. Why, you must know, as soon as the wedding was fixed, my master order'd me to remove goods into a friend's house, to make room for a ball which he designs to give here the day after the marriage.

Kit. The luckiest thing in the world! for my mistress designs to have a ball and entertainment here to-night before the marriage; and that's my business with your master.

Sharp. The devil it is! [*Aside.*

Kit. Sh'll not have it public, she designs to invite only eight or ten couple of friends.

Sharp. No more?

Kitty. No more: and she ordered me to desire your master not to make a great entertainment.

Sharp. Oh, never fear——

Kit. Ten or a dozen little nice things, with some fruit, I believe, will be enough in all conscience.

Sharp. Oh, curse your conscience! [*Aside.*

Kit. And what do you think I have done of my own head?

Sharp. What?

Kit. I have invited all my lord Stately's servants to come and see you, and have a dance in the kitchen: won't your master be surpriz'd?

Sharp. Much so indeed!

Kit. Well, be quick and find out your master, and make

what hast you can with your preparations : you have no time to lose.—Prithee, Sharp, what's the matter with you ? I have not seen you for some time, and you seem to look a little thin.

Sharp. Oh my unfortunate face ! [*Aside.*] I'm in pure good health, thank you, Mrs. Kitty ; and I'll assure you, I have a very good stomach, never better in my life, and I am as full of vigour, hussy ! [*Offers to kiss her.*]

Kit. What, with that face ! well, bye, bye, [*going*] —oh, Sharp, what ill-looking fellows are those, were standing about your door when I came in ? They want your master too, I suppose.

Sharp. Hum ! Yes, they are waiting for him.—They are some of his tenants out of the country that want to pay him some money.

Kit. Tenants ! what, do you let his tenants stand in the street ?

Sharp. They chuse it ; as they seldom come to town they are willing to see as much of it as they can, when they do ; they are raw, ignorant, honest people.

Kit. Well, I must run home, farewell !—But do you hear ? Get something substantial for us in the kitchen—a ham, a turkey, or what you will—We'll be very merry ; and be sure to remove the tables and chairs away there too, that we may have room to dance ; I can't bear to be confined in my French dances ; tal, tal, tal, [*dancing.*] Well, adieu ! Without any compliment, I shall die if I don't see you soon. [*Exit Kitty.*]

Sharp. And without any compliment, I pray heaven you may !

Enter GAYLESS.

[*They look for some time sorrowful at each other.*]

Gayl. Oh, Sharp !

Sharp. Oh, master !

Gayl. We are certainly undone !

Sharp. That's no news to me.

Gayl. Eight or ten couple of dancers—ten or a dozen little nice dishes, with some fruit—my lord Stately's servant's, ham and turkey !

Sharp. Say no more ; the very sound creates an appetite : and I am sure of late I have had no occasion for whetters and provocatives.

Gayl. Curs'd misfortune ! What can we do ?

Sharp. Hang ourselves; I see no other remedy; except you have a receipt to give a ball and a supper without meat or music.

Gayl. Melissa has certainly heard of my bad circumstances, and has invented this scheme to distress me, and break off the match.

Sharp. I don't believe it, Sir; begging your pardon.

Gayl. No, why did her maid then make so strick an enquiry into my fortune and affairs?

Sharp. For two very substantial reasons; the first to satisfy a curiosity, natural to her as a woman; the second, to have the pleasure of my conversation, very natural to her as a woman of taste and understanding.

Gayl. Prithee be more serious: is not our All at stake?

Sharp. Yes, Sir: and yet that All of ours is of so little consequence, that a man, with a very small share of philosophy may part from it without much pain or uneasiness. However, Sir, I'll convince you in half an hour, that Mrs. Melissa knows nothing of your circumstances, and I'll tell you what too, Sir, she shan't be here to-night, and yet you shall marry her to-morrow morning.

Gayl. How, how, dear Sharp?

Sharp. 'Tis here, here, Sir! warm, warm, and delays will cool it; therefor I'll away to her, and do you be as merry as love and poverty will permit you.

Would you succeed, a faithful friend depute,

Whose head can plan, and front can execute.

I am the man, and I hope you neither dispute my friendship or qualification.

Gayl. Indeed, I don't; prithee be gone.

Sharp. I fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, MELISSA'S Lodgings.

Enter MELISSA and KITTY.

Mel. You surprise me, Kitty; the master not at home! the man in confusion! no furniture in the house! and ill-looking fellows about the doors! 'tis all a riddle.

Kit. But very easy to be explain'd.

Mel. Prithce explain it then, nor keep me longer in suspense.

Kit. The affair is this, madam; Mr. Gayless is over head and ears in debt; you are over head and ears in love; you'll marry him to-morrow; the next day, your whole fortune goes to his creditors, and you and your children are to live comfortable upon the remainder.

Mel. I cannot think him base.

Kit. But I know they are all base—You are very young, and very ignorant of the sex; I am young too, but have more experience: you never was in love before; I have been in love with an hundred, and try'd 'em all; and know 'em to be a parcel of barbarous, perjur'd, deluding, bewitching devils.

Mel. The low wretches you have had to do with, may answer the character you give 'em; but Mr. Gayless—

Kit. Is a man, madam.

Mel. I hope so, Kitty, or I would have nothing to do with him.

Kit. With all my heart—I have given you my sentiments upon the occasion, and shall leave you to your own inclinations.

Mel. Oh, madam, I am much obliged to you for your great condescension, ha, ha, ha! however, I have so great a regard for your opinion, that had I certain proofs of his villainy—

Kit. Of his poverty you may have a hundred, I am sure I have had none to the contrary.

Mel. Oh, there the shoe pinches. [*Aside.*

Kit. Nay, so far from giving me the usual perquisites of my place, he has not so much as kept me in temper with little endearing civilities; and one might reasonably expect when a man is deficient in one way, that he shou'd make it up in another. [*Knocking without.*

Mel. See who's at the door. [*Exit Kitty.*]—I must be cautious how I hearken too much to this girl: her bad opinion of Mr. Gayless seems to arise from his disregard of her.—

Enter SHARP and KITTY.

Kit. So, Sharp, have you found your master? will things be ready for the ball and entertainment?

Sharp. To your wishes, madam. I have just now be-

poke the music and supper, and wait now for your ladyship's farther commands.

Mel. My compliments to your master, and let him know I and my company will be with him by six; we design to drink tea, and play at cards, before we dance.

Kit. So shall I and my company, Mr. Sharp. [*Aside.*

Sharp. Mighty well, madam!

Mel. Prithee, Sharp, what makes you come without your coat? 'Tis too cool to go so airy, sure.

Kit. Mr. Sharp, madam, is of a very hot constitution, ha, ha, ha!

Sharp. If it had been ever so cool I have had enough to warm me since I came from home, I'm sure, but no matter for that. [*Sighing.*

Mel. What d'ye mean?

Sharp. Pray don't ask me, madam; I beseech you don't: let us change the subject.

Kit. Insist upon knowing it, madam—My curiosity must be satisfied, or, I shall burst. [*Aside.*

Mel. I do insist upon knowing—On pain of my displeasure, tell me!

Sharp. If my master should know—I must not tell you, madam, indeed.

Mel. I promise you, upon my honour, I never shall.

Sharp. But can your ladyship insure secrecy from that quarter?

Kit. Yes, Mr. Jackanapes, for any thing you can say.

Mel. I engage for her.

Sharp. Why then, in short, madam, I cannot tell you.

Mel. Don't trifle with me.

Sharp. Then since you will have it, madam,—I lost my coat in defence of your reputation.

Mel. In defence of my reputation!

Sharp. I will assure you, madam, I've suffer'd very much in defence of it; which is more than I would have done for my own.

Mel. Prithee explain.

Sharp. In short, madam, you was seen about a month ago, to make a visit to my master alone.

Mel. Alone! my servant was with me.

Sharp. What; Mrs. Kitty? so much the worse; for

she was looked upon as my property; and I was brought in guilty, as well as you and my master.

Kit. What, your property, Jackanapes?

Mel. What is all this?

Sharp. Why, madam, as I came out but now, to make preparation for you and your company to-night; Mrs. Pryabout, the attorney's wife at next door, calls to me; harkee fellow! says she, do you and your modest master know that my husband shall indite your house, at the next parish meeting, for a nuisance?

Mel. A nuisance!

Sharp. I said so—A nuisance! I believe none in the neighbourhood live with more decency and regularity than I and my master, as is really the case—Decency and regularity, cries she, with a sneer;—why, firrah, does not my window look into your master's bed-chamber? and did not he bring in a certain lady, such a day? describing you, madam. And did not I see—

Mel. See! O scandalous! What?

Sharp. Modesty requires my silence.

Mel. Did not you contradict her!

Sharp. Contradict her! Why, I told her I was sure she ly'd: for zounds! said I, for I could not help swearing, I am so well convinc'd of the lady's and my master's prudence, that I am sure, had they a mind to amuse themselves, they would certainly have drawn the window-curtains.

Mel. What, did you say nothing else? did not you convince her of her error and impertinence?

Sharp. She swore to such things, that I could do nothing but swear and call names: upon which, out bolts her husband upon me, with a fine taper crab in his hand, and fell upon me with such violence, that, being half delirious, I made a full confession.

Mel. A full confession! what did you confess?

Sharp. That my master lov'd fornication; that you had no aversion to it; that Mrs. Kitty was a bawd, and your humble servant a pimp.

Kit. A bawd! a bawd! do I look like a bawd, madam?

Sharp. And so, madam, in the scuffle, my coat was torn to pieces as well as your reputation.

Mel. And so you join'd to make me infamous.

Sharp. For heaven's sake, madam, what could I do? His proofs fell so thick upon me, as witness my head, [*showing his head plaster'd*] that I would have given up all the maidenheads in the kingdom, rather than have my brains beat to a jelly.

Mel. Very well!—but I'll be reveng'd—And did not you tell your master of this?

Sharp. Tell him! no, madam. Had I told him, his love is so violent for you, that he would certainly have murder'd half the attornies in town by this time.

Mel. Very well!—But I'm resolved not to go to your master's to-night.

Sharp. Heavens and my impudence be praised. [*Aside.*

Kit. Why not, madam? if you are not guilty, face your accusers.

Sharp. Oh the devil! ruin'd again! [*Aside.*] To be sure, face 'em by all means, madam—They can but be abusive, and break the windows a little:—Besides, madam, I have thought of a way to make this affair quite diverting to you.—I have a fine blunderbuss charg'd with half a hundered slugs, and my master has a delicate large Swiss broad sword; and between us, madam, we shall so pepper and slice 'em, that you will die with laughing.

Mel. What, at murder?

Kit. Don't fear, madam, there will be no murder, if *Sharp's* concern'd.

Sharp. Murder, madam! 'Tis self-defence: besides, in these sort of skirmishes, there are never more than two or three killed: for, supposing they bring the whole body of militia upon us, down but with a brace of them, and away fly the rest of the covey.

Mel. Persuade me never so much, I won't go; that's my resolution.

Kit. Why then, I'll tell you what, madam; since you are resolv'd not to go to the supper, suppose the supper was to come to you: 'tis great pity such great preparations as Mr. *Sharp* has made should be thrown away.

Sharp. So it is, as you say, Mrs. Kitty. But I can immediately run back and unbespeak what I have order'd; 'tis soon done.

Mel. But then what excuse can I send to your master; he'll be very uneasy at my not coming.

Sharp. O terribly so!—But I have it—I'll tell him you are very much out of order—that you were suddenly taken with the vapours or qualms; or what you please, madam.

Mel. I'll leave it to you, Sharp, to make my apology; and there's half a guinea for you to help your invention.

Sharp. Half a guinea!—'Tis so long since I had any thing to do with money, that I scarcely know the current coin of my own country. Oh, Sharp, what talents hast thou! to secure thy master; deceive his mistress; out-lie her chambermaid; and yet be paid for thy honesty! But my joy will discover me [*Aside.*] Madam, you have eternally fix'd Timothy Sharp your most obedient humble servant—Oh the delights of impudence and a good understanding!

[*Exit Sharp.*]

Kit. Ha, ha! ha! was there ever such a lying varlet! with his slugs and his broad swords; his attornies, and broken heads, and nonsense! Well, madam, are you satisfied now? Do you want more proofs?

Mel. Of your modesty I do: but I find, you are resolv'd to give me none.

Kit. Madam?

Mel. I see thro' your little mean artifice: you are endeavouring to lessen Mr. Gayless in my opinion, because he has not paid you for services he had no occasion for.

Kit. Pay me, madam, I am sure I have very little occasion to be angry with Mr. Gayless for not paying me, when I believe, 'tis his general practice.

Mel. 'Tis false! he's a gentleman and a man of honour, and you are—

Kit. Not in love, I thank heaven!

[*Curtseying.*]

Mel. You are a fool.

Kit. I have been in love; but I am much wiser now.

Mel. Hold your tongue, impertinence!

Kit. That's the severest thing she has said yet. [*Aside.*]

Mel. Leave me.

Kit. Oh this love, this love is the devil! [*Exit Kitty.*]

Mel. We discover our weaknesses to our servants, make them our confidants, put 'em on an equality with us, and so they become our advisers—Sharp's behaviour, tho' I seem'd to disregard it, makes me tremble with apprehen-

sions; and tho' I have pretended to be angry with Kitty for her advice, I think it of too much consequence to be neglected.

— Enter KITTY.

Kit. May I speak, madam?

Mel. Don't be a fool, what do you want?

Kit. There is a servant just come out of the country, says, he belongs to Sir William Gayless, and has got a letter from his master upon very urgent business.

Mel. Sir William Gayless! what can this mean? where is the man?

Kit. In the little parlour, madam.

Mel. I'll go to him.— My heart flutters strangely.

[Exit Melissa.]

Kit. Oh woman, woman, foolish woman! she'll certainly have this Gayless: nay, were she as well convinc'd of his poverty as I am, she'd have him.— A strong dose of love is worse than one of ratifia; when it once gets into our heads, it trips up our heels, and then good night to discretion. Here is she going to throw away fifteen thousand pounds; upon what? faith, little better than nothing.— He's a man, and that's all—and heaven knows mere man is but small consolation.

Be this advice pursu'd by each fond maid,

Ne'er flings the substance for an empty shade:

Rich, weighty sparks alone should please and charm ye:

For should spouse cool, his gold will always warm ye.

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

Enter GAYLESS and SHARP.

GAYLESS.

PRITHEE be serious, Sharp. Hast thou really succeeded?

Sharp. To our wishes, Sir. In short I have managed the business with such skill and dexterity, that neither your circumstances nor my veracity are suspected.

Gayl. But how hast thou excused me from the ball and entertainment?

Sharp. Beyond expectation, Sir.—But in that particular I was obliged to have recourse to truth, and declare the real situation of your affairs. I told her we had so long disused ourselves to dressing either dinners or suppers, that I was afraid we should be but awkward in our preparations. In short, Sir,—at that instant a cursed gnawing seized my stomach, that I could not help telling her, that both you and myself seldom make a good meal now-a-days once a quarter of a year.

Gayl. Hell and confusion, have you betray'd me, Villian! did you not tell me this moment, she did not in the least suspect my circumstances?

Sharp. No more she did, Sir, till I told her.

Gayl. Very well; and was this your skill and dexterity?

Sharp. I was going to tell you; but you won't hear reason; my melancholy face and piteous narration had such an effect upon her generous bowels, that she freely forgives all that's past.

Gayl. Does she, Sharp?

Sharp. Yes; and desires never to see your face again: and, as a farther consideration of so doing, she has sent you half-a-guinea.

[*Shews the money.*]

Gayl. What do you mean?

Sharp. To spend it, spend it, Sir; and regale.

Gayl. Villain, you have undone me!

Sharp. What, by bringing you money, when you are not worth a farthing in the whole world? Well, well, then

to make you happy again, I'll keep it myself; and wish somebody would take it in their head to load me with such misfortunes

[Puts up the money.

Gayl. Do you laugh at me rascal !

Sharp. Who deserves more to be laugh'd at ? Ha, ha, ha. Never for the future, Sir, dispute the success of my negotiations, when even you, who know me so well, can't help swallowing my hook. Why, Sir, I could have play'd you backwards and forwards at the end of my line, till I had put your senses into such a fermentation, that you should not have known in an hour's time, whether you was a fish or a man.

Gayl. Why, what is all this you have been telling me ?

Sharp. A down-right lie from beginning to end.

Gayl. And have you really excused me to her ?

Sharp. No, Sir: but I have got this half guinea to make her excuses to you; and, instead of a confederacy between you and me to deceive her, she thinks she has brought me over to put the deceit upon you.

Gayl. Thou excellent fellow !

Sharp. Don't lose time, but slip out of the house immediately; the back-way, I believe, will be the safest for you, and to her as fast as you can; pretend vast surprize and concern that her indisposition has debarr'd you the pleasure of her company here to-night: you need know no more; away !

Gayl. But what shall we do, Sharp ? here's her maid again.

Sharp. The devil she is—I wish I could poison her; for I'm sure, while she lives I can never prosper.

Enter KITTY.

Kit. Your door was open, so I did not stand upon ceremony.

Gayl. I am sorry to hear your mistress is taken so suddenly.

Kit. Vapours, vapours only, Sir; a few matrimonial omens, that's all; but I suppose Mr. Sharp has made her excuses.

Gayl. And tells me I can't have the pleasure of her company to night. I had made a small preparation; but 'tis no matter: Sharp shall go to the rest of the company, and let them know it is put off.

Kit. Not for the world, Sir; my mistress was sensible you must have provided for her, and the rest of the company; so she is resolv'd, tho' she cant, the other ladies and gentlemen shall partake of your entertainment; she's very good natur'd.

Sharp. I had better run, and let 'em know 'tis deferr'd.

[*Going.*]

Kit. [*Stopping him.*] I have been with 'em already, and told 'em my mistress insists upon their coming, and they have all promised to be here; so pray, don't be under any apprehensions, that your preparations will be thrown away.

Gayl. But as I can't have her company, Mrs. Kitty, 'twill be a greater pleasure to me, and a greater compliment to her, to defer our mirth; besides, I can't enjoy any thing at present, and she not partake of it.

Kit. Oh, no to be sure; but what can I do? My mistress will have it so; and Mrs. Gad-about, and the rest of the company, will be here in a few minutes; there are two or three coachfuls of 'em.

Sharp. Then my master must be ruin'd in spite of my parts.

Gayl. [*Aside to Sharp.*] 'Tis all over, Sharp.

Sharp. I know it, Sir.

Gayl. I shall go distracted; what shall I do?

Sharp. Why, Sir, as our rooms are a little out of furniture at present, take 'em into the captain's that lodges here, and set 'em down to cards; if he should come in the mean time, I'll excuse you to him.

Kit. I have disconcerted their affairs, I find; I'll have some sport with 'em.—Pray, Mr. Gayless, don't order too many things, they only make you a friendly visit; the more ceremony, you know, the less welcome. Pray, Sir, let me intreat you not to be profuse. If I can be of service, pray command me; my mistress has sent me on purpose; while Mr. Sharp is doing the business without doors, I may be employed within; if you'll lend me the keys of your side-board [*to Sharp*] I'll dispose of your plate to the best advantage.

[*Knocking.*]

Sharp. Thank you, Mrs. Kitty; but it is dispos'd of already.

[*Knocking at the door.*]

Kit. Bless me the company's come! I'll go to the door and conduct 'em into your presence.

[*Exit Kitty.*]

Sharp. If you'd conduct 'em into a horse-pond, and wait of 'em there yourself; we should be more oblig'd to you.

Gayl. I can never support this!

Sharp. Rouse your spirits and put on an air of gaiety, and I don't despair of bringing you off yet.

Gayl. Your words have done it effectually.

Enter Mrs. GAD-ABOUT, her daughter and niece, Mr.

GUTTLE, Mr. TRIPPET, and Mrs. TRIPPET.

Gad. Ah my dear Mr. Gayles! [*Kisses him.*]

Gayl. My dear widow! [*Kisses her.*]

Gad. We are come to give you joy, Mr. Gayles.

Sharp. You never was more mistaken in your life. [*Aside.*]

Gad. I have brought some company here, I believe, is not well known to you, and I protest I have been all about the town to get the little I have—Prissy, my dear—Mr. Gayles, my daughter.

Gayl. And as handsome as her mother; you must have a husband shortly, my dear.

Pris. I'll assure you I don't despair, Sir.

Gad. My niece too.

Gayl. I know by her eyes she belongs to you, widow.

Gad. Mr. Guttle, Sir, Mr. Gayles; Mr. Gayles, Justice Guttle.

Sharp. O destruction! one of the quorum.

Cut. Hem, tho' I had not the honour of any personal knowlege of you; yet at the instigation of Mrs. Gad-about, I have, without any previous acquaintance with you, throw'd aside all ceremony to let you know that I joy to hear the solemnization of your nuptials is so near at hand.

Gayl. Sir, tho' I cannot answer you with the same elocution, however, Sir, I thank you with the same sincerity.

Gad. Mr. and Mrs. Trippit, Sir, the properest lady in the world for your purpose, for she'll dance for four and twenty hours together.

Trip. My dear Charles, I am very angry with you, faith; so near marriage, and not let me know, 'twas barbarous; you thought, I suppose, I should rally you upon it; but dear Mrs. Trippet here has long ago eradicated all my antimatrimonial principles.

Mrs. Trip. Eradicate! *fy*, Mr. Trippet, don't be so obscene.

Kit. Pray, ladies, walk into the next room; Mr. Sharp can't lay his cloth till you are set down to cards.

Gad. One thing I had quite forgot; Mr. Gayless, my nephew, who you never saw, will be in town from France presently, so I left word to send him here immediately, to make one.

Gayl. You do me honour, madam.

Sharp. Do the ladies chuse cards or the supper first?

Gayl. Supper! what does the fellow mean?

Gut. Oh, the supper by all means, for I have eat nothing to signify since dinner.

Sharp. Nor I, since Monday was a fortnight. [*Aside.*]

Gayl. Pray, ladies, walk into the next room; Sharp, get things ready for supper, and call the music.

Sharp. Well said, master.

Gad. Without ceremony, ladies. [*Exeunt ladies.*]

Kit. I'll to my mistress, and let her know every thing is ready for her appearance. [*Exit Kitty.*]

GUTTLE and SHARP.

Gut. Pray Mr. what's your name, don't be long with supper; but harkye, what can I do in the mean time? Suppose you get me a pipe and some good wine, I'll try to divert myself that way till supper's ready.

Sharp. Or suppose, Sir, you was to take a nap till then, there's a very easy couch in that closet.

Gut. The best thing in the world, I'll take your advice; but be sure to wake me when the supper is ready.

[*Exit Guttle.*]

Sharp. Pray heaven you may not wake till then—What a fine situation my master is in at present: I have promised him my assistance, but his affairs are in so desperate a way, that I am afraid it is out of my skill to recover 'em. Well, fools have fortune, says an old proverb, and a very true one it is, for my master and I are two of the most unfortunate mortals in the creation.

Enter GAYLESS.

Gayl. Well, Sharp, I have set 'em down to cards, and now what have you to propose?

Sharp. I have one scheme left, which in all probability may succeed. The good citizen, overloaded with his last meal, is taking a nap in that closet, in order to get him

an appetite for yours. Suppose, Sir, we should make him treat us.

Gayl. I don't understand you.

Sharp. I'll pick his pocket, and provide us a supper with the booty.

Gayl. Monstrous! for, without considering the villainy of it, the danger of waking him makes it impracticable!

Sharp. If he wakes, I'll smother him, and lay his death to indigestion—a very common death among the justices.

Gayl. Prithee be serious, we have no time to lose; can you invent nothing to drive 'em out of the house?

Sharp. I can fire it.

Gayl. Shame and confusion so perplex me, I cannot give myself a moment's thought.

Sharp. I have it; did not Mrs. Gad-about say her nephew would be here?

Gayl. She did.

Sharp. Say no more, but in to your company; if I don't send 'em out of the house for the night, I'll at least frighten their stomachs away; and if this stratagem fails, I'll relinquish politics, and think my understanding no better than my neighbours.

Gayl. How shall I reward thee, Sharp?

Sharp. By your silence and obedience; away to your company, Sir. [*Exit Gayless.*] Now, dear madam Fortune, for once open your eyes and behold a poor unfortunate man of parts addressing you; now is your time to convince your foes, you are not that blind whimsical whore they take you for; but let 'em see, by your assisting me, that men of sense, as well as fools, are sometimes intitled to your favour and protection.—So much for prayer; now for a great noise and a lye! [*Goes aside and cries out.*] Help! help, master; help, gentlemen, ladies; murder, fire, brimstone; help, help, help!

Enter Mr. GAYLESS and the ladies, with cards in their hands, and SHARP enters running, and meets them.

Gayl. What's the matter?

Sharp. Matter, Sir, if you don't run this minute with that gentleman, this lady's nephew will be murder'd; I am sure 'twas he, he was set upon the corner of the street,

by four; he was kill'd two, and if you don't make haste, he'll be either murdered or took to prison.

Gad. For heaven's sake, gentlemen, run to his assistance. How I tremble for Melissa! this frolic of her's may be fatal.

[*Aside.*

Gayl. Draw, Sir, and follow me. [*Exit Gayless and*

Gad-about.

Trip. Not I; I don't care to run myself into needless quarrels; I have suffered too much formerly by flying into passions; besides, I have pawn'd my honour to Mrs. Trippet, never to draw my sword again; and in her present condition, to break my word might have fatal consequences.

Sharp. Pray, Sir, don't excuse yourself, the young gentleman may be murdered by this time.

Trip. Then my assistance will be of no service to him; however—I'll go to oblige you, and look on at a distance.

Mrs. Trip. I shall certainly faint, Mr. Trippet, if you draw.

Enter GUTTER, disorder'd at from sleep.

Gut. What a noise and confusion is this?

Sharp. Sir, there's a man murder'd in the street.

Gut. Is that all—zounds, I was afraid you had throw'd the supper down—a plague of your noise—I shan't recover my stomach this half hour.

Enter GAYLESS and GAD-ABOUT, with MELISSA in boys' cloaths, dress'd in the FRENCH manner.

Gad. Well, but my dear *Jemmy*, you are not hurt, sure?

Mel. A little with riding post only.

Gad. Mr. Sharp alarm'd us all with an accident of your being set upon by four men; that you had kill'd two, and was attacking the other when he came away, and when we met you at the door, we were running to your rescue.

Mel. I had a small encounter with half a dozen villains; but finding me resolute, they were wise enough to take their heels; I believe I scratcht some of 'em.

[*Laying her hand to her sword.*

Sharp. His vanity has sav'd my credit. I have a thought come into my head may prove to our advantage, provid-

ed monsieur's ignorance bears any proportion to his impudence. *[Aside.]*

Gad. Now my fright's over, let me introduce you, my dear, to Mr Gayless; Sir, this is my nephew.

Gayl. *[Saluting her.]* Sir, I shall be proud of your friendship.

Mel. I don't doubt but we shall be better acquainted in a little time.

Gut. Pray, Sir, what news in France?

Mel. Faith, Sir, very little that I know of in the political way; I had no time to spend among the politicians. I was —

Gayl. Among the ladies, I suppose.

Mel. Too much indeed. Faith, I have not philosophy enough to resist their sollicitations; you take me.

[To Gayless aside.]

Gayl. Yes, to be a most incorrigible fop; s'death, this puppy's impertinence is an addition, to my misery.

[Aside to Sharp.]

Mel. Poor Gayless! to what shifts is he reduced? I cannot bear to see him much longer in this condition, I shall discover myself. *[Aside to Gad-about.]*

Gad. Not before the end of the play; besides, the more his pain now, the greater his pleasure when relieved from it.

Trip. Shall we return to our cards? I have a *sans prendre* here, and must insist you play it out.

Lad. With all my heart.

Mel. Allons done.

[As the company goes out, Sharp pulls Melissa by the sleeve.]

Sharp. Sir, Sir, shall I beg leave to speak with you? Pray did you find a bank note in your way hither?

Mel. What, between here and Dover do you mean?

Sharp. No, Sir, within twenty or thirty yards of this house.

Mel. You are drunk, fellow.

Sharp. I am undone, Sir, but not drunk, I'll assure you.

Mel. What is all this?

Sharp. I'll tell you, Sir: a little while ago my master sent me out to change a note of twenty pound; but I unfortunately hearing a noise in the street of, damn-me, Sir, and clashing of swords, and rascal, and murder; I runs up to the place, and saw four men upon one; and

having heard you was a mettlesome young gentleman, I immediately concluded it must be you; so ran back to call my master, and when I went to look for the note to change it, I found it gone, either stole or lost; and if I don't get the money immediately, I shall certainly be turned out of my place, and lose my character——

Mel. I shall laugh in his face. [*Aside.*] Oh, I'll speak to your master about it, and he will forgive you at my intercession.

Sharp. Ah, Sir! you don't know my master.

Mel. I'm very little acquainted with him; but I have heard he's a very good-natur'd man.

Sharp. I have heard so too, but I have felt it otherwise; he has so much good-nature, that, if I could compound for one broken-head a day, I should think myself very well off.

Mel. Are you serious, friend?

Sharp. Look'e, Sir, I take you for a man of honour; there is something in your face that is generous, open, and masculine; you don't look like a foppish, effeminate tell-tale; so I'll venture to trust you.—See here, Sir, [*shews his head.*] these are the effects of my master's good-nature.

Mel. Matchless impudence! [*Aside.*] Why do you live with him then after such usage?

Sharp. He's worth a great deal of money, and when he's drunk, which is commonly once a day, he's very free, and will give me any thing; but I design to leave him when he's married, for all that.

Mel. Is he going to be married then?

Sharp. To-morrow, Sir; and between you and I, he'll meet with his match, both for humour and something else too.

Mel. What, she drinks too?

Sharp. Damnably, Sir; but mum—You must know this entertainment was design'd for madam to-night; but she got so very gay after dinner, that she could not walk out of her own house; so her maid, who was half gone too, came here with an excuse, that Mrs. Melissa had got the vapours; and so she had indeed violently; here, here, Sir.

[*Pointing to his head.*]

Mel. This is scarcely to be borne. (*Aside.*) Melissa! I have heard of her; they say she's very whimsical.

Sharp. A very woman, and please your honour; and between you and I, none of the mildest of her sex—But to return, Sir, to the twenty pounds.

Mel. I am surprized, you, who have got so much money in his service, should be at a loss for twenty pounds, to save your bones at this juncture.

Sharp. I have put all my money out at interest; I never keep above five pounds by me; and if your honour would lend me the other fifteen and take my note for it.

[Knocking.

Mel. Somebody's at the door.

Sharp. I can give very good security.

[Knocking.

Mel. Don't let the people wait Mr.—

Sharp. Ten pounds will do.

[Knocking.

Mel. *Allez vous en.*

Sharp. Five, Sir.

[Knocking.

Mel. *Je ne puis pas.*

Sharp. *Je ne puis pas.*—I find we shan't understand one another, I do but lose time; and, if I had any thought, I might have known these young fops return from their travels generally with as little money as improvement.

[Exit Sharp.

Mel. Ha, ha, ha, what lies does this fellow invent, and what rogueries does he commit for his master's service? There never sure was a more faithful servant to his master, or a greater rogue to the rest of mankind. But here he comes again, the plot thickens, I'll in and observe Gayless.

[Exit Melissa.

Enter SHARP before several persons with dishes in their hands, and a cook drunk.

Sharp. Fortune, I thank thee, the most lucky accident!

(*Aside.*) This way, Gentlemen, this way.

Cook. I am afraid I have mistook the house. Is this Mr. Treatwell's?

Sharp. The same, the same: what, don't you know me?

Cook. Know you!—Are you sure there was a supper bespoke here?

Sharp. Yes: upon my honour, Mr. Cook, the company is in the next room, and must have gone without, had not you brought it. I'll draw a table. I see you have brought a cloth with you; but you need not have done that, for we

have a pretty good stock of linen—at the pawnbrokers.

[*Aside.*—

[*Exit, and returns immediately, drawing a table.*]

Come, come, my boys, be quick, the company began to be very uneasy; but I knew my old friend Lick-spit here would not fail us.

Cook. Lick-spit! I am no friend of yours; so I desire less familiarity; lick-spit too!

Enter GAYLESS, and stares.

Gayl. What is all this?

Sharp. Sir, if the sight of the supper is offensive, I can easily have it removed.

[*Aside to Gayless.*

Gayl. Prithce explain thyself, Sharp.

Sharp. Some of our neighbours, I suppose, have bespoken this supper; but the cook has drank away his memory, forgot the house, and brought it here; however, Sir, if you dislike it, I'll tell him of his mistake, and send him about his business.

Gayl. Hold, hold, necessity obliges me against my inclination to favour the cheat, and feast at my neighbour's expence.

Cook. Hark you, friend, is that your master?

Sharp. Ay, and the best master in the world.

Cook. I'll speak to him then—Sir, I have according to your commands, dress'd as genteel a supper as my art and your price would admit of.

Sharp. Good again, Sir, 'tis paid for. [*Aside to Gayless.*

Gayl. I don't in the least question your abilities, Mr. Cook, and I am obliged to you for your care.

Cook. Sir, you are a gentleman;—and if you would look over the bill and approve it (*picks out a bill*) you will over and above return the obligation.

Sharp. Oh the devil!

Gayl. (*looking on a bill.*) Very well, I'll send my man to pay you to-morrow.

Cook. I'll spare him that trouble, and take it with me. Sir—I never work but for ready money.

Gayl. Hah?

Sharp. Then you won't have our custom. [*Aside.*]
My master is busy now, friend; do you think he won't pay you?

Cook. No matter what I think; either my meat or my money.

Sharp. 'Twill be very ill-convenient for him to pay you to-night.

Cook. Then I'm afraid it will be ill-convenient to pay me to-morrow; so d'ye hear——

Enter MELISSA.

Gayl. Prithee be advis'd, s'death, I shall be discover'd.

[Takes the cook aside.]

Mel. (to *Sharp.*) What's the matter?

Sharp. The cook has not quite answer'd my master's expectations about the supper, Sir; and he's a little angry at him, that's all.

Mel. Come, come, Mr. Gayless, don't be uneasy, a batchelor cannot be supposed to have things in the utmost regularity; we don't expect it.

Cook. But I do expect it, and will have it.

Mel. What does that drunken fool say?

Cook. That I will have my money, and I won't stay till to-morrow—and, and——

Sharp. (runs and stops his mouth.) Hold, hold, what are you doing? Are you mad?

Mel. What do you stop the man's breath for?

Sharp. Sir, he was going to call you names.—— Don't be abusive, Cook; the gentleman is a man of honour, and said nothing to you; pray be pacify'd, you are in liquor.

Cook. I shall have my——

Sharp. (holding still.) Why, I tell you, fool, you mistake the gentleman, he is a friend of my master's, and has not said a word to you.——Pray, good Sir, go into the next room; the fellow's drunk, and takes you for another.—You'll repent this when you are sober, friend—Pray, Sir, don't stay to hear his impertinence.

Gayl. Pray, Sir, walk in—he's below your anger.

Mel. Damn the rascal! what does he mean by affronting me!——Let the scoundrel go, I'll polish his brutality, I warrant you; here's the best reformer of man-sinners in the universe. *[Draws his sword.]* Let him go, I say.

Sharp. So, so you have done finely, now—Get away as fast as you can; he's the most courageous mettlesome young man in all England—Why, if his passion was up, he could eat you.—Make your escape, you fool!

Cook. I won't—Eat me! He'll find me damn'd hard of digestion tho'—

Sharp. Prithee come here; let me speak with you.

[*They walk aside.*]

• *Enter KITTY.*

Kit. Gad's me, is the supper on table already?—Sir, pray defer it for a few moments; my mistress is better, and will be here immediately.

Gayl. Will she indeed! Bless me—I did not expect—but however Sharp?

Kit. What success, Madam? [*Aside to Melissa.*]

Mel. As we could wish, girl—but he is in such pain and perplexity, I can't hold it out much longer.

Kit. Ay, that not holding out is the ruin of half our sex.

Sharp. I have pacify'd the cook, and if you can but borrow twenty pieces of that young prig, all may go well yet; you may succeed though I could not: remember what I told you—about it straight, Sir,—

Gayl. Sir, Sir, (*to Melissa*) I beg to speak a word with you; my servant, Sir, tells me he has had the misfortune, Sir, to lose a note of mine of twenty pounds, which I sent him to receive—and the bankers shops being shut up, and having very little cash by me, I should be much obliged to you if you would favour me with twenty pieces till to-morrow.

Mel. Oh Sir, with all my heart, (*Taking out her purse*) and as I have a small favour to beg of you, Sir, the obligation will be mutual.

Gayl. How may I oblige you, Sir?

Mel. You are to be marry'd, I hear, to Melissa.

Gayl. To morrow, Sir.

Mel. Then you'll oblige me, Sir, by never seeing her again.

Gayl. Do you call this a small favour, Sir!

Mel. A mere trifle, Sir—breaking of contracts, suing for divorces, committing adultery, and such like, are all reckon'd trifles now-a-days: and smart young fellows, like you and myself, Gayless, should be never out of fashion.

Gayl. But pray, Sir, how are you concerned in this affair!

Mel. Oh Sir, you must know I have a very great regard

for Melissa, and, indeed, she for me; and by the by, I have a most despicable opinion of you; for, *entre nous*, I take you, Charles, to be a very great scoundrel.

Gayl. Sir!

Mel. Nay, don't look fierce, Sir! and give yourself airs—*Damme*, Sir, I shall be thro' your body else in the snapping of a finger.

Gayl. I'll be as quick as you, villain!

[*Draws and makes at Melissa.*]

Kit. Hold, hold, murder! you'll kill my mistress—the young gentleman I mean.

Gayl. Ah! her mistress!

[*Drops his sword.*]

Sharp. How! Melissa! nay, then drive away care—All's over now.

Enter all the company laughing.

Gad. What, Mr. Gayless, engaging with Melissa before your time. Ha, ha, ha!

Kit. Your humble servant, good Mr. Politician (*to Sharp.*) This is, gentlemen and ladies, the most celebrated and ingenious Timothy Sharp, Schemer-general and redoubted squire to the most renowned and fortunate adventurer Charles Gayless, knight of the woeful countenance: ha, ha, ha!—Oh that dismal face, and more dismal head of yours.

[*Strikes Sharp upon the head.*]

Sharp. 'Tis cruel in you to disturb a man in his last agonies.

Mel. Now, Mr. Gayless!—what, not a word! you are sensible I can be no stranger to your misfortunes, and I might reasonably expect an excuse for your ill treatment of me.

Gayl. No, madam, silence is my only refuge; for to endeavour to vindicate my crimes would shew a greater want of virtue than even the commission of them.

Mel. Oh, Gayless! 'twas poor to impose upon a woman, and one that lov'd you too.

Gayl. Oh most unpardonable; but my necessities—

Sharp. And mine, madam, were not to be match'd, I'm sure, o' this side starving.

Mel. His tears have softened me at once—Your necessities, Mr. Gayless, with such real contrition, are too powerful motives not to affect the breast already prejudic'd in your favour—You have suffer'd too much already

for your extravagance; and as I take part of your sufferings, 'tis easing myself to relieve you: know therefor, all that's past I freely forgive.

Gayl. You cannot mean it sure; I am lost in wonder.

Mel. Prepare yourself for more wonder—You have another friend in masquerade here: Mr. Cook, pray throw aside your drunkenness, and make your sober appearance—Don't you know that face, Sir?

Cook. Ay, master, what have you forgot your friend Dick, as you us'd to call me?

Gayl. More wonder indeed! don't you live with my father?

Mel. Just after your hopeful servant there had left me, comes this man from Sir William with a letter to me; upon which (being by that wholly convinc'd of your necessitous condition) I invented, by the help of Kitty and Mrs. Gadabout, this little plot, in which your friend Dick there has acted miracles, resolving to tease you a little, that you might have a greater relish for a happy turn in your affairs. Now, Sir, read that letter, and compleat your joy.

Gayl. (Reads.) 'Madam, I am father to that unfortunate young man, who, I hear by a friend of mine (that by my desire has been a continual spy upon him) is making his addressee to you; if he is so happy as to make himself agreeable to you (whose character I'm charm'd with) I shall own him with joy for my son, and forget his former follies.'

'I am, madam,

'Your most humble servant,

'William Gayless.'

'P. S. I will be soon in town myself to congratulate his reformation and marriage.'

Oh, Melissa, this is too much; thus let me shew my thanks and gratitude, (*Kneeling, she raises him*) for here 'tis only due.

Sharp. A reprieve! a reprieve! a reprieve!

Kil. I have been, Sir, a most bitter enemy to you; but since you are likely to be a little more conversant with cash than you have been, I am now, with the greatest sincerity, your most obedient friend and humble servant, And I hope, Sir, all enmity will be forgotten.

Gayl. Oh, Mrs. Pry, I have been too much indulged with forgiveness myself not to forgive lesser offences in other people.

Sharp. Well then, madam, since my master has vouchsaf'd pardon to your handmaid Kitty, I hope you'll not deny it to his footman Timothy.

Mel. Pardon! for what?

Sharp. Only for telling you about ten thousand lies, madam; and, among the rest, insinuating, that your ladyship would——

Mel. I understand you; and can forgive any thing, Sharp, that was design'd for the service of your master; and if Pry and you will follow our example, I'll give her a small fortune as a reward for both your fidelities.

Sharp. I fancy, madam, 'twould be better to halve the small fortune between us, and keep us both single; for as we shall live in the same house, in all probability we may taste the comforts of matrimony, and not be troubled with its inconveniences. What say you, Kitty?

Kit. Do you hear, Sharp, before you talk of the comforts of matrimony, taste the comforts of a good dinner, and recover your flesh a little; do, puppy.

Sharp. The devil backs her, that's certain; and I am no match for her at any weapon.

Mel. And now, Mr. Gayless, to shew I have not provided for you by halves, let the music prepare themselves; and, with the approbation of the company, we'll have a dance.

All. By all means a dance.

Cut. By all means a dance—after supper tho'——

Sharp. Oh, pray, Sir, have supper first, or, I'm sure, I shan't leave till the dance is finish'd.

Gayl. Behold, Melissa, as sincere a convert as ever truth and beauty made. The wild impetuous sallies of my youth are now blown over, and a most pleasing calm of perfect happiness succeeds.

*Thus Ætna's flames the verdant earth consume;
But milder heat makes drooping nature bloom.
So virtuous love affords us springing joy,
Whilst vicious passions, as they burn, destroy.*

My dear Mr. Ling, I have been so much obliged to you for the kind and interesting letters which you have written me.

I have been so much obliged to you for the kind and interesting letters which you have written me.

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E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

THAT I'm a lying rogue, you all agree:
And yet look round the world, and you will see
How many more, my betters, lye as fast as me.
Against this vice we all are ever railing,
And yet, so tempting is it, so prevailing,
You'll find but few without this useful sailing.
Lady or Abigail, my lord or Will,
The lye goes round, and the ball's never still.
My lies were harmless, told to shew my parts;
And not like those when tongues belye their hearts.
In all professions you will find this flaw;
And in the greatest too, in physic and in law.
The gouty serjeant cries, with formal pause,
'Your plea is good, my friend, don't starve the cause.'
But when my lord decrees for t'other side,
Your costs of suit convince you—that he ly'd.
A doctor comes with formal wig and face,
First feels your pulse, then thinks, and knows your case.
'Your fever's slight, not dang'rous, I assure you;
'Keep warm, and repetatur haustus, Sir, will cure you.'
Around the bed, next day his friends are crying:
The patient dies, the doctor's paid for lying.
The poet, willing to secure the pit,
Gives out, his play has humour, taste, and wit:
The cause comes on, and, while the judges try,
Each groan and catcall gives the bard the lye.
Now let us ask, pray, what the ladies do:
They too will fib a little entre nous.
'Lord!' says the prude (her face behind her fan)
'How can our sex have any joy in man?
'As for my part, the best could ne'er deceive me,
'And were the race extinct, 'twould never grieve me:
'Their sight is odious, but their touch—O Gad!
'The thought of that's enough to drive one mad.'
Thus rails at man the squeamish lady Dainty,
Yet weds, at fifty-five, a rake of twenty.

EPILOGUE.

*In short, a beau's intriguer, a lover's sighs,
The courtier's promise, the fish widow's cries,
And patriot's zeal, are seldom more than lyes.
Sometimes you'll see a man belye his nation,
Nor to his country shew the least relation.*

For instance now—

A cleanly Dutchman, or a Frenchman grave,

A sober German, or a Spaniard brave,

An Englishman a coward or a slave.

Mine, tho' a fibbing, was an honest art:

I serv'd my master, play'd a faithful part:

Rank me not therefor mongst the lying crew,

For, tho' my tongue was false, my heart was true.

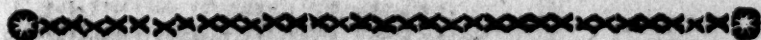


Miss in her TEENS:

**OR, THE
MEDLEY of LOVERS.**

F A R C E,

In Two ACTS.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE author takes this opportunity to return the public his thanks for their so favourable reception of the following trifle; the hint of which is taken from the *French*. Whether the plot and the characters are altered for the better or worse, may be seen by comparing it with *La Parisienne* of *D'Ancourt*.

P R O L O G U E.

WRITTEN by a FRIEND.

*T O O long has Farce, neglecting nature's laws,
Debas'd the stage, and wrong'd the comic cause;
To raise a laugh has been her sole pretence,
Tho' dearly purchas'd at the price of sense;
This child of folly gain'd increase with time;
Fit for the place succeeded Pantomime;
Reviv'd her honours, join'd her motley band,
And song and low conceit o'er-run the land.*

*More gen'rous views inform our author's breast,
From real life his characters are dress'd;
He seeks to trace the passions of man's mind,
And while he spares the person, paints the mind.
In pleasing contrast he attempts to shew
The vap'ring bully, and the fribbling beau,
Cowards alike, that full of martial airs,
And this as tender as the silk he wears.
Proud to divert, not anxious for renown,
Oft has the bard essay'd to please the town?
Your full applause out-paid his little art,
He boasts no merit, but a grateful heart;
Pronounce your doom, he'll patiently submit,
Ye sovereign judges of all works of wit!
To you the ore is brought, a lifeless mass,
You give the stamp, and then the coin may pass.*

*Now whether judgment prompt you to forgive,
Whether you bid this trifling offspring live,
Or with a frown should send the sickly thing
To sleep whole ages under dulness' wing;
To your known candour we will always trust.
You never were, nor can you be unjust.*

The PERSONS.

M E N.

Sir Simon Loveit,	-	Mr. <i>Taswell.</i>
Captain Loveit,	-	Mr. <i>Havard.</i>
Fribble,	- - -	Mr. <i>Garrick.</i>
Flash,	- - -	Mr. <i>Woodward.</i>
Puff,	- - -	Mr. <i>Yates.</i>
Jasper,	- - -	Mr. <i>Blakes.</i>

W O M E N.

Miss Biddy,	- -	Mrs. <i>Green.</i>
Aunt,	- - -	Mrs. <i>Cross.</i>
Tag,	- - -	Mrs. <i>Clive.</i>

Miss in her TEENS*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, A STREET.

Enter Captain LOVEIT and PUFF.

CAPTAIN.

THIS is the place we were directed to; and now, Puff, if I can get no intelligence of her, what will become of me?

Puff. And me too, Sir.—You must consider I am a married man, and can't bear fatigue as I have done.—But pray, Sir, why did you leave the army so abruptly, and not give me time to fill my knapsack with common necessities? half a dozen shirts, and your regimentals are my whole cargo.

Cap. I was wild to get away, and as soon as I obtained my leave of absence, I thought every moment an age till I return'd to the place where I first saw this young, charming, innocent, bewitching creature.—

Puff. With fifteen thousand pounds for her fortune—Strong motives, I must confess.—And now, Sir, as you are pleased to say you must depend upon my care and abi-

* This Farce met with great success, and indeed deservedly so, it being a laughable and diverting piece. The characters of *Flash* and *Fribble* may perhaps be considered as somewhat *Outre*, and too much on the *Caricature*, but that has ever been allowed in Farce, or what the *French* call the *Basse Comedie*, where probability is frequently sacrificed to invention, and a strict adherence to nature, to humour, and ridicule.—And moreover, the inimitable performances of the author and *Ms. Woodward* in these characters seem'd to overbear even the slightest reflection of this kind that might arise, since even in the representation of what might itself exceed the bounds of nature, the enchanted audience could scarcely perceive that they were not walking in her very straitest and most limited paths.

lities in this affair, I think I have a just right to be acquainted with the particulars of your passion, that I may be the better enabled to serve you.

Capt. You shall have 'em—When I left the university, which is now seven months since, my father, who loves his money better than his son, and would not settle a farthing upon me—

Puff. Mine did so by me—

Capt. Purchas'd me a pair of colours at my own request; but before I join'd the regiment, which was going abroad, I took a ramble into the country with a fellow-collegian, to see a relation of his who liv'd in *Berkshire*.—

Puff.—A party of pleasure, I suppose.

Capt. During a short stay there, I came acquainted with this young creature: she was just come from the boarding-school, and tho' she had all the simplicity of her age and the country, yet it was mix'd with such sensible vivacity, that I took fire at once.—

Puff. I was tinder myself at your age. But pray, Sir, did you take fire before you knew her fortune.

Capt. Before, upon my honour.

Puff. Folly and constitution—But on, Sir.

Capt. I was introduced to the family by the name of *Rhodophil*, (for so my companion and I had settled it;) at the end of three weeks I was obliged to attend the call of honour in *Flanders*.

Puff. Your parting, to be sure, was heart-breaking.

Capt. I feel it at this instant.—We vow'd eternal constancy, and I promis'd to take the first opportunity of returning to her: I did so, but we found the house was shut up, and all the information, you know, that we could get from the neighbouring cottage was, that miss and her aunt remov'd to town, and liv'd somewhere near this part of it.

Puff. And now we are got to the place of action, propose your plan of operation.

Capt. My father lives but in the next street, so I must decamp immediately for fear of discoveries; you are not known to be my servant, so make what enquiries you can in the neighbourhood, and I shall wait at the inn for your intelligence.

Puff. I'll patrol hereabouts, and examine all that pass; but I've forgot the word, Sir—Miss *Biddy*—

Capt. Bellair.——

Puff. A young lady of wit, beauty, and fifteen thousand pounds fortune——but, Sir——

Capt. What do you say, Puff?

Puff. If your honour pleases to consider that I had a wife in town whom I left somewhat abruptly half a year ago, you'll think it, I believe, but decent to make some enquiry after her first; to be sure it would be some small consolation to me to know whether the poor woman is living, or has made away with herself, or——

Capt. Pry'thee don't distract me; a moment's delay is of the utmost consequence; I must insist upon an immediate compliance with my commands. *[Exit Captain.]*

Puff. The devil's in these fiery young fellows! they think of no body's wants but their own. He does not consider that I am flesh and blood as well as himself. However I may kill two birds at once; for I shan't be surprized if I meet my lady walking the streets——But who have we here? Sure I should know that face.

Enter JASPER from a house.

Who's that? my old acquaintance, Jasper?

Jas. What, Puff! are you here?

Puff. My dear friend! *[Kisses him]* Well, and now, Jasper, still easy and happy! *Toujours le meme!*——What intrigues now? what girls have you ruin'd, and what cuckolds made, since you and I used to beat up together, Eh?

Jas. Faith, business has been very brisk during the war; men are scarce, you know; not that I can say I ever wanted amusement in the worst of times——But hark, Puff——

Puff. Not a word aloud, I am *incognito*.

Jas. Why faith, I should not have known you, if you had not spoke first; you seem to be a little *dishabille* too, as well as *incognito*. Whom do you honour with your service now? are you from the wars?

Puff. Piping hot, I assure you: fire and smoke will tarnish: a man that will go into such service as I have been in, will find his cloths the worse for wear, take my word for it: but how is it with you, friend Jasper? what, you still serve, I see? You live at that house, I suppose?

Jas. I don't absolutely live, but I am most of my time there; I have been these two months enter'd into the ser-

vice of an old gentleman, who hired a reputable servant, and dressed him as you see, because he has taken it into his head to fall in love.

Puff. False appetite and second childhood! but pry'thee, what's the object of his passion?

Jas. No less than a virgin of sixteen.

Puff. Oh, the toothless old dotard!

Jas. And he mumbles and plays with her till his mouth waters; then chuckles till he cries, and calls it his *Bid*, and his *Bidfy*, and is so foolishly fond——

Puff. Bidfy! what's that?——

Jas.——Her name is Biddy.

Puff. Biddy! what Miss Biddy Bellair!

Jas.——The same——

Puff. I have no luck to be sure. [*Aside.*]——Oh! I have heard of her; she's of a pretty good family, and has some fortune, I know. But are things settled? Is the marriage fix'd?

Jas. Not absolutely; the girl, I believe, detests him; but her aunt, a very good prudent old lady, has given her consent, if he can gain her niece's; how it will end I can't tell—but I am hot upon't myself.

Puff.——The devil! not marriage, I hope.

Jas. That is not yet determined.

Puff. Who is the lady, pray?

Jas. A maid in the same family, a woman of honour, I assure you; she has one husband already, a scoundrel sort of a fellow that has run away from her, and list'd for a soldier; so towards the end of the campaign she hopes to have a certificate he's knock'd o' th' head; if not, I suppose, we shall settle matters another way.

Puff. Well speed the plough.——But harkye, consummate without the certificate if you can—keep your neck out of the collar—do—I have wore it these two years, and damnably gall'd I am——

Jas. I'll take your advice; but I must run away to my master, who will be impatient for an answer to his message, which I have just deliver'd to the young lady: so, dear Mr. Puff, I am your most obedient humble servant.

Puff. And I must to our agent's for my arrears: if you have an hour to spare, you'll hear of me at George's or the Tilt-Yard——*Au Revoir*, as we say abroad. [*Exit Jasper.*] Thus we are as civil and as false as our betters;

Jasper and I were always the *Beau Monde* exactly; we ever hated one another heartily, yet always kiss and shake hands—But now to my master with a head full of news, and a heart full of joy. [*Going, starts.*]

Angels, and ministers of grace, defend me!

It can't be! by heavens, it is, that fretful porcupine, my wife! I can't stand it; what shall I do? I'll try to avoid her.

Enter TAG.

Tag. It must be he! I'll swear to the rogue at a mile's distance; he either has not seen me, or won't know me; if I can keep my temper, I'll try him farther.

Puff. I sweet—I tremble—She comes upon me!

Tag. Pray, good Sir, if I may be so bold——

Puff. I have nothing for you, good woman, don't trouble me.

Tag. If your honour pleases to look this way——

Puff. The kingdom is over-run with beggars; I suppose the last I gave to has sent this; but I have no more loose silver about me; so pr'ythee, woman, don't disturb me.

Tag. I can hold no longer; oh you villain, you! where have you been, scoundrel? do you know me now, varlet?

[*Seizes him.*]

Puff. Here, watch, watch, zounds I shall have my pockets pick'd.

Tag. Own me this minute, hang-dog, and confess every thing, or by the rage of an injured woman, I'll raise the neighbourhood, throttle you, and send you to *Newgate*.

Puff. Amasement! what, my own dear Tag! Come to my arms, and let me press you to my heart, that pants for thee, and only thee, my true and lawful wife.—Now my stars have over-paid me for the fatigue and dangers of the field; I have wandered about like Achilles in search of faithful Penelope, and the Gods have brought me to this happy spot. [*Embraces her.*]

Tag. The fellow's crack'd for certain! Leave your bombastic stuff, and tell me, rascal, why you left me, and where you have been these six months, heh?

Puff. We'll reserve my adventures for our happy winter evenings—I shall only tell you now, that my heart beats so strong in my country's cause, and being instigated either by honour or the devil, (I can't tell which) I

set out for *Flanders*, to gather laurels, and lay 'em at thy feet.

Tag. You left me to starve, villain, and beg my bread, you did so.

Puff. I left you too hastily I must confess, and often has my conscience stung me for it.—I am got into an officer's service, have been in several actions, gain'd some credit by my behaviour, and am now return'd with my master to indulge the genteeler passions.

Tag. Don't think to sob me off with this nonsensical talk; what have you brought me home besides?

Puff. Honour, and immoderate love.

Tag. I could tear your eyes out.

Puff. Temperance, or I walk off.

Tag. Temperance, traitor, temperance! what can you say for yourself; leave me to the wide world——

Puff. Well I have been in the wide world too, han't I? what would the woman have?

Tag. Reduce me to the necessity of going to service.

[*Gries.*

Puff. Why, I'm in service too, your lord and master an't I, you saucy jade, you?—Come, where dost thou live, hereabouts? hast got good vails? dost go to market? Come, give me a kiss, darling, and tell me where I shall pay my duty to thee.

Tag. Why there I live at that house.

[*Pointing at the house Jasper came out of.*

Puff. What, there? that house?

Tag. Yes, there that house.

Puff. Huzza! we're made for ever, you slut you! huzza! every thing conspires this day to make me happy—Prepare for an inundation of joy! my master is in love with your Miss Biddy over head and ears, and she with him: I know she is courted by some old fumbler, and her aunt is not against the match; but now we are come, the town will be reliev'd, and the governor brought over; in plain *English*, our fortune is made; my master must marry the lady, and the old gentleman may go to the devil.

Tag. Heyday! what's all this?

Puff. Say no more, the dice are thrown, doubtless for us; away to your young mistress, while I run to my master, tell her Rodophil! Rodophil! will be with her im-

mediately ; then if her blood does not mount to her face like quick-silver in a weather-glass, and point to extreme hot, believe the whole a lye, and your husband no politician.

Tag. This is news indeed ! I have had the place but a little while, and have not quite got into the secrets of the family ; but part of your story is true, and if you bring your master, and miss is willing, I warrant we'll be too hard for the old folks.

Puff. I'll about it streight !—but hold, *Tag*, I had forgot—Pray how does Mr. Jasper do ?

Tag. Mr. Jasper !—What do you mean ? I—I—I—

Puff. What, out of countenance, child ? Oh fy ! Speak plain, my dear—And the certificate, when comes that heh, love ?

Tag. He has sold himself, and turn'd conjurer, or he could never have known it. *[Aside.*

Puff. Are not you a jade ? Are not you a Jezebel—Arn't you a—

Tag. O ho, temperance ? or I walk off—

Puff. I know I'm not finish'd yet, and so am easy ; but more thanks to my fortune than your virtue, madam.

Aunt. *[within]* *Tag*, *Tag*, where are you *Tag* ?

Tag. Coming, madam.—My old lady calls ; away to your master, and I'll prepare his reception within.

Puff. Shall I bring the certificate with me ? *[Exit.*

Tag. Go, you graceless rogue, you richly deserve it.

[Exit.

SCENE, *changes to a Chamber.*

Enter AUNT and TAG.

Aunt. Who was that man you were talking too, *Tag* ?

Tag. A cousin of mine, madam, that brought me news from my aunt in the country.

Aunt. Where's my niece ? why are not you with her ?

Tag. She bid me leave her alone—She's melancholy, madam ; I don't know what's come to her of late—

Aunt. The thoughtfulness that is natural upon the approach of matrimony, generally occasions a decent concern.

Tag. And do you think, madam, a husband of three-score and five—

Aunt. Hold, Tag, he protests to me he is but fifty and five.

Tag. He is a rogue, madam, and an old rogue, which is the worst of rogues.—

Aunt. Alas! youth or age, 'tis all one to her; she is all simplicity without experience; but she's so innocent she won't know the difference—

Tag. Innocent! ne'er trust to that, madam; I was innocent myself once, but *live and learn* is an old saying, and a true one: I believe, madam, no body is more innocent than yourself, and a good maid you are to be sure; but tho' you really don't *know* the difference, yet you can *fancy* it, I warrant you.

Aunt. I should prefer a large jointure to a small one, and that's all; but it's impossible that Biddy should have desires, she's but newly come out of the country, and just turn'd of sixteen.

Tag. That's a ticklish age, madam! I have observ'd she does not eat, nor she does not sleep; she sighs and she cries, she loves moon-light; these, I take it, are very strong symptoms.

Aunt. They are very unaccountable, I must confess; but you talk from a deprav'd mind, Tag; her's is simple and untainted.

Tag. She'll make him a cuckold tho' for all that, if you force her to marry him.

Aunt. You shock me, Tag, with your coarse expressions; I tell you, her chastity will be her guard, let her husband be what he will.

Tag. Chastity? never trust to that, madam; get her a husband that's fit for her, and I'll be bound for her virtue; but with such a one as Sir Simon, I'm a rogue if I'd answer for my own.

Aunt. Well, Tag, the child shall never have reason to repent of my severity; I was going before to my lawyer's to speak about the articles of marriage, I will now put a stop to 'em for some time, till we can make further discoveries.

Tag. Heav'n will bless you for your goodness; look where the poor bird comes, quite mop'd and melancholly; I'll set my pump to work, and draw something from her

before you return, I warrant you. [*Exit Aunt.*] There goes a miracle; she has neither pride, envy, or ill-nature, and yet is near sixty, and a virgin.

Enter BIDDY.

Bid. How unfortunate a poor girl am I! dare not tell my secrets to any body, and if I don't I'm undone—Heigho! [*Sighs.*] Pray, Tag, is my aunt gone to her lawyer about me? Heigho!

Tag. What's that sigh for, my dear young mistress?

Bid. I did not sigh, not I——[*Sighs.*]

Tag. Nay, never gulp 'em down, they are the worst things you can swallow. There's something in that little heart of yours, that swells it and puffs it, and will burst it at last, if you don't give it vent.

Bid. What would you have me tell you? [*Sighs.*]

Tag. Come, come, you are afraid I'll betray you, but you had as good speak, I may do you some service you little think of.

Bid. It is not in your power, Tag, to give me what I wan't. [*Sighs.*]

Tag. Not directly, perhaps; but I may be the means of helping you to it; as for example—If you should not like to marry the old man your aunt designs for you, one may find a way to break——

Bid. His neck, Tag.

Tag. Or the match; either will do, child.

Bid. I don't care which indeed, so I was clear of him—I don't think I'm fit to be marry'd.

Tag. To him you mean—You have no objection to marriage, but the man, and I applaud you for it: but come, courage, miss, never keep it in; out with it all—

Bid. If you'll ask me any questions, I'll answer 'em, but I can't tell you any thing of myself, I shall blush if I do.

Tag. Well then—In the first place pray tell me, Miss Biddy Bellair, if you don't like somebody better than old Simon Loveit?

Bid. Heigho!

Tag. What's heigho, miss?

Bid. When I say heigho! it means yes.

Tag. Very well; and this somebody is a young handsome fellow?

Bid. Heigho!

Tag. And if you were once his, you'd be as merry as the best of us!

Bid. Heigho!

Tag. So far so good; and since I have got you to wet your feet, fouse over head at once, and the pain will be over.

Bid. There—then. (*A long sigh.*) Now help me out, *Tag*, as fast as you can.

Tag. When did you hear from your gallant?

Bid. Never since he went to the army.

Tag. How so?

Bid. I was afraid the letters would fall into my aunt's hands, so I would not let him write to me; but I had a better reason then.

Tag. Pray let's hear that too.

Bid. Why, I thought if I should write to him and promise him to love no body else, and should afterwards change my mind, he might think I was inconstant, and call me a coquette.

Tag. What a simple innocent it is! [*Aside.*] And have you chang'd your mind, miss?

Bid. No, indeed, *Tag*, I love him the best of any of 'em.

Tag. Of any of 'em! Why, have you any more?

Bid. Pray don't ask me.

Tag. Nay, miss, if you only trust me by halves, you can't expect—

Bid. I will trust you with every thing—When I parted with him, I grew melancholy; so in order to divert me, I have let two others court me till he returns again.

Tag. Is that all, my dear? mighty simple indeed.

[*Aside.*

Bid. One of 'em is a fine blustering man, and is called captain Flash; he's always talking of fighting, and wars; he thinks he's sure of me, but I shall baulk him; we shall see him this afternoon, for he press'd strongly to come, and I have given him leave, while my aunt's taking her afternoon's nap.

Tag. And who is the other, pray?

Bid. Quite another sort of a man; he speaks like a lady for all the world, and never swears as Mr. Flash does, but wears nice white gloves, and tells me what ribbons become my complexion, where to stick my patches, who is the best millener, where they sell the best tea, and which

is the best wash for the face, and the best paste for the hands; he is always playing with my fan, and shewing his teeth, and whenever I speak he pats me—so—and cries, *The devil take me, miss Biddy, but you'll be my perdition—Ha, ha, ha!*

Tag. Oh the pretty creature! and what do you call him, pray?

Bid. His name's Fribble; you shall see him too, for by mistake I appointed 'em at the same time; but you must help me out with them.

Tag. And suppose your favourite should come too——

Bid. I should not care what become of the others.

Tag. What's his name?

Bid. It begins with an R——h——o——

Tag. I'll be hang'd, if it is not Rhodophil.

Bid. I am frighten'd at you! you are a witch, Tag!

Tag. I am so, and I can tell your fortune too. Look me in the face. The gentleman you love most in the world will be at our house this afternoon; he arriv'd from the army this morning, and dies till he sees you.

Bid. Is he come, Tag? don't joke with me——

Tag. Not to keep you longer in suspense, you must know the servant of your Strephon, by some unaccountable fate or other, is my lord and master; he has just been with me, told me of his master's arrival and impatience——

Bid. Oh my dear, dear Tag, you have put me out of my wits—I am all over in a flutter.—I shall leap out of my skin—I don't know what to do with myself—Is he come, Tag?—I am ready to faint—I'd give the world I had put on my pink and silver robings to-day.

Tag. I assure you, miss, you look charmingly!

Bid. Do I indeed tho'? I'll put a little patch under my left eye, and powder my hair immediately.

Tag. We'll go to dinner first, and then I'll assist you.

Bid. Dinner! I can't eat a morsel—I don't know what's the matter with me—my ears tingle, my heart beats, my face blushes, and I tremble every joint of me—I must run and look at myself in the glass this moment.

Tag. Yes, she has it, and deeply too; this is no hypocrisy——

Not art, but nature now performs her part.

And every word's the language of the heart.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Continues.*

Enter Captain LOVEIT, BIDDY, TAG, and PUFF.

CAPTAIN.

TO find you still constant, and to arrive at such a critical juncture, is the height of fortune and happiness.

Bid. Nothing shall force me from you; and if I am secure of your affections——

Puff. I'll be bound for him, madam, and give you any security you can ask.

Tag. Every thing goes on to our wish, Sir, I just now had a second conference with my old lady, and she was so convinced by my arguments, that she return'd instantly to the lawyer to forbid the drawing out of any writings at all, and she is determin'd never to thwart Miss's inclinations, and left it to us to give the old gentleman his discharge at the next visit.

Capt. Shall I undertake the old dragon?

Tag. If we have occasion for help, we shall call for you.

Bid. I expect him every moment, therefor I'll tell you what, Rhodophil; you and your man shall be lock'd up in my bed-chamber till we have settled matters with the old gentleman.

Capt. Do what you please with me.

Bid. You must not be impatient tho'.

Capt. I can undergo any thing with such a reward in view; one kiss and I'll be quite resign'd——and now shew me the way. [*Exeunt.*]

Tag. Come, firrah, when I have got you under lock and key, I shall bring you to reason.

Puff. Are your wedding-clothes ready, my dove? the certificate's come.

Tag. Go follow your captain, firrah—march—You may thank heav'n I had patience to stay so long.

[*Exeunt Tag and Puff.*]

Enter BIDDY.

Bid. I was very much alarm'd for fear my two gallants should come in upon us unawares; we should have had sad work if they had; I find I love Rhodophil vastly, for tho' my other sparks flatter me more, I can't abide the thoughts of 'em now—I have business upon my hands enough to turn my little head; but egad my heart's good, and a fig for dangers—let me see, what shall I do with my two gallants? I must, at least, part with 'em decently; suppose I set 'em together by the ears?—The luckiest thought in the world! For if they won't quarrel (as I believe they won't) I can break with them for cowards, and very justly dismiss 'em my service; if they will fight, and one of 'em should be kill'd, the other will certainly be hang'd, or run away; and so I shall very handsomely get rid of both—I am glad I have settled it so purely.

Enter TAG.

Well, Tag, are they safe?

Tag. I think so, the door's double-locked, and I have the key in my pocket.

Bid. That's pure; but have you given them any thing to divert 'em?

Tag. I have given the captain one of our old gloves to mumble; but my Strephon is diverting himself with the more substantial comforts of a cold venison pasty.

Bid. What shall we do with the next that comes?

Tag. If Mr. Fribble comes first, I'll clap him up in my lady's store-room; I suppose he is a great maker of marmalads himself, and will have an opportunity of making some critical remarks upon our pasty and sweet-meats.

Bid. When one of 'em comes, do you go and watch for the other, and as soon as you see him, run in to us and pretend it is my aunt, and so we shall have an excuse to lock him up till we want him.

Tag. You may depend upon me, here is one of 'em—

Enter FRIBBLE.

Bid. Mr. Fribble, your servant—

Frib. Miss Biddy, your slave—I hope I have not

come upon you abruptly; I should have waited upon you sooner, but an accident happen'd that discompos'd me so, that I was oblig'd to go home again to take drops.

Bid. Indeed you don't look well, Sir.—Go, Tag, and do as I bid you.

Tag. I will, madam.

[*Exit.*

Bid. I have set my maid to watch my aunt, that we mayn't be surpriz'd by her.

Frib. Your prudence is equal to your beauty, miss; and I hope your permitting me to kiss your hands, will be no impeachment to your understanding.

Bid. I hate the sight of him. [*Aside.*] I was afraid I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you; pray let me know what accident you met with, and what's the matter with your hand?

Frib. Well, I vow, miss Biddy, you're a good *Creeper*,—I'll endeavour to muster up what little spirits I have, and tell you the whole affair—Hem!—But first you must give me leave to make you a present of a small pot of my lip-salve; my servant made it this morning—the ingredients are innocent, I assure you; nothing but the best virgin-wax, conserve of roses, and lilly of the valley water.

Bid. I thank you, Sir; but my lips are generally red, and when they an't, I bite 'em.

Frib. I bite my own, sometimes, to pout 'em a little, but this will give them a softness, colour, and an agreeable *moister*.—Thus let me make a humble offering at that shrine, where I have already sacrificed my heart.

[*Kneels and gives the pot.*

Bid. Upon my word that's very prettily express'd; you are positively the best company in the world—I wish he was out of the house.

[*Aside.*

Frib. But to return to my accident, and the reason why my hand is in this condition—I beg you'll excuse the appearance of it, and be satisfy'd that nothing but mere necessity could have forc'd me to appear thus muffled before you.

Bid. I am very willing to excuse any misfortunes that happens to you, Sir.

[*Curtfies.*

Frib. You are vastly good, indeed,—thus it was—Hem!—You must know, Miss, there is not an animal in the creation I have so great an aversion to, as those

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hackney-coach fellows——As I was coming out of my lodgings,——Says one of 'em to me, *Would your honour have a coach?*——No, man, said I, not now (with all the civility imaginable)——*I'll carry you and your Doll too,* (said he) *miss Margery, for the same price.*——Upon which the masculine beasts about us fell a laughing; then I turn'd round in a great passion, curse me, (says I) fellow, but I'll trounce thee.——And, as I was holding out my hand in a threatening *posture*——thus—he makes a cut at me with his whip, and striking me over the nail of my little finger, it gave me such exquisite *torture* that I fainted away; and while I was in this condition, the mob pick'd my pocket of my purse, my scissars, my *mocco* smelling-bottle, and my hufwife?

Bid. I shall laugh in his face. [*Aside.*] I am afraid you are in great pain; pray sit down, Mr. Fribble, but I hope your hand is in no danger. [*They sit.*]

Frib. Not in the least, maam; pray don't be apprehensive—A milk-poultice, and a gentle sweat to-night, with a little manna in the morning, I am confident, will relieve me entirely.

Bid. But pray, Mr. Fribble, do you make use of a hufwife?

Frib. I can't do without it, maam; there is a club of us, all young batchelors, the sweetest society in the world; and we meet three times a week at each others lodgings, where we drink tea, hear the chat of the day, invent fashions for the ladies, make models of 'em, and cut out patterns in paper. We were the first inventors of knotting, and this fringe is the original produce and joint labour of our little community.

Bid. And who are your pretty set, pray?

Frib. There's *Phil Whiffle*, *Jackey Wagtail*, my lord *Trip*, *Billy Dimple*, *Sir Dilbery Diddle*, and your humble——

Bid. What a sweet collection of happy creatures!

Frib. Indeed and so we are, miss——But a prodigious *fracas* disconcerted us some time ago at *Billy Dimple's*——three drunken naughty women of the town burst into our club-room, curst us all, threw down the China, broke six looking-glasses, scalded as with the slop-bason, and *scrat* poor *Phil Whiffle's* cheek in such a manner that he has kept his bed these three weeks.

Bid. Indeed, Mr. Fribble, I think all our sex have great reason to be angry; for if you are so happy now you are batchelors, the ladies may wish and sigh to very little purpose.

Frib. You are mistaken, I assure you; I am prodigiously rallied about my passion for you, I can tell you that, and am look'd upon as lost to our society already; he, he, he!

Bid. Pray, Mr. Fribble, now you have gone so far, don't think me impudent if I long to know how you intended to use the lady who shall be honour'd with your affections?

Frib. Not as most other wives are used, I assure you; all the domestic business will be taken off her hands; I shall make the tea, comb the dogs, and dress the children myself; so that tho' I'm a commoner, Mrs. Fribble will lead the life of a woman of quality! for she will have nothing to do, but lie in bed, play at cards, and scold the servants.

Bid. What a happy creature she must be!

Frib. Do you really think so? then pray let me have a little *serous* talk with you.—Though my passion is not of a long standing, I hope the sincerity of my intentions—

Bid. Ha, ha, ha!

Frib. Go, thou wild thing. [*Pats her.*] The devil take me but there is no talking to you.—How can you use me in this barbarous manner! if I had the constitution of an elderman it would sink under my sufferings.—*Hooman nater* can't support it.—

Bid. Why, what would you do with me, Mr. Fribble?

Frib. Well, I vow I'll beat you if you talk so—Don't look at me in that manner—Flesh and blood can't bear it—I could—but I won't grow indecent—

Bid. But pray, Sir, where are the verses you were to write upon me? I find if a young lady depends too much upon such fine gentleman as you, she'll certainly be disappointed.

Frib. I vow, the flutter I was put into this afternoon has quite turn'd my senses—here they are tho'—and I believe you'll like 'em.—

Bid. There can be no doubt of it.

[*Curtseys.*]

Frib. I protest, miss, I don't like that curtsy—Look at

me, and always rise in this manner. [*Shows her.*] But, my dear creteer, who put on your cap to-day? They have made a fright of you, and it is as yellow as old lady *Crow-foot's* neck.—When we are settled, I'll dress your heads myself.

Bid. Pray read the verses to me, Mr. Fribble.

Frib. I obey—Hem!—William Fribble, Esq; to miss Biddy Bellair—greeting.

*No ice so hard, so cold as I,
'Till warm'd and soften'd by your eye;
And now my heart dissolves away
In dreams by night, in sighs by day;
No brutal passion fires my breast,
Which loaths the object when possess'd;
But one of harmless, gentle kind,
Whose joys are center'd—in the mind;
Then take with me, Love's better part,
His downy wing, but not his dart.*

How do you like 'em?

Bid. Ha, ha, ha! I swear they are very pretty—but I don't quite understand 'em.

Frib. These light pieces are never so well understood in reading as singing; I have set 'em myself, and will endeavour to give 'em you *La—la*—I have an abominable cold, and can't sing a note; however the tune's nothing, the manner's all.

No ice so hard, etc.

[Sings.]

Enter TAG, running.

Tag. Your aunt, your aunt, your aunt, madam!

Frib. What's the matter?

Bid. Hide, hide Mr. Fribble. Tag, or we are ruin'd.

Frib. Oh! for heaven's sake, put me any where, so I don't dirty my cloths.

Bid. Put him into the store-room, Tag, this moment.

Frib. Is it a damp place, Mrs. Tag? The floor is boarded, I hope?

Tag. Indeed it is not, Sir.

Frib. What shall I do? I shall certainly catch my death! where's my cambric and handkerchief, and my salts? I shall certainly have my hysterics! [*Runs out.*]

Bid. In, in, in—So now let the other come as soon

as he will; I do not care if I had twenty of 'em, so they would but come one after another.

Enter TAG.

Was my aunt coming?

Tag. No, 'twas Mr. Flash, I suppose by the length of his stride, and the cock of his hat. He'll be here this minute——What shall we do with him?

Bid. I'll manage him, I warrant you, and try his courage; be sure you are ready to second me—we shall have pure sport.

Tag. Hush! here he comes.

Enter FLASH singing.

Flash. Well, my blossom, here am I! what hopes for a poor dog, eh? how! the maid here! then I've lost the town, dammee! not a shilling to bribe the governor; she'll spring a mine, and I shall be blown to the devil.

Bid. Don't be ashamed, Mr. Flash; I have told Tag the whole affair, and she's my friend, I can assure you.

Flash. Is she? then she won't be mine I am certain. [*Aside.*] Well, Mrs. Tag, you know, I suppose, what's to be done: this young lady and I have contracted ourselves; and so, if you please to stand bride-maid, why, we'll fix the wedding-day directly.

Tag. The wedding-day, Sir?

Flash. The wedding-day, Sir? Ay, Sir, the wedding-day, Sir; what have you to say to that, Sir?

Bid. My dear Captain Flash, don't make such a noise you'll wake my aunt.

Flash. And suppose I did, Child, what then?

Bid. She'd be frighten'd out of her wits.

Flash. At me, Miss! frighten'd at me? *Tout au contraire*, I assure you; you mistake the thing, child; I have some reason to believe I am not quite so shocking.

[*Affectedly.*

Tag. Indeed, Sir, you flatter yourself—But pray, Sir, what are your pretensions?

Flash. The lady's promises, my own passion, and the best mounted blade in the three kingdoms. If any man can produce a better title, let him take her; if not, the d—I mince me, if I give up an atom of her.

Bid. He's in a fine passion, if he would but hold it!

Tag. Pray, Sir, hear reason a little.

Flash. I never do, madam; it is not my method of pro-

ceeding; here is my logic! [*Draws his sword.*] Sa, fa, —my best argument is cart over arm, madam, ha, ha, [*lunges.*] and if he answers that, madam, through my small guts, my breath, blood, and mistress are all at his service—Nothing more, madam.

Bid. This 'll do, this 'll do.

Tag. But Sir, Sir, Sir?

Flash. But madam, madam, madam: I profess blood, madam, I was bred up to it from a child; I study the book of fate, and the camp is my university; I have attended the lectures of Prince Charles upon the Rhine, and Bathi-ani upon the Pö, and have extracted knowledge from the mouth of a cannon; I'm not to be frighten'd with squibs, madam, no, no.

Bid. Pray, dear Sir, don't mind her, but let me prevail with you to go away this time—Your passion is very fine to be sure, and when my aunt and Tag are out of the way, I'll let you know when I'd have you come again.

Flash. When you'd have me come again, child? And suppose I never would come again, what do you think of that now, ha? You pretend to be afraid of your aunt; your aunt knows what's what too well to refuse a good match when 'tis offer'd—Lookee, miss, I'm a man of honour, glory is my aim, I have told you the road I am in, and do you see here, child, [*Shewing his sword*] no tricks upon travellers.

Bid. But pray, Sir, hear me.

Flash. No, no, no, I know the world, madam: I am as well known at *Covent-Garden* as the dail, madam: I'll break a lamp, bully a constable, bam a justice, or bilk a box-keeper with any man in the liberties of *Westminster*; what do you think of me now, madam?

Bid. But pray, Sir, hear me.

Flash. Come, come, come, few words are best, somebody's happier than somebody, and I'm a poor silly fellow; ha, ha, —That's all—Look you, child, to be short, (for I'm a man of reflection) I have but a *bagatelle* to say to you: I am in love with you up to hell and desperation; may the sky crush me if I am not—But since there is another more fortunate than I, adieu, Biddy! prosperity to the happy rival, patience to poor Flash;

but the first time we meet,—gunpowder be my perdition, but I'll have the honour to cut a throat with him.

[*Going.*]

Bid. [*Stopping him.*] You may meet with him now, if you please.

Flash. Now, may I!—Where is he, I'll sacrifice the villain.

[*Aloud.*]

Tag. Hush! he's but in the next room.

Flash. Is he! Ram me [*Low.*] into a mortar-piece, but I'll have vengeance; my blood boils to be at him—Don't be frighten'd, miss?

Bid. No, Sir, I never was better pleas'd, I assure you.

Flash. I shall soon do his business.

Bid. As soon as you please, take your own time.

Tag. I'll fetch the gentleman to you immediately.

[*Going.*]

Flash. (*Stopping her.*) Stay, stay, a little; what a passion I am in!—are you sure he is in the next room?—I shall certainly tear him to pieces—I would fain murder him like a gentleman too—Besides, this family shan't be brought into trouble upon my account.—I have it—I'll watch for him in the street, and mix his blood with the puddle of the next kennel.

[*Going.*]

Bid. (*Stopping him.*) No, pray, Mr. Flash, let me see the battle, I shall be glad to see you fight for me, you shan't go, indeed.

[*Holding him.*]

Tag. (*Holding him.*) Oh, pray, let me see you fight; there were two gentleman *fit* yesterday, and my mistress was never so diverted in her life—I'll fetch him out.

[*Exit.*]

Bid. Do, stick him, stick him, captain Flash; I shall love you the better for it.

Flash. D—n your love, I wish I was out of the house.

[*Aside.*]

Bid. Here he is—Now speak some of your hard words, and run him through——

Flash. Don't be in fits now—[*Aside* to Biddy.

Bid. Never fear me.

Enter TAG and FRIBBLE.

Tag. (*To Fribble.*) Take it on my word, Sir, he is a bully, and nothing else.

Frib. (*Frighten'd.*) I know you are my good friend, but perhaps you don't know his disposition.

Tag. I am confident he is a coward.

Frib. Is he? Nay then I'm his man.

Flash. I like his looks, but I'll not venture too far at first.

Tag. Speak to him, Sir.

Frib. I will—I understand, Sir,—hem—that you—by Mrs. Tag here,—Sir,—who has inform'd me—hem—that you have sent her, to inform me—Sir,—that you would be glad to speak with me—Demmee— [Turns off.

Flash. I can speak to you, Sir—or to any body Sir—or I can let it alone and hold my tongue,—if I see occasion, Sir, dammee— [Turns off.

Bid. Well said, Mr. Flash, be in a passion.

Tag. (To Fribble.) Don't mind his looks, he changes colour already; to him, to him. [Pushes him.

Frib. Don't hurry me, Mrs. Tag, for heaven's sake! I shall be out of breath before I begin, if you do.—Sir,—(To Flash.) If you can't speak to a gentleman in another manner, Sir,—why then I'll venture to say, you had better hold your tongue—Oons.

Flash. Sir, you and I are of different opinions.

Frib. You and your opinion may go to the devil—Take that. [Turns off to Tag.

Tag. Well said, Sir, the day's your own.

Bid. What's the matter, Mr. Flash? is all your fury gone? do you give me up?

Frib. I have done his business. [Struts about.

Flash. Give you up, madam! No, madam; when I am determined in my resolutions, I am always calm; 'tis our way, madam; and now I shall proceed to business.—Sir, I beg to say a word to you in private.

Frib. Keep your distance, fellow, and I'll answer you.—That lady has confess'd a passion for me, and as she has delivered up her heart into my keeping, nothing but my 'arts blood will purchase it. Damnation!

Tag. Bravo! Bravo!

Flash. If those are the conditions, I'll give you earnest for it directly. (Draws.) Now, villain, renounce all right and title this minute, or the torrent of my rage will overflow my reason, and I shall annihilate the nothingness of your soul and body in an instant.

Frib. I wish there was a constable at hand to take us both up; we shall certainly do one another a prejudice.

Tag. No, you won't indeed, Sir; pray bear up to him; if you wou'd but draw your sword, and be in a passion, he would run away directly.

Frib. Will he? (*Draws his sword.*) Then I can no longer contain myself—Hell and the furies! Come on, thou savage brute.

Tag. Go, on Sir.

Here they stand in fighting postures, while Biddy and Tag push 'em forward.

Flash. Come on.

Bid. Go on.

Frib. Come on, rascal.

Tag. Go on, Sir.

Enter Captain LOVEIT and PUFF.

Capt. What's the matter, my dear?

Bid. If you won't fight, here's one that will. Oh Rhodophil, these two spark are your rivals, and have pester'd me these two months with their addresses; they forc'd themselves into the house, and have been quarrelling about me, and disturbing the family; they won't fight, pray kick 'em out of the house—

Capt. What's the matter, gentleman?

[*They both keep their fencing posture.*]

Flash. Don't part us, Sir.

Frib. No, pray, Sir, don't part us, we shall do you a mischief.

Capt. Puff, look to the other gentleman, and call a surgeon.

Bid and Tag. Ha, ha, ha!

Puff. Bless me! how can you stand under your wounds, Sir?

Frib. Am I hurt, Sir?

Puff. Hurt, Sir! why you have—let me see—pray stand in the light—one, two, three, thro' the heart; and let me see—hum—eight thro' the small guts! come, Sir, make it up the round dozen, and then we'll part you.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Capt. Come here, Puff. [*Whispers and looks at Flash.*]

Puff. 'Tis the very same, Sir.

Capt. (*To Flash.*) Pray, Sir, have I not had the pleasure of seeing you abroad?

Flash. I have serv'd abroad.

Capt. Had not you the misfortune, Sir, to be missing at the last engagement in Flanders?

Flash. I was found amongst the dead in the field of battle.

Puff. He was the first that fell, Sir; the wind of a cannon-ball struck him flat upon his face; he had just strength enough to creep into a ditch, and there he was found after the battle in a most deplorable condition.

Capt. Pray, Sir, what advancement did you get by the service of that day?

Flash. My wounds rendered me unfit for service, and I fold out.

Puff. Stole out, you mean.—We hunted him by scent, to the water-side, thence he took shipping for England, and, taking the advantage of my master's absence, has attack'd the citadel, which we are luckily come to relieve, and drive his honour into the ditch again.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Frib. He, he, he!

Capt. And now, Sir, how have you dar'd to shew your face again in open day, or wear even the outside of a profession you have so much scandaliz'd by your behaviour? I honour the name of a soldier, and as a party concerned am bound not to see it disgrac'd. As you have forfeited your title to honour, deliver up your sword this instant.

Flash. Nay, good captain——

Capt. No words, Sir.

[*Takes his sword.*]

Frib. He's a sad scoundrel; I wish I had kick'd him.

Capt. The next thing I command——leave this house, change the colour of your cloths and fierceness of your looks, appear from top to toe the wretch thou art; if e'er I meet thee in the military dress again, or if thou put on looks that belye the native baseness of thy heart, be it where it will, this shall be the reward of thy impudence and disobedience.

[*Kicks him, he runs off.*]

Bid. Oh, my dear Rhodophil!

Frib. What an infamous rascal it is! I thank you, Sir, for this favour, but I must after, and cane him.

[*Going, is stop'd by the Captain.*]

Capt. One word with you too, Sir.

Frib. With me, Sir?

Capt. You need not tremble, I shan't use you roughly.

Frib. I am certain of that, Sir; but I am sadly troubled with weak nerves.

Capt. Thou art of a species too despicable for correction; therefor be gone; and if I see you here again, your insignificancy shan't protect you.

Frib. I am oblig'd to you for your kindness; well, if ever I have any thing to do with intrigues again!—[*Exit.*

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Puff. Shall I ease you of your trophy, Sir?

Capt. Take it, Puff, as some small recompence for thy fidelity, thou canst better use it than its owner.

Puff. I wish your honour had a patent to take such trifles from every pretty gentleman that could spare 'em; I would set up the largest cutler's shop in the kingdom.

Capt. Well said, Puff.

Bid. But pray, Mr. Fox, how did you get out of your hole? I thought you was lock'd in?

Capt. I shot the bolt back when I heard a noise; and thinking you were in danger I broke my confinement without any other consideration than your safety.

[*Kisses her hand.*

Sir Simon. (*Without.*) Biddy, Biddy, why Tag, Tag.

Bid. There's the old gentleman; run in, run in.

[*Exeunt Captain and Puff. Tag opens the door.*

Enter Sir SIMON and JASPER.

Sir Sim. Where have you been, Biddy? Jasper and I have knock'd and call'd as loud and as long as we were able; what were you doing, child?

Bid. I was reading part of a play to Tag, and we came as soon as we heard you.

Sir Sim. What play, Moppet?

Bid. The *Old Batchelor*; and we were just got to old *Nykyn* as you knock'd at the door.

Sir Sim. I must have you burn your plays and romances now you are mine; they corrupt your innocence; and what can you learn from 'em?

Bid. What you can't teach me, I'm sure.

Sir Sim. Fy, fy, child; I never heard you talk at this rate before; I'm afraid, Tag, you put these things into her head.

Tag. I, Sir? I vow, Sir Simon, she knows more than you can conceive; she surprises me, I assure you, though

I have been married these two years, and liv'd with batchelors most part of my life.

Sir Sim. Do you hear, Jasper? I'm all over in a sweat.—Pray, miss, have not you had company this afternoon? I saw a young fop go out of the house as I was coming hither.

Bid. You might have seen two, Sir Simon, if your eyes had been good.

Sir Sim. Do you hear, Jasper?—Sure the child is possess'd—Pray, miss, what do they want here?

Bid. Me, Sir; they wanted me.

Sir Sim. What did they want with you, I say?

Bid. Why, what do you want with me?

Sir Sim. Do you hear, Jasper?—I am thunder-struck! I can't believe my own ears! Tell me the reason, I say, why—

Tag. I'll tell you the reason why, if you please, Sir Simon. Miss, you know, is a very silly young girl, and having found out (Heaven knows how!) that there is some little difference between sixty-five and twenty-five, she's ridiculous enough to choose the latter; when if she'd take my advice—

Sir Sim. You are right, Tag, she wou'd take me? Eh?

Tag. Yes, Sir, as the only way to have both; for if she marries you, the other will follow of course,

Sir Sim. Do you hear, Jasper?

Bid. 'Tis very true, sir Simon; from knowing no better, I have set my heart upon a young man, and a young one I'll have; there have been three here this afternoon.

Sir Sim. Three, Jasper?

Bid. And they have been quarrelling about me, and one has beat the other two. Now, sir Simon, if you'll take up the conqueror and kick him, as he has kick'd the others, you shall have me for your reward, and my fifteen thousand pounds into the bargain. What says my hero? Eh?

[Slaps him on the back.

Sir Sim. The world's at an end—What's to be done, Jasper?

Jas. Pack up and be gone; don't fight the match, sir,

Sir Sim. Flesh and blood can't bear it—I'm all over agitation—Hugh, hugh!—am I cheated by a baby, a doll?

Where's your aunt, you young cockatrice?—I'll let her know—she's a base woman, and you are—

Bid. You are in a fine humour to shew your valour. Tag, fetch the captain this minute, while sir Simon is warm, and let him know, he is waiting here to cut his throat [*Exit Tag.*] I lock'd him up in my bed-chamber till you came.

Sir Sim. Here's an imp of darkness! what would I give that my son Bob was here to thrash her spark, while I—ravish'd the rest of the family.

Jas. I believe we had best retire, Sir.

Sir Sim. No, no, I must see her bully first; and, do you hear, Jasper, if I put him in a passion do you knock him down.

Jas. Pray, keep your temper, sir.

Enter CAPTAIN, TAG, and PUFF.

Capt. [*Approaching angrily.*] What's the meaning, sir?—Ounds! it is my father, Puff; what shall I do?

[*Aside.*

Puff. [*Drawing him by the coat.*] Kennel again, sir,

Sir Sim. I am enchanted! [*Starting.*

Capt. There is no retreat, I must stand it!

Bid. What's all this?

Sir Sim. Your humble servant, captain Fire-Ball.—You are welcome from the wars, noble captain. I did not think of being knock'd o' th' head, or cut up alive by so fine a gentleman.

Capt. I am under such confusion, sir, that I have no power to convince you of my innocence.

Sir Sim. Innocence! pretty lamb! and so, sir, you have left the regiment, and the honourable employment of fighting for your country, to come home and cut your father's throat; why, you'll be a great man in time, Bob!

Bid. His father, Tag!

Sir Sim. Come, come, 'tis soon done—one stroke does it—or if you have any qualms, let your 'squire there perform the operation.

Puff. Pray, Sir, don't throw such temptations in my way.

Capt. Hold your impudent tongue!

Sir Sim. Why don't you speak, Mr. Modesty; what excuse have you for leaving the army, I say?

Capt. My affection to this lady.

Sir Sim. Your affection, puppy!

Capt. Our love, sir, has been long and mutual; what accidents have happen'd since my going abroad, and her leaving the country, and how I have most unaccountably met you here, I am a stranger to; but whatever appearances may be, I still am, and ever was, your dutiful son.

Bid. He talks like an angel, Tag!

Sir Sim. Dutiful, firrah! have not you rival'd your father?

Capt. No, sir, you have rivall'd me; my claim must be prior to yours.

Bid. Indeed, sir Simon, he can shew the best title to me.

Jas. Sir, sir, the young gentleman speaks well, and as the fortune will not go out of the family, I would advise you to drop your resentment, be reconcil'd to your son, and relinquish the lady.

Sir Sim. Ay, ay, with all my heart—Look ye, son, I give you the girl, she's too much for me, I confess;—and take my word, Bob, you'll catch a tartar.

Bid. I assure you, sir Simon, I'm not the person you take me for; if I have us'd you any ways ill, 'twas for your son's sake, who had my promise and inclinations before you; and tho' I believe I should have made you a most uncomfortable wife, I'll be the best daughter to you in the world; and if you stand in need of a lady, my aunt is disengag'd, and is the best nurse——

Sir Sim. No, no, I thank you, child; you have so turn'd my stomach to marriage, I have no appetite left—But where is this aunt? won't she stop your proceedings, think you?

Tag. She's now at her lawyer's, sir, and if you please to go with the young couple, and give your approbation, I'll answer for my old lady's consent.

Bid. The Captain, and I, sir——

Sir Sim. Come, come, Bob, you are but an ensign, don't impose on the girl neither.

Capt. I had the good fortune, sir, to please my royal general by my behaviour in a small action with the enemy, and he gave me a company.

Sir Sim. Bob, I wish you joy! this is news indeed! and when we celebrate your wedding, son, I'll drink a half pint bumper myself to your benefactor.

Capt. And he deserves it, sir; such a general, by his example and justice, animates us to deeds of glory, and insures us conquest.

Sir Sim. Right, my boy,—come along then. [*Going.*]

Puff. Halt a little, gentleman and ladies, if you please: every body here seems well satisfied but myself.

Capt. What's the matter with Puff?

Puff. Sir, as I would make myself worthy of such a master, and the name of a soldier, I cannot put up the least injury to my honour.

Sir Sim. Heyday! what flourishes are these?

Puff. Here is the man; come forth, caitiff. (*To Jasper.*) He hath confess'd this day, that in my absence, he hath taken freedoms with my lawful wife, and had dishonourable intentions against my bed; for which I demand satisfaction.——

Sir Sim. (*Striking him.*) What stuff is here, the fellow's brain's turn'd.

Puff. And crack'd too, sir; but you are my master's father, and I submit.

Capt. Come, come, I'll settle your punctilios, and will take care of you and Tag hereafter, provided you drop all animosities, and shake hands this moment.

Puff. My revenge gives way to my interest, and I once again, Jasper, take thee to my bosom.

Jas. I'm your friend again, Puff—but harkye—I fear you not; and if you'll lay aside your steel there, as far as a broken head or a black eye, I'm at your service upon demand.

Tag. You are very good at crowing indeed, Mr. Jasper; but let me tell you, the fool that is rogue enough to brag of a woman's favours must be a dunghill every way—As for you my dear husband, shew your manhood in a proper place, and you need not heed these sheep-biters.

Sir Sim. The Abigail is pleasant I confess, he, he!

Bid. I'm afraid the town will be ill-natured enough to think I have been a little coquetish in my behaviour; but,

I hope, as I have been constant to the Captain, I shall be excus'd diverting myself with pretenders.

Ladies, to fops and braggarts ne'er be kind,
No charms can warm 'em, and no virtues bind;
Each lover's merit by his conduct prove,
Who fails in honour, will be false in love. [*Exeunt.*]

The END of the PLAY.

EPILOGUE.

By the same hand as the PROLOGUE.

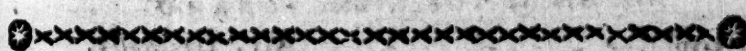
Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD.

GOOD folks, I'm come at my young lady's bidding,
To say, you all are welcome to her wedding.
Th' exchange she made what mortal here can blame?
Shew me the maid that would not do the same.
For sure the greatest monster ever seen,
Is doating sixty coupled to sixteen!
When wintry age had almost caught the Fair,
Youth, clad in sunshine, snatch'd her from despair:
Like a new Semele the virgin lay,
And clasp'd her lover in the blaze of day.
Thus may each maid, the toils almost intrapt-in,
Change old Sir Simon for the brisk young Captain.

I love these men of arms, they know their trade:
Let dastards sue, the sons of fire invade!
They cannot bear around the bait to nibble,
Like pretty, powder'd, patient Mr. Fribble:
To dangers bred, and skilful in command,
They storm the strongest fortrefs, sword in hand!
Nights without sleep, and floods of tears when waking,
Shew'd poor Miss Biddy was in piteous taking:
She's now quite well; for maids, in that condition,
Find the young lover is the best physician;
And without helps of art, or boast of knowlege,
They cure more women, faith, than all the college!
But to the point—I come with low petition,
For, faith, poor Bayes is in a sad condition;
The huge tall hangman * stands to give the blow,
And only waits your pleasures—ay, or no.
If you should—Pit, Box, and Gallery, egad!
Joy turns his senses, and the man runs mad:
But if your ears are shut, your hearts are rock,
And you pronounce the sentence—block to block,
Down kneels the bard, and leaves you when he's deed,
The empty tribute of an author's head.

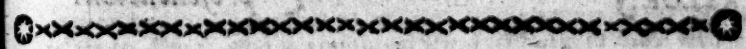
* Alluding to Bay's Prologue in the Rehearsal.

THE PERSONS



LETHE

DRAMATIC SATIRE.



Mrs. Taro
Mr. Taro

The PERSONS.

ÆSOP	-	-	-	Mr. Bransby.
MERCURY	-	-	-	Mr. Beard.
CHARON	-	-	-	Mr. W. Vaughan.
Lord CHALKSTONE	-	-	-	Mr. Garrick.
A FINE GENTLEMAN	-	-	-	Mr. Woodward.
DRUNKEN MAN	-	-	-	Mr. Yates.
FRENCHMAN	}	-	-	Mr. Blakes.
OLD MAN		-	-	
Mr. TATOO	-	-	-	Mr. Marr.
POET	}	-	-	{ Omitted in the re-
TAYLOR		-	-	
Mrs. RIOT	-	-	-	Mrs. Clive.
Mrs. TATOO	-	-	-	Miss Minors.

L E T H E.*

SCENE, A GROVE,
With a View of the River LETHÆ.

CHARON and ÆSOP discovered.

CHARON.

PRITHEE, philosopher, what grand affair is transacting upon earth? There is something of importance going forward I am sure; for Mercury flew over the Styx this morning, without paying me the usual compliments.

Æsop. I'll tell thee, Charon; this is the anniversary of the rape of Proserpine; on which day, for the future, Pluto has permitted her to demand from him something for the benefit of mankind.

Char. I understand you:—his majesty's passion, by a long possession of the lady, is abated; and so, like a

* This piece consists only of a number of separate characters, who, coming by Pluto's permission to drink of the waters of Forgetfulness, relate to Æsop, who is appointed the distributor of these waters, the several particulars, which constitute the distinguishing parts of their several dispositions.—In the execution of this design, there is scope given for very keen and poignant satire on the reigning follies of the age.—Yet so true is it, that the stricken dear will ever weep, and the gall'd jade wince, that notwithstanding the wit and sensible manner in which this satire is conveyed, notwithstanding besides the admirable performance of the piece, in which the author himself, during its first run, acted no less than three of the characters, it met with considerable opposition; nor was it till some time after that it made its stand firmly, and became, as it now is, one of the constant and regular petite pieces of the English stage.—It made its appearance some years before at the Theatre in Goodman's Fields, under the title of *ÆSOP IN THE SHADES*.—It is, however, considerably altered by the dress it now appears in, and in the latter editions the author has added a new character called lord Chalkstone.

Companion to the Play-House.

mere mortal, he must now flatter her vanity, and sacrifice his power, to atone for deficiencies—But what has our royal mistress proposed in behalf of her favourite mortals?

Æsop. As mankind, you know, are ever complaining of their cares, and dissatisfied with their conditions, the generous Proserpine has begg'd of Pluto, that they may have free access to the waters of Lethe, as a sovereign remedy for their complaints——Notice has been already given above, and proclamation made: Mercury is to conduct them to the Styx; you are to ferry 'em over to Elysium, and I am plac'd here to distribute the waters.

Char. A very pretty employment I shall have of it, truly! If her majesty has often these whims, I must petition the court either to build a bridge over the river, or let me resign my employment. Do their majesties know the difference of weight between souls and bodies? However, I'll obey their commands to the best of my power; I'll row my crazy boat over, and meet 'em; but many of them will be relieved from their cares before they reach Lethe.

Æsop. How so, Charon?

Char. Why, I shall leave half of 'em in the Styx; and any water is a specific against care, provided it be taken in quantity.

Enter MERCURY.

Mer. Away to your boat, Charon; there are some mortals arriv'd; and the females among 'em will be very clamorous, if you make 'em wait.

Char. I'll make what haste I can, rather than give those fair creatures a topic for conversation.

Noise within, boat, boat, boat!

Coming—coming—Zounds, you are in a plaguy hurry, sure! no wonder these mortal folks have so many complaints, when there's no patience among 'em; if they were dead now, and to be settled here for ever, they'd be damn'd before they'd make such a rout to come over,—but Care, I suppose, is thirsty, and till they have drench'd themselves with Lethe, there will be no quiet among 'em; therefore I'll e'en to work; and so, friend *Æsop*, and brother *Mercury*, good bye to 'ye. [*Exit Charon.*]

Æsop. Now to my office of judge and examiner, in which, to the best of my knowledge, I will act with impartiality; for I will immediately relieve real objects, and only divert myself with pretenders.

Mer. Act as your wisdom directs, and conformable to your earthly character, and we shall have few murderers.

Æsop. I still retain my former sentiments, never to refuse advice or charity to those that want either; flattery and rudeness should be equally avoided; folly and vice should never be spared; and tho' by acting thus, you may offend many, yet you will please the better few; and the approbation of one virtuous mind is more valuable than all the noisy applause, and uncertain favours of the great and guilty.

Mer. Incomparable *Æsop*! both men and Gods admire thee! we must now prepare to receive these mortals; and lest the solemnity of the place should strike 'em with too much dread; I'll raise music shall despel their fears, and embolden them to approach,

S O N G.

I.

*Ye mortals whom fancies and troubles perplex,
Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;
Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest;
Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink keep of the stream, and forget all your care.*

II.

*Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
And young ones the rover, they cannot regain;
The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
And Chloe again be with passion enjoyed;
Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.*

III.

*The wise at one draught may forget all her wants,
Or drench her fond fool, to forget her gallants;*

*The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,
And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day;
Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.*

Æsop. Mercury, Charon has brought over one mortal already, conduct him hither. [*Exit Mercury.*]

Now for a large catalogue of complaints, without the acknowledgement of one single vice;—here he comes—if one may guess at his cares by his appearance, he really wants the assistance of Lethe.

Enter POET.

Poet. Sir, your humble servant—your name is *Æsop*—I know your person intimately, tho' I never saw you before; and am well acquainted with you, tho' I never had the honour of your conversation.

Æsop. You are a dealer in paradoxes, friend.

Poet. I am a dealer in all parts of speech, and in all the figures of rhetoric—I am a poet, Sir—and to be a poet, and not acquainted with the great *Æsop*, is a greater paradox than—I honour you extremely, Sir; you certainly, of all the writers of antiquity, had the greatest, the sublimest genius, the—

Æsop. Hold, friend, I hate flattery.

Poet. My own taste exactly, I assure you; Sir, no man loves flattery less than myself.

Æsop. So it appears, by your being so ready to give it away.

Poet. You have hit it, Mr. *Æsop*, you have hit it—I have given it away indeed. I did not receive one farthing for my last dedication, and yet would you believe it?—I absolutely gave all the virtues in heaven to one of the lowest reptiles upon earth.

Æsop. 'Tis hard, indeed, to do dirty work for nothing.

Poet. Ay, Sir, to do dirty work, and still be dirty oneself is the stone of Sisyphus, and the thirst of Tantalus—You Greek writers, indeed, carried your point by truth and simplicity,—they won't do now-a-days—our patrons must be tickled into generosity—you gain'd the greatest favours, by shewing your own merits; we can only gain the smallest, by publishing those of other people—You flourish'd by truth, we starve by fiction; *tempora mutantur.*

Æsop. Indeed, friend, if we may guess by your present plight, you have prostituted your talents to very little purpose.

Poet. To very little, upon my word—but they shall find that I can open another vein—Satire is the fashion, and satire they shall have—let 'em look to it, I can be sharp as well as sweet—I can scourge as well as tickle, I can bite as—

Æsop. You can do any thing, no doubt; but to the business of this visit, for I expect a great deal of company—what are your troubles, Sir?

Poet. Why, Mr. *Æsop*, I am troubled with an odd kind of disorder—I have a sort of whistling—a singing—a whizzing as it were in my head, which I cannot get rid of—

Æsop. Our waters give no relief to bodily disorders, they only affect the memory.

Poet. From whence all my disorder proceeds—I'll tell you my case, Sir—You must know, I wrote a Play some time ago, presented a dedication of it to a certain young nobleman—He approv'd, and excepted of it; but before I could taste his bounty, my piece was unfortunately damn'd:—I lost my benefit, nor could I have recourse to my patron, for I was told that his lordship play'd the best cat-call the first night, and was the merriest person in the whole audience.

Æsop. Pray what do you call damning a play?

Poet. You cannot possibly be ignorant, what it is to be damn'd, Mr. *Æsop*?

Æsop. Indeed I am, Sir—We had no such thing among the Greeks.

Poet. No, Sir!—No wonder then that you Greeks were such fine writers—It is impossible to be described, or truly felt, but by the author himself—If you could but get a leave of absence from this world for a few hours, you might perhaps have an opportunity of seeing it yourself—There is a sort of a new piece comes upon our stage this very night, and I am pretty sure it will meet with its deserts, at least it shall not want my helping hand, rather than you should be disappointed of satisfying your curiosity.

Æsop. You are very obliging, Sir;—but to your own misfortunes, if you please.

Poet. Envy, malice, and party destroy'd me—You must know, Sir, I was a great damner myself, before I was damn'd—So the frolics of my youth were return'd to me with double interest, from my brother authors—But, to say the truth my performance was terribly handled, before it appear'd in public.

Æsop. How so, pray?

Poet. Why, Sir, some squeamish friends of mine prun'd it of all the bawdy and immorality, the actors did not speak a line of the sense or sentiment, and the manager (who writes himself) struck out all the wit and humour, in order to lower my performance to a level with his own.

Æsop. Now, Sir, I am acquainted with your case, what have you to propose?

Poet. Notwithstanding the success of my first play, I am strongly persuaded that my next may defy the severity of critics, the sneer of wits, and the malice of authors.

Æsop. What! have you been hardy enough to attempt another?

Poet. I must eat, Sir—I must live—but when I set down to write, and am glowing with the heat of my imagination, then—this damn'd whistling—or whizzing in my head, I told you of, so disorders me, that I grow giddy—In short, Sir, I am haunted, as it were, with the ghost of my deceas'd Play, and its dying groans are for ever in mine ears—Now, Sir, if you will but give me a draught of Lethe, to forget this unfortunate performance, it will be of more real service to me, than all the waters of Helicon.

Æsop. I doubt, friend, you cannot possibly write better, by merely forgetting that you have written before; besides, if, when you drink to the forgetfulness of your own works, you should unluckily forget those of other people too, your next piece will certainly be the worse for it.

Poet. You are certainly in the right—What then would you advise me to?

Æsop. Suppose you would prevail upon the audience to drink the water; their forgetting your former work might be of no small advantage to your future productions.

Poet. Ah, Sir! if I could but do that—but I'm afraid—Lethe will never go down with the audience.

Æsop. Well, since you are bent upon it, I shall indulge you—If you please to walk in that grove, (which will afford you many subjects for your poetical contemplation) till I have examined the rest, I will dismiss you in your turn.

Poet. And I in return, Sir, will let the world know, in a preface to my next piece, that your politeness is equal to your sagacity, and that you are as much the fine gentleman as the philosopher. [Exit Poet.]

Æsop. Oh! your servant, Sir—In the name of misery and mortality, what have we here!

Enter an OLD MAN, supported by a SERVANT.

Old Man. Oh! la! oh! bless me, I shall never recover the fatigue—Ha! what are you, friend? are you the famous *Æsop*? and are you so kind, so very good to give people the waters of forgetfulness for nothing?

Æsop. I am that person, Sir; but you seem to have no need of my waters; for you must have already out-liv'd your memory.

Old Man. My memory is indeed impair'd, it is not so good as it was; but still it is better than I wish it, at least in regard to one circumstance; there is one thing which sits very heavy at my heart, and which I would willingly forget.

Æsop. What is it, pray?

Old Man. Oh la!—Oh!—I am horribly fatigued—I am an old man, Sir, turn'd of ninety—We are all mortal, you know, so I would fain forget, if you please—that I am to die.

Æsop. My good friend, you have mistaken the virtue of the waters: they can cause you to forget only what is past; but if this was in their power, you should surely be your own enemy, in desiring to forget what would be the only comfort of one, so poor and wretched as you seem. What! I suppose now, you have left some dear loving wife behind, that you can't bear to think of parting with.

Old Man. No, no, no; I have buried my wife and forgot her long ago.

Æsop. What, you have children then, whom you are unwilling to leave behind you!

Old Man. No, no, no; I have no children at present—hugh—I don't know what I may have.

Æsop. Is there any relation or friend, the loss of whom—

Old Man. No, no; I have out-liv'd all my relations; and as for friends, I have none to lose—

Æsop. What can be the reason then, that in all this apparent misery you are so afraid of death, which would be your only cure.

Old Man.—Oh, Lord!—I have one friend, and a true friend indeed, the only friend in whom a wise man places any confidence—I have—Get a little farther off, John—[*Servant retires.*] I have, to say the truth, a little money—it is that indeed, which causes all my uneasiness.

Æsop. Thou never spok'st a truer word in thy life, old gentleman—[*Aside.*] But I can cure you of your uneasiness immediately.

Old Man. Shall I forget then that I am to die, and leave my money behind me?

Æsop. No,—but you should forget that you have it—which will do altogether as well—One large draught of Lethe, to the forgetfulness of your money, will restore you to perfect ease of mind; and as for your bodily pains, no water can relieve them.

Old Man. What does he say, John—eh?—I am hard of hearing.

John. He advises your worship to drink to forget your money.

Old Man. What!—what!—will his drink get me money, does he say?

Æsop. No, Sir, the waters are of a wholesomer nature—for they'll teach you to forget your money.

Old Man. Will they so?—Come, come, John, we are got to the wrong place—The poor old fool here does not know what he says—Let us go back again, John—I'll drink none of your waters; not I—Forget my money! Come along, John.

[*Exeunt.*]

Æsop. Was there ever such a wretch! If these are the cares of mortals, the waters of oblivion cannot cure them.

Re-enter OLD MAN and SERVANT.

Old Man. Lookee, Sir, I am come a great way, and

am loth to refuse favours that cost nothing—so I don't care if I drink a little of your waters—Let me see—ay—I'll drink to forget how I got my money—And my servant there, he shall drink a little, to forget that I have any money at all—and, d'ye hear, John—take a hearty draught. If my money must be forgot, why e'en let *him* forget it.

Æsop. Well, friend, it shall be as you would have it—You'll find a seat in that grove yonder, where you may rest yourself till the waters are distributed.

Old Man. I hope it won't be long, Sir, for thieves are busy now—and I have an iron chest in the other world, that I should be sorry any body peep'd into but myself—So pray be quick, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Æsop. Patience, patience, old gentleman. —But here comes something tripping this way, that seems to be neither man nor woman, and yet an odd mixture of both.

Enter a FINE GENTLEMAN.

Fine Gent. Harkee, old friend, do you stand drawer here?

Æsop. Drawer, young fop! do you know where you are, and who you talk to?

Fine Gent. Not I dem me! But 'tis a rule with me, wherever I am, or whosoever I am with, to be always easy and familiar.

Æsop. Then let me advice you, young gentleman, to drink the waters, and forget that ease and familiarity.

Fine Gent. Why so, daddy? would you not have me well-bred?

Æsop. Yes; but you may not always meet with people so polite as yourself, or so passive as I am; and if what you call breeding, should be constru'd impertinence, you may have a return of familiarity, may make you repent your education as long as you live.

Fine Gent. Well said, old dry-beard; egad you have a smattering of an odd kind of a sort of humour; but come, come, prithee give me a glass of your waters, and keep your advice to yourself.

Æsop. I must first be inform'd, Sir, for what purpose you drink 'em.

Fine Gent. You must know, philosopher, I want to forget two qualities—*My modesty*, and *my good-nature*.

Æsop. Your modesty and good-nature?

Fine Gent. Yes, Sir—I have such a consummate *modesty*, that when a fine woman (which is often the case) yields to my addresses, egad I run away from her; and am so very *good-natured*, that when a man affronts me, egad I run away too.

Æsop. As for your modesty, Sir, I'm afraid you are come to the wrong waters—and if you would take a large cup to the forgetfulness of your fears, your good-nature, I believe, will trouble you no more.

Fine Gent. And this is your advice, my dear, eh.

Æsop. My advice, Sir, would go a great deal farther—I should advise you to drink to the forgetfulness of every thing you know.

Fine Gent. The devil you would; then I should have travell'd to a fine purpose truly; you don't imagine, perhaps, that I have been three years abroad, and have made the tour of Europe?

Æsop. Yes, Sir, I guess'd you had travell'd by your dress and conversation: but, pray, (with submission) what valuable improvements have you made in these travels?

Fine Gent. Sir, I learnt drinking in Germany; music and painting in Italy; dancing, gaming, and some other amusements, at Pairs; and in Holland—saith nothing at all: I brought over with me the best collection of Venetian ballads, two eunuchs, a French dancer, and a monkey, with tooth-picks, pictures and burlettas—In short, I have skim'd the cream of every nation; and have the consolation to declare, I never was in any country in my life, but I had taste enough thoroughly to despise my own.

Æsop. Your country is greatly obliged to you;—but if you are settled in it now, how can your taste and delicacy endure it?

Fine Gent. Faith, my existence is merely supported by amusements; I dress, visit, study taste, and write sonnets; by birth, travel, education, and natural abilities, I am entitled to lead the fashion; I am principal connoisseur at all auctions, chief arbiter at assemblies, profess'd critic at the theatres, and a fine gentleman—every where—

Æsop. Critic, Sir, pray what's that?

Fine Gent. The delight of the ingenious, the terror of poets, the scourge of players, and the aversion of vulgar.

Æsop. Pray, Sir, (for I fancy your life must be somewhat particular) how do you pass your time; the day for instance?

Fine Gent. I lie in bed all day, Sir.

Æsop. How do you spend your evenings then?

Fine Gent. I dress in the evening, and go generally behind the scenes of both Play-houses; not, you may imagine, to be diverted with the play, but to intrigue, and shew myself—I stand upon the stage, talk aloud, and stare about—which confounds the actors, and disturbs the audience; upon which the galleries, who hate the appearance of one of us, begin to *biss*, and cry *off, off*, while I undaunted stamp my foot so—loll with my shoulder thus—take snuff with my right-hand, and smile scornfully—thus.—This exasperates the savages, and they attack us with vollies of suck'd oranges, and half eaten pip-pens——

Æsop. And you retire.

Fine Gent. Without doubt, if I am sober—for orange will stain silk, and an apple may disfigure a feature.

Æsop. I am afraid, Sir, for all this, that you are oblig'd to your own imagination, for more than three fourths of your importance.

Fine Gent. Damn the old prig, I'll bully him—[*Aside*] Lookee, old philosopher, I find you have pass'd your time so long in gloom and ignorance below here, that our notions above stairs are too refined for you; so we are not likely to agree, I shall cut matters very short with you—Bottle me off the waters I want, or you shall be convinc'd that I have courage, in the drawing of a cork;—dispatch me instantly, or I shall make bold to throw you in to the river, and help myself—What say you to that now? eh?

Æsop. Very civil and concise! I have no great inclination to put your manhood to the trial: so if you will be pleas'd to walk in the grove there, 'till I have examin'd some I see coming, we'll compromise the affair between us.

Fine Gent. Yours, as you behave—*au Revoir!*

[*Exit Fine Gentleman.*]

Enter Mr. BOWMAN (hastily.)

Bow. Is your name Æsop?

Æsop. It is, Sir.—Your commands with me?

Bow. My lord Chalkstone, to whom I have the honour to be a friend and companion, has sent me before, to know if you are at leisure to receive his lordship.

Æsop. I am placed here on purpose to receive every mortal that attends our summons——

Bow. My lord is not of the common race of mortals, I assure you; and you must look upon this visit as a particular honour, for he is so much afflicted with the gout and rheumatism, that we had much ado to get him cross the river.

Æsop. His lordship has certainly some pressing occasion for the waters, that he endures such inconveniencies to get at them.

Bow. No occasion at all——His legs indeed fail him a little, but his heart is as sound as ever, nothing can hurt his spirits; ill or well, his lordship is always the best company, and the merriest in his family——

Æsop. I have very little time for mirth and good company; but I'll lessen the fatigue of his journey, and meet him half way.

Bow. His lordship is here already——There's a spirit! Mr. Æsop—There's a great man!—See how superior he is to his infirmities; such a soul ought to have a better body.

Enter MERCURY with Lord CHALKSTONE.

Lord Chalk. Not so fast, monsieur Mercury—you are a little too nimble for me. Well, Bowman, have you found the philosopher?

Bow. This is he, my lord, and ready to receive your commands.

Lord Chalk. Ha! ha! ha! there he is, profecto!—*sou-jours le meme!* [Looking at him through a glass] I should have known him at a mile's distance—a noble personage indeed!—and truly Greek from top to toe.—Most venerable Æsop, I am in this world and the other, above and below, yours most sincerely.

Æsop. I am yours, my lord, as sincerely, and I wish it was in my power to relieve your misfortune.

Lord Chalk. Misfortune! what misfortune?—I am neither a porter nor a chairman, Mr. Æsop—My legs can

bear my body to my friends and my bottle: I want no more with them; the gout is welcome to the rest—*ch Bowman?*

Bow. Your lordship is in fine spirits!

Æsop. Does not your lordship go through a great deal of pain?

Lord Chalk. Pain? ay, and pleasure too, *ch Bowman!*—When I'm in pain, I curse and swear it away again, and the moment it is gone, I lose no time; I drink the same wines, eat the same dishes, keep the same hours, the same company; and, notwithstanding the gravity of my wise doctors, I would not abstain from French wines and French cookery, to save the souls and bodies of the whole college of physicians—

Æsop. My lord has fine spirits indeed! [*To Bowman.*

Lord Chalk. You don't imagine, philosopher, that I have hobbled here with a bundle of complaints at my back. My legs, indeed, are something the worse for wear, but your waters, I suppose, can't change or make 'em better; for if they could, you certainly would have try'd the virtues of 'em upon your own—*ch Bowman!* ha, ha, ha.——

Bow. Bravo! my lord, bravo!

Æsop. My imperfections are from head to foot, as well as your lordship's.

Lord Chalk. I beg your pardon there, Sir; though my body's impaired—my head is as good as ever it was; and as a proof of this, I'll lay you a hundred guineas—

Æsop. Does your lordship propose a wager as a proof of the goodness of your head?

Lord Chalk. And why not?—Wagers are now-a-days the only proofs and arguments that are made use of by people of fashion: all disputes and politics, operas, trade, gaming, horse-racing, or religion, are determin'd now, by *six to four*, and *two to one*; and persons of quality are by this method most agreeably releas'd from the hardship of thinking or reasoning upon any subject.

Æsop. Very convenient truly!

Lord Chalk. Convenient, ay, and *moral* too.——This invention of betting, unknown to the Greeks, among many other virtues, prevents bloodshed, and preserves family affections——

Æsop. Prevents bloodshed!

Lord Chalk. I'll tell ye how——When gentlemen quarrelled heretofore, what did they do?——they drew their *swords*——I have been run through the body myself, but no matter for that——what do they do now? they draw their *purses*——before the lie can be given, a wager is laid; and so, instead of resenting, we pocket our affronts.

Æsop. Most casuistically argued, indeed, my lord; but how can it preserve family affections?

Lord Chalk. I'll tell you that too——An old woman, you'll allow, Mr *Æsop*, at all times to be but a bad thing——What say you, Bowman?——

Bow. A very bad thing indeed, my lord.

Lord Chalk. Ergo, an old woman with a good constitution, and a damn'd large jointure upon your estate, is the devil——My mother was the very thing——and yet from the moment I *pitted* her, I never once wish'd her dead, but was really uneasy when she tumbled down stairs, and did not speak a single word for a whole fortnight.

Æsop. Affectionate indeed!——but what does your lordship mean by *pitted* her?

Lord Chalk. 'Tis a term of ours upon these occasions——I back'd her life against two old countesses, an aunt of Sir Harry Rattle's that was troubled with an asthma, my fat landlady at *Salt-hill*, and the mad-woman at *Tunbridge*, at five hundred each *per annum*: She outliv'd 'em all but the last, by which means I hedg'd off a damn'd jointure, made her life an advantage to me, and so continued my filial affections to her last moments.

Æsop. I am fully satisfied——and in return your lordship may command me.

Lord Chalk. None of you waters for me; damn 'em all; I never drink any but at Bath——I came merely for a little conversation with you, and to see your Elyfian fields here——[*Looking about thro' his glass*] which, by the bye, Mr. *Æsop*, are laid out most detestably——No taste, no fancy in the whole world!——Your river there——what dy'e call _____

Æsop. Styx——

Lord Chalk. Ay, Styx——why 'tis as strait as *Fleet-ditch*——You should have given it a serpentine sweep, and stop the banks of it——The place, indeed, has very fine ca-

pabilities; but you should clear the wood to the left, and clump the trees to the right: in short, the whole wants variety, extent, contrast, and inequality—[*Going towards the orchestra, stops suddenly, and looks into the pit*] Upon my word, here's a very fine *bab-hab!* and a most curious collection of ever-greens and flow'ring-shrubs—

Æsop. We let nature take her course; our chief intertainment is contemplation, which I suppose is not allowed to interrupt your lordship's pleasures.

Lord Chalk. I beg your pardon there—No man has ever studied or drank harder than I have—except my chaplain; and I'll match my library and celler against any nobleman's in Christendom—shan't I, Bowman, eh?

Bow. That you may indeed, my lord; and I'll go your lordship's halves, ha, ha, ha.

Æsop. If your lordship would apply more to the first, and drink our waters to forget the last——

Lord Chalk. What! relinquish my bottle! What the devil shall I do to kill time then?

Æsop. Has your lordship no wife or children to entertain you?

Lord Chalk. Children! Not I, faith—My wife has, for ought I know,—I have not seen her these seven years—

Æsop. You surprize me!

Lord Chalk. 'Tis the way of the world, for all that—I married for a fortune; she for a title. When we both had got what we wanted, the sooner we parted the better—We did so; and are now waiting for the happy moment, that will give to one of us the liberty of playing the same farce over again—Eh, Bowman!

Bow. Good, good; you have puzzled the philosopher.

Æsop. The Greeks esteem'd matrimonial happiness their *summum bonum*.

Lord Chalk. More fools they! 'tis not the only thing they were mistaken in—My brother Dick, indeed, married for love; and he and his wife have been fattening these five and twenty years, upon their *summum bonum*, as you call it—They have a dozen and half children, and may have half a dozen more, if an apoplexy don't step in, and interrupt their *summum bounm*—Eh, Bowman? ha, ha, ha!

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I

Bow. Your lordship never said a better thing in your life.

Lord Chalk. 'Tis lucky for the nation, to be sure, that there are people who breed, and are fond of one another—One man of elegant notions is sufficient in a family; for which reason I have bred up Dick's eldest son myself; and a fine gentleman he is—is not he, Bowman?—

Bow. A fine gentleman, indeed, my lord.

Lord Chalk. And as for the rest of the little, they may fondle and fatten upon *sumum bonum*, as their loving parents have done before 'em.

Bow. Look there! my lord—I'll be hang'd if that is not your lordship's nephew in the grove.

Æsop. I dare swear it is. He has been here just now, and has entertained me with *his* elegant notions.

Lord Chalk. Let us go to him; I'll lay fix to four that he has been gallanting with some of the beauties of antiquity—Helen or Cleopatra, I warrant you;—egad, let Lucretia take care of herself; she'll catch a Tarquin, I can tell her that—He is his uncle's own nephew, ha, ha, ha, —Egad, I find myself in spirits; I'll go and coquet a little myself with them—Bowman, lend me your arm; and you, William, hold me up a little—[*William treads upon his toes.*]—Ho—Damn the fellow, he always treads upon my toes—eugh—I shan't be able to gallant it this half hour—Well, dear philosopher, dispose of your water to those that want it—There is no one action of my life, or qualification of my mind and body, thas is a burden to me: and there is nothing in *your* world, or in ours, I have to wish for, unless you could rid me of my wife, and furnish me with a better pair of legs—Eh, Bowman—Come along, come along.

Bow. Game to the last! my lord.

[*Exit Lord Chalkstone and Bowman.*]

Æsop. How flattering is folly! his lordship here, supported only by vanity, vivacity, and his friend Mr. Bowman, can fancy himself the wisest, and is the happiest of mortals.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. TATOO.

Mrs. Tatoo. Why don't you come along, Mr. Tatoo? what the deuce are you afraid of?

Æsop. Don't be angry, young lady; the gentleman is your husband, I suppose.

Mrs. Tatoo. How do you know that, eh? what! you an't all conjurers in this world, are you?

Æsop. Your behaviour to him is a sufficient proof of his condition, without the gift of conjuration.

Mrs. Tatoo. Why I was as free with him before marriage, as I am now; I never was coy or prudish in my life.

Æsop. I believe you, madam; pray how long have you been married? you seem to be very young, lady.

Mrs. Tatoo. I am old enough for a husband, and have been married long enough to be tired of one.

Æsop. How long, pray?

Mrs. Tatoo. Why above three months; I married Mr. Tatoo without my guardian's consent.

Æsop. If you married him with your own consent, I think you might continue your affection a little longer.

Mrs. Tatoo. What signifies what you think, if I don't think so?—We are quite tired of one another, and are come to drink some of your Le—Lethaly—Lethily, I think they call it, to forget one another, and be unmarried again.

Æsop. The waters can't divorce you, madam; and you may easily forget him without the assistance of Lethe.

Mrs. Tatoo. Ay, how so?

Æsop. By remembering continually he is your husband; there are several ladies have no other receipt—But what does the gentleman say to this?

Mrs. Tatoo. What signifies what he says? I an't so young and so foolish as that comes to, to be directed by my husband or to care what either he says, or you say.

Mr. Tatoo. Sir, I was a drummer in a marching regiment, when I ran away with that young lady—I immediately bought out of the corps, and thought myself made for ever; little imagining that a poor vain fellow was purchasing fortune, at the expence of his happiness.

Æsop. 'Tis even so, friend; fortune and felicity are as often at variance as man and wife.

Mr. Tatoo. I found it so, Sir—This high life (as I thought it) did not agree with me; I have not laugh'd, and scarcely slept since my advancement; and unless your wisdom can alter her notions, I must e'en quit the blessings of

a fine lady and her portion, and, for content, have recourse to eight-pence a day, and my drum again.

Æsop. Pray who has advis'd you to a separation?

Mrs. Tatoo. Several young ladies of my acquaintance, who tell me they are not angry at me for marrying him; but being fond of him now I have married him; and they say I should be as compleat a fine lady as any of 'em, if I would but procure a *separate divorcement*.

Æsop. Pray, madam, will you let me know what you call a fine lady?

Mrs. Tatoo. Why, a fine lady, and a fine gentleman, are two of the finest things upon earth.

Æsop. I have just now had the honour of knowing what a fine gentleman 'is; so pray confine yourself to the lady.

Mrs. Tatoo. A fine lady, before marriage, lives with her pappas and mamma, who breed her up till she learns to despise 'em, and resolves to do nothing they bid her; this makes her such a prodigious favourite, that she wants for nothing.

Æsop. So, lady.

Mrs. Tatoo. When once she is her own mistress, then comes the pleasure!—

Æsop. Pray let us here.

Mrs. Tatoo. She lies in bed all morning, rattles about all day, and sits up all night; she goes every where, and sees every thing; knows every body, and loves no body; ridicules her friends, coquets with her lovers, sets 'em together by the ears, tells fibs, makes mischief, buys china, cheats at cards, keeps a pug-dog, and hates the parsons; she laughs much, talks aloud, never blushes, says what she will, does what she will, goes where she will, marries whom she pleases, hates her husband in a month, breaks his heart in four, becomes a widow, slips from her gallants, and begins the world again—There's a life for you; what do you think a fine lady now?

Æsop. As I expected—you are very young, lady; and if you are not very careful, your natural propensity to noise and affectation will run you headlong into folly, extravagance, and repentance.

Mrs. Tatoo. What would you have me do?

Æsop. Drink a large quantity of Lethe to the loss of your acquaintance; and do you, Sir, drink another to

forget this false step of your wife; for whilst you remember her folly, you can never thoroughly regard her; and whilst you keep good company, lady, as you call it, and follow their example, you can never have a just regard for your husband; so both drink and be happy.

Mrs. Tatoo. Well, give it me whilst I am in humour, or I shall certainly change my mind again.

Æsop. Be patient, till the rest of the company drink, and divert yourself, in the mean time, with walking in the grove.

Mrs. Tatoo. Well, come along, husband, and keep me in humour, or I shall beat you such an alarm as you never beat in all your life. [*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Tatoo.*]

Enter FRENCHMAN singing.

French. Monsieur, votre serviteur—pourquoi ne repondez vous pas?—Je dis que je suis votre serviteur—

Æsop. I don't understand you, Sir—

French. Ah le barbare! il ne parle pas *Francois*—Vat, Sir, you no speak de French tongue?

Æsop. No really, Sir, I am not so polite.

French. En verité, monsieur *Æsop*, you have not much politesse, if one may be judge by your figure and appearance.

Æsop. Nor you much wisdom, if one may judge of your head, by the ornaments about it.

French. Qu'est cela done? Vat you mean to front a man, Sir?

Æsop. No, Sir, 'tis to you I am speaking.

French. Vel, Sir, I not a man! vat is you take me for? vat I beast? vat I horse! parbleu!

Æsop. If you insist upon it, Sir, I would advise you to lay aside your wings and tail, for they undoubtedly eclipse your manhood.

French. Upon my word, Sir, if you treat a gentleman of my rank and qualitee comme ça, depen upon it, I shall be a littel en cavalier vit you.

Æsop. Pray, Sir, of what rank and quality are you?

French. Sir, I am a marquis *Francois*, j'entends les beaux arts, Sir; I have been an *advanturier* all over the world, and am a present en *Angleterre*, in *England*, vere I am more honore and caress den ever I was in my own countrie, or indeed any vere else—

Æsop. And pray, Sir, what is your business in England?

French. I am arrive dere, Sir, pour polir la nation—de *Ingles*, sir, have too much a lead in their heels, and too much a tought in deir head; so, Sir, if I can lighten bote, I shall make dem tout à fait *Francois*, and quite anoder ting.

Æsop. And pray, Sir, in what particular accomplishments does your merit consist?

French. Sir, I speak de French, j' ai bonne adresse, I dance un minuet, I sing des littel chansons, and I have—une tolerable assurance; en fin, Sir, my merit consist in one vard—I am foreignere—and entre nous—vile de *Englis* be so great a fool to love de foreignere better dan demselves, de foreignere vould still be more great a fool, did they not leave deir own cuntry, vere day have noting at all, and come to *Inglande*, vere day want for noting at all, perdie—Cela n'est il pas vrai, monsieur *Æsop*?

Æsop. Well, Sir, what is your business with me?

French. Attendez un pue, you shall hear, Sir—I am in love vit de grande fortune of one *Englis* lady; and de lady, she be in love with my qualité and bagatelles. Now, Sir, me want twenty or tirty douzains of your vaters, for fear I be obligé to leave *Inglande*, before I have fini dis grande affaire.

Æsop. Twenty or thirty dozen! for what?

French. For my creditours; to make 'em forget de vay to my logement, and no trouble me for de future.

Æsop. What! have you so many creditors?

French. So many! begar I have 'em dans tous les quartiers de la ville, in all parts of de town, fait

Æsop. Wonderful and surprizing!

French. Vonderful! vat is vonderful—dat I should borrow money?

Æsop. No, Sir, that any body should lend it you—

French. En vérité vous vous trompez; you do mistake it, mon ami: if fortune give me no money, nature gives me des talens; j' ai des talens, monsieur *Æsop*, vech are de same ting—par exemple; de *Englisman* have de money, I have de flatterie and bonne adresse; and a little of dat from a *French* tongue is very good credit and securite for thousand pound—eh! bien donc, sal I have

dis twenty or tirty douzaines of your vater? ouy, ou non?

Æsop. 'Tis impossible, Sir.

French. Impossible! pourquoy done? vy not?

Æsop. Because if every fine gentleman, who owes money, should make the same demand, we should have no water left for our other customers!

French. Que voulez vous que je fasse done? Vat most I do den, Sir?

Æsop. Marry the lady a soon as you can, pay your debts with part of her portion, drink the water to forget your extravagance, retire with her to your own country, and be a better economist for the future.

French. Go to my own contré!—je vous demande pardon; I had much rather stay vere I am; I cannot go dere, upon my vard—

Æsop. Why not, friend!

French. Entre nous, I had much rather pass for one French marquis in *Inglande*, keep bonne compagnie, manger des delicatesses, and do no ting at all; dan keep a shop en *Provence*, couper and trisser les cheveux, and live upon soupe and sallade de rest of my life—

Æsop. I cannot blame you for your choise; and if other people are so blind not to distinguish the barber from the fine gentleman, their folly must be their punishment—and you shall take the benefit of the water with them.

French. Monsieur *Æsop*, sans flatterie ou compliments, I am your very humble serviteur—*Jean Frisseron en Provence*, ou le marquis de *Pouville en Angleterre*.

[Exit Frenchman.]

Æsop. Shield me and defend me! another fine lady!

Enter Mrs. RIOT.

Mrs. Riot. A monster! a filthy brute! your water-men are as unpolite upon the *Syx* as upon the *Thames*—Stow a lady of fashion with tradesmen and mechanics—Ah! what's this, *Serbeerus*, or *Plutus*? (*Seeing Æsop.*) am I to be frighted with all the monsters of this internal world.

Æsop. What is the matter, lady?

Mrs. Riot. Every thing is the matter, my spirits are

uncompos'd, and every circumstance about me in a perfect dilemma.

Æsop. What had disorder'd you thus?

Mrs. Riot. Your filthy boatman, *Scarroon* there.

Æsop. Charon, lady, you mean.

Mrs. Riot. And who are you, you ugly creature you? if I see any more of you I shall die with *tremor*.

Æsop. The wise think me handsome, madam.

Mrs. Riot. I hate the wise; but who are you?

Æsop. I am *Æsop*, madam, honour'd this day by *Proserpine* with the distribution of the waters of *Lethe*; command me.

Mrs. Riot. Shew me to the pump-room then, fellow—where's the company—I die in solitude.

Æsop. What company?

Mrs. Riot. The best company, people of fashion! the *beau monde*! shew me to none of your gloomy souls, who wander about in your groves and streams—shew me to glittering balls, enchanting masquerades, ravishing operas, and all the polite enjoyments of *Elysian*.

Æsop. This is a language unknown to me, lady—No such fine doings here, and very little good company (as you call it) in *Elysium*—

Mrs. Riot. What! no operas! eh! no *Elysian* then! [*Sings fantastically in Italian.*] '*Sfortunato Monticelli*! banish'd *Elysian*, as well as the Hay-Market! Your taste here, I suppose, rises no higher than your *Shakespears* and your *Johnsons*: oh you *Goats* and *Vandils*! in the name of barbarity take 'em to yourselves, we are tir'd of 'em upon earth:—one goes indeed to a Play-house sometimes, because one does not know how else one can kill one's time—every body goes, because—all the world's there—but for my part—call *Scarroon*, and let him take me back again, I'll stay no longer here—stupid immortals!

Æsop. You are a happy woman, that have neither cares nor follies to disturb you.

Mrs. Riot. Cares! ha! ha! ha! nay, now I must laugh in your ugly face, my dear; what cares, does your wisdom think, can enter into the circle of a fine lady's enjoyments?

Æsop. By the account I have just hear'd of a fine lady's

life, her very pleasures are both follies and cares; so drink the water, and forget them, madam.

Mrs. Riot. Oh gad! that was so like my husband now——forget my follies! forget the fashion, forget my being, the very *quincettence* and *emptiness* of a fine lady! the fellow would make me as great a brute as my husband.

Æsop. You have an husband then, madam?

Mrs. Riot. Yes—I think so——an husband and no husband—Come, fetch me some of your water; if I must forget something, I had as good forget him, for he's grown insufferable o' late.

Æsop. I thought, madam, you had nothing to complain of——

Mrs. Riot. One's husband, you know, is almost next to nothing.

Æsop. How has he offended you?

Mrs. Riot. The man talks of nothing but his money, and my extravagance——won't remove out of the filthy city, tho' he knows I die for the other end of the town; nor leave off his nasty merchandizing, tho' I've laboured to convince him, he loses money by it. The man was once tolerable enough, and let me have money when I wanted it; but now he's never out of a tavern, and is grown so valiant, that, do you know—he has presum'd to contradict me, and refuse me money upon every occasion.

Æsop. And all this without any provocation on your side?

Mrs. Riot. Land! how should I provoke him? I seldom see him, very seldom speak to the creature, unless I want money; besides, he's out all day——

Æsop. And you all night, madam: is it not so?

Mrs. Riot. I keep the best company, sir, and day-light is no agreeable sight to a polite assembly; the sun is very well and comfortable, to be sure, for the lower part of the creation: but to ladies who have a true taste of pleasure, wax candles, or no candles, are preferable to all the sunbeams in the universe——

Æsop. Preposterous fancy!

Mrs. Riot. And so, most delicate sweet Sir, you don't approve my scheme; ha! ha! ha!——oh you ugly devil! you! have you the vanity to imagine people of fashion will

mind what you say; or that to learn politeness and breeding, it is necessary to take a lesson of morality out of *Aesop's* Fables—ha! ha! ha!

Aesop. It is necessary to get a little reflection somewhere; when these spirits leave you, and your senses are surfeited, what must be the consequence?—

Mrs. Riot. Oh, a have the best receipt in the world for the vapours; and lest the poison of your receipts should tame my vivacity, I must beg leave to take it now, by way of anecdote.

Aesop. Oh by all means—ignorance, and vanity!

Mrs. Riot. (*Drawing out a card*) *Lady Rantan's compliments to Mrs. Riot.*

S O N G.

*The card invites, in crowds we fly,
To join the jolliest rout, full cry;
What joy from eates and plagues all day,
To hie to the midnight hark-away.*

II.

*Nor want, nor pain, nor grief, nor care,
Nor drowsy husbands enter there;
The brisk, the bold, the young and gay,
All hie to the midnight hark-away.*

III.

*Uncounted strikes the morning clock,
And drowsy watchman idly knock;
Till day-light peeps, we sport and play,
And roar to the jolly hark-away.*

IV.

*When tired with sport, to bed we creep,
And kill the tedious day with sleep;
To-morrow's welcome call obey,
And again to the midnight hark-away.*

Mrs. Riot. There's a life for you, you old fright! so trouble your head no more about your betters—I am so perfectly satisfied with myself, that I will not alter an atom of me, for all you can say; so you may bottle up your philosophical waters for your own use, or for the fools that

want 'em—Gad's my life! there's Billy Butterfly in the grove—I must go to him—we shall so raily your wisdom between us—ha, ha, ha.

The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,

All bid to the midnight bark-away. [Exit singing.

Æsop. Unhappy woman! nothing can retrieve her; when the head has once a wrong bias, 'tis ever obstinate, in proportion to its weakness: but here comes one who seems to have no occasion for Lethe to make him more happy, than he is.

Enter DRUNKEN MAN and TAYLOR.

Drunken Man. Come along, neighbour *Snip*, come along, taylor; don't be affraid of hell before you die, you sniv'ling dog you.

Tayl. For heaven's sake, Mr. Riot, don't be so boisterous with me, lest we should offend the powers below.

Æsop. What in the name of ridicule have we here!—So, Sir, what are you?

Drunken Man. Drunk—very drunk, at your service.

Æsop. That's a piece of information I did not want.

Drunken Man. And yet it's all the information I can give you.

Æsop. Pray, Sir, what brought you hither?

Drunken Man. Curiosity, and a hackney coach.

Æsop. I mean, Sir, have you any occasion for my waters?

Drunken Man. Yes, great occasion: if you'll do me the favour to qualify them with some good arrack and orange juice.

Æsop. Sir!

Drunken Man. Sir!—don't stare so, old gentleman—let us have a little conversation with you.

Æsop. I would know if you have any thing oppresses your mind, and makes you unhappy.

Drunken Man. You are certainly a very great fool, old gentleman; did you ever know a man drunk and unhappy at the same time?

Æsop. Never otherwise, for a man who has lost his senses—

Drunken Man. Has lost the most troublesome companions in the world, next to wives and bum-bailiffs.

Æsop. But, pray, what is your business with me?

Drunken Man. Only to demonstrate to you that you are an ass—

Æsop. Your humble servant.

Drunken Man. And to shew you, that whilst I can get such liquor as I have been drinking all night, I shall never come for your *water* specifics against care and tribulation: however, old gentleman, if you'll do one thing for me, I shan't think my time and conversation thrown away upon you.

Æsop. Any thing in my power.

Drunken Man. Why, then, here's a small matter for you; and, do you hear me? get me one of the best whores in your territories.

Æsop. What do you mean?

Drunken Man. To refresh myself in the shades here after my journey—Suppose now you introduce me to Proserpine, who knows how far my figure and address may tempt her; and if her majesty is over nice, shew me but her maids of honour, and I'll warrant you they'll snap at a bit of fresh mortality.

Æsop. Monstrous!

Drunken Man. Well, well, if it is monstrous, I say no more;—if her majesty and retinue are so very virtuous—I say no more;—but I'll tell you what, old friend, if you'll lend me your wife for half an hour; when you make a visit above, you shall have mine as long as you please; and if upon trial you should like mine better than your own, you shall carry her away to the devil with you, and ten thousand thanks into the bargain.

Æsop. This is not to be borne; either be silent, or you'll repent this drunken insolence.

Drunken Man. What a cross old fool it is!—I presume, Sir, from information of your hump, and your wildom, that your name is—is—what the devil is it?

Æsop. Æsop, at your service—

Drunken man. The same, the same—I knew you well enough, you old sensible pimp you—many a time has my flesh felt birch upon your account; prithee, what possess'd thee to write such foolish old storries of a cock and a bull, and I don't know what, to plague poor innocent lads with? it was damn'd cruel in you, let me tell you that.

Æsop. I am now convinc'd, Sir, I have written 'em to very little purpose.

Drunken Man. To very little I assure you—But never mind it—Damn it, you are a fine old Grecian, for all that (*claps him on the back*) Come here, *Snip*—is not he a fine old Grecian?—And tho' he is not the handsomest, or best dress'd man in the world, he has ten times more sense than either you or I have—

Tayl. Pray, neighbour, introduce me.

Drunken Man. I'll do it—Mr. *Æsop*, this sneaking gentleman is my taylor, and an honest man he was, while he lov'd his bottle; but since he turn'd *Methodist*, and took to preaching, he has cabbag'd one yard in fix from his customers; now you know him, hear what he has to say, while I go and *pick up* in the wood here—Upon my soul, you are a fine old Grecian!

[*Exit Drunken Man.*]

Æsop. [*To Taylor*] Come, friend, don't be dejected; what is your business?

Tay. I am troubled in mind.

Æsop. Is your case particular, friend?

Tay. No, indeed, I believe it is pretty general in our parish.

Æsop. What is it? speak out, friend.—

Tay. It runs continually in my head, that I am——

Æsop. What?

Tay. A cuckold——

Æsop. Have a care, friend, jealousy is a rank weed, and chiefly takes root in a barren soil.

Tay. I am sure my head is full of nothing see.——

Æsop. But how came you to a knowledge of your misfortune? has not your wife as much wit as you?

Tay. A great deal more, Sir; and that is one reason for my believing myself dishonoured——

Æsop. Tho' your reason has some weight in it, yet it does not amount to a conviction.

Tay. I have more to say for myself, if your worship will but hear me.

Æsop. I shall attend to you.

Tay. My wife has such very high blood in her, that she is lately turn'd Papist, and is always railing at me and the government—The priest and she are continually lay-

ing their heads together, and I am afraid he has persuaded her, that it will save her precious soul, if she cuckold a heretic taylor.—

Æsop. Oh, don't think so hardly of 'em.

Tay. Lord, Sir, you don't know what tricks are going forward above! religion, indeed, is the outside stuff, but wickedness is the lining.

Æsop. Why, you are in a passion, friend; if you would but exert yourself thus at a proper time, you might keep the fox from your poultry.

Tay. Lord, Sir, my wife has as much passion again as I have; and whenever she's up, I curb my temper, sit down, and say nothing.

Æsop. What remedy have you to propose for this misfortune?

Tay. I would propose to dip my head in the river, to wash away my fancies—and if you'll let me take a few bottles to my wife, if the water is of a cooling nature, I may perhaps be easy that way; but I shall do as your worship pleases.

Æsop. I am afraid this method won't answer, friend: suppose therefor you drink to forget your suspicions, for they are nothing more, and let your wife drink to forget your uneasiness—A mutual confidence will succeed, and consequently mutual happiness.

Tay. I have such a spirit, I cannot bear to be dishonoured in my bed.

Æsop. The water will cool your spirit, and if it can but lower your wife's, the business is done—Go for a moment to your companion, and you shall drink presently; but do nothing rashly.

Tay. I can't help it, rashness is my fault, Sir; but age and more experience, I hope, will cure me—Your servant, Sir—Indeed he is a fine old Grecian! [*Exit Taylor.*]

Æsop. Poor fellow I pity him.

Enter MERCURY.

Mer. What can be the meaning, *Æsop*, that there are no more mortals coming over? I perceive there is a great bustle on the other side the Styx, and Charon has brought his boat over without passengers.

Æsop. Here he is to answer for himself.

Enter CHARON, laughing.

Char. Oh! oh! oh!

Mer. What diverts you so, Charon?

Char. Why there's the devil to do among the mortals yonder; they are altogether by the ears.

Æsop. What's the matter?

Char. There are some ladies who have been disputing so long and so loud about taking place and precedency, that they have set their relations a tilting at one another, to support their vanity; the standers-by are some of them so frightened, and some of them so diverted at the quarrel, that they have not time to think of their misfortunes; so I e'en left them to settle their prerogatives by themselves, and be friends at their leisure.

Mer. What is to be done, Æsop?

Æsop. Discharge these we have, and finish the business of the day.

Enter DRUNKEN MAN and Mrs. RIOT.

Drunken Man. I never went to pick up a whore in my life, but the first woman I laid hold of was my dear virtuous wife, and here she is—

Æsop. Is that lady your wife?

Drunken Man. Yes, Sir; and yours, if you please to accept of her—

Æsop. Tho' she has formerly given too much into fashionable follies, she now repents, and will be more prudent for the future.

Drunken Man. Lookee, Mr. Æsop, all your preaching and morality signifies nothing at all—but since your wisdom seems bent upon our reformation, I'll tell you the only way, old boy, to bring it about. Let me have enough of your water to settle my head; and throw madam into the river.

Æsop. 'Tis in vain to reason with such beings; therefore, Mercury, summon the mortals from the grove, and we'll dismiss 'em to earth, as happy as Lethe can make 'em—

L E T H E.

S O N G.

By MERCURY,

I.

*Come, mortals, come ; come follow me.
 Come follow, follow, follow me,
 To mirth, and joy, and jollity:
 Hark, hark, the call ; come, come and drink,
 And leave your cares by Lethe's brink.*

C H O R U S.

*Away then come, come, come away,
 And life shall hence be holiday ;
 Nor jealous fears, nor strife, nor pain,
 Shall vex the jovial heart again.*

II.

*To Lethe's brink then follow all,
 Then follow, follow, follow all,
 'Tis pleasure courts, obey the call ;
 And mirth, and jollity, and joy,
 Shall every future hour employ,*

C H O R U S.

*Away then come ; come, come away.
 And life shall hence be holiday ;
 Nor jealous fears, nor strife, nor pain,
 Shall vex the jovial heart again.*

[During the song, the characters enter from the grove.]

Æsop. Now, mortals, attend ; I have perceived from your examinations, that you have mistaken the effect of your distempers for the cause—you would willingly be relieved from many things which interfere with your passions and affections ; while your vices, from which all your cares and misfortunes arise, are totally forgotten and neglected.—Then follow me, and drink to the forgetfulness of vice——

*'Tis vice alone disturbs the human breast ;
 Care dies with guilt ; be virtuous, and be blest.*

THE
GUARDIAN:
A
COMEDY,
In Two ACTS.

The PERSONS.

M E N.

Mr. HEARTLY, *the Guardian*,
Sir CHARLES CLACKIT,
Mr. CLACKIT, *his Nephew*,
SERVANT.

Mr. GARRICK,
Mr. YATES.
Mr. O'BRIEN.

W O M E N.

Miss HARRIET, *an Heiress*,
LUCY, *the maid*,

Miss PRITCHARD.
Mrs. CLIVE.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE *Pupille* of monsieur Fagan is mentioned by *Voltaire*, and other *French* writers, as the most complete *Petite-piece* upon their Stage.—It now appears in an *English* dress, with such alterations from the original as the difference of language and manners required.—It has more than answered the expectations of the author, who takes this opportunity to return thanks to the public for their kind indulgence, and to the performers for their great care.

THE GUARDIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in Mr. HEARTLAY's *House*.

*Enter Sir CHARLES CLACKIT, his NEPHEW,
and SERVANT.*

SERVANT.

PLEASE to walk this way, Sir.

Sir Char. Where is your master, friend?

Serv. In his dressing-room, Sir.

Young Clac. Let him know then—

Sir Char. Prithee be quiet, *Jack*; when I am in company let me direct. 'Tis proper and decent.

Young Clac. I am dumb, Sir.

Sir Char. Tell Mr. *Heartly*, his friend and neighbour, Sir *Charles Clackit*, would say three words to him.

Serv. I shall, Sir.

Sir Char. Now, nephew, consider once again, before I open the matter to my neighbour *Heartly*, what I am going to undertake for you.—Why don't you speak?

Young Clac. Is it proper and decent, uncle?

Sir Char. Pshaw! don't be a fool—but answer me—don't you flatter yourself. —What assurance have you that this young lady, my friend's ward, has a liking to you? The young fellows of this age are all coxcombs, and I am afraid, you are no exception to the general rule.

Young Clac. Thank you, uncle—But may I this instant be struck old and peevish, if I would put you upon a false scent to expose you for all the fine women in Christendom. —I assure you again and again, and you

may take my word, uncle, that miss *Harriet* has no kind of aversion to your nephew and most humble servant.

Sir Char. Ay, ay, — Vanity ! — Vanity ! — But I never take a young fellow's word about women ; they'll lye as fast, and with as little conscience, as the *Brussels Gazette* — Produce your proofs.

Young Clac. Can't your eyes see 'em, uncle, without urging me to the indelicacy of repeating 'em.

Sir Char. Why I see nothing but a fool's head and a fool's coat, supported by a pair of most unpromising legs. Have you no better proofs ?

Young Clac. Yes, I have, my good infidel uncle, half a hundred.

Sir Char. Out with them then.

Young Clac. First — Whenever I see her, she never looks at me. — That's a sign of love. — Whenever I speak to her, she never answers me. — Another sign of love. — And whenever I speak to any body else, she seems to be perfectly easy. That's a certain sign of love.

Sir Char. The devil it is !

Young Clac. When I am with her, she's always grave ; and the moment I get up to leave her, then the poor thing begins — ' Why will you leave me, Mr. *Clackit*, can't you sacrifice a few moments to my bashfulness ? — Stay, you agreeable run-away, stay, I shall soon overcome the fears your presence gives me. ' — I cou'd say more, — But a man of honour, uncle —

Sir Char. What, and has she said all these things to you ?

Young Clac. O yes, and ten times more — with her eyes.

Sir Char. With her eyes ! — eyes are very equivocal,

Jack. — However, if the young lady has any liking to you, Mr. *Heartly* is too much a man of the world, and too much my friend, to oppose the match : so do you walk into the garden, and I will open the matter to him.

Young Clac. Is there any objection to my staying, uncle ? The business will be soon ended. — You will propose the match, he will give his consent, I shall give mine ; miss is sent for, and *l'affair est fait.* [Snapping his finger.

Sir Char. And so you think that a young beautiful heiress, with forty thousand pounds, is to be had with a

scrap of *French*, and a snap of your finger.—Prithee get away, and don't provoke me.

Young Glac. Nay, but, my dear uncle—

Sir Char. Nay, but my impertinent nephew, either retire, or I'll throw up the game. [*Putting him out.*]

Young Glac. Well, well, I am gone, uncle.—When you come to the point, I shall be ready to make my appearance.—*Bon Voyage!* [*Exit.*]

Sir Char. The devil's in these young fellows, I think—We send 'em abroad to cure their sheepishness, and they get above proof the other way.

(*Enter Mr. HEARTLY.*)

—Good morrow to you, neighbour.

Heart. And to you, *Sir Charles*, I am glad to see you so strong and healthy.

Sir Char. I can return you the compliment, my friend, —without flattery you don't look more than thirty-five; and between ourselves, you are on the wrong side of forty —But mum for that.

Heart. Ease and tranquillity keep me as you see.

Sir Char. Why don't you marry, neighbour? A good wife would do well for you.

Heart. For me? you are pleased to be merry, *Sir Charles*.

Sir Char. No faith, I am serious, and had I a daughter to recommend to you, you should say me nay more than once, I assure you, neighbour *Heartly*, before I would quit you.

Heart. I am much obliged to you.

Sir Char. But indeed, you are a little too much of the philosopher, to think of being troubled with women and their concerns.

Heart. I beg your pardon, *Sir Charles*—Tho' there are many, who call themselves philosophers, that live single, and perhaps are in the right of it, yet I cannot think marriage is at all inconsistent with true philosophy.—A wise man will resolve to live like the rest of the world, with this only difference, that he is neither a slave to passions nor events.—It is not because I have a little philosophy, but because I am on the wrong side of forty, *Sir Charles*, that I desire to be excused (*smiling.*)

Sir Char. As you please, Sir—and now to my business

—You have no objection, I suppose, to tie up your ward, miss *Harriet*, though you have slipped the collar yourself?

—Ha! ha! ha!

Heart. Quite the contrary, Sir; I have taken her some time from the boarding school, and brought her home, in order to dispose of her worthily, with her own inclination.

Sir Char. Her father, I have heard you say, recommended that particular care to you, when she had reached a certain age.

Heart. He did so—and I am the more desirous to obey him scrupulously in this circumstance, as she will be a most valuable acquisition to the person who shall gain her—for, not to mention her fortune, which is the least consideration, her sentiments are worthy her birth; she is gentle, modest, and obliging.—In a word, my friend, I never saw youth more amiable or discreet,—but perhaps I am a little partial to her.

Sir Char. No, no, she is a delicious creature, every body says so.—But I believe, neighbour, something has happen'd that you little think of.

Heart. What pray, Sir *Charles*?

Sir Char. My nephew, Mr. *Hearty*—

Enter YOUNG CLACKIT.

Young Clac. Here I am at your service, Sir.—My uncle is a little unhappy in his manner; but I'll clear the matter to you in a moment—Miss *Harriet*, Sir,—your ward.—

Sir Char. Get away, you puppy!

Young Clac. Miss *Harriet*, Sir, your ward,—a most accomplish'd young lady, to be sure—

Sir Char. Thou art a most accomplish'd coxcomb, to be sure.

Heart. Pray, Sir *Charles*, let the young gentleman speak.

Young Clac. You'll excuse me, Mr. *Hearty*—my uncle does not set up for an orator,—a little confused, or so, Sir,—you see me what I am,—but I ought to ask pardon for the young lady and myself.—We are both young, Sir,—I must confess we were wrong to conceal it from you,—but my uncle I see is pleased to be angry, and therefor, I shall say no more at present.

Sir Char. If you don't leave the room this moment, and stay in the garden, till I call you—

Young Glac. I am sorry I have displeased you—I did not think it was *mal-a-propos*; but you must have your way, uncle—You command—I submit—*Mr. Heartly*, your's.
[Exit Young Glacit.]

Sir Char. Puppy! (*aside*) My nephew's a little unthinking, *Mr. Heartly*, as you see, and therefor I have been a little cautious how I have proceeded in this affair: but indeed, he has persuaded me in a manner, that your ward and he are not ill together.

Heart. Indeed! this is the first notice I have had of it, and I cannot conceive why Miss *Harriet* should conceal it from me; for I have often assured her, that I would never oppose her inclination, though I might endeavour to direct it.

Sir Char. 'Tis human nature, neighbour, — we are ashamed of our first passion, that we would willingly so hide it from ourselves—But you will mention my nephew to her.

Heart. I must beg your pardon, *Sir Charles*.—The name of the gentleman whom she chuses, must first come from herself,—my advice or importunity shall never influence her: if guardians would be less rigorous, young people would be more reasonable; and I am so unfashionable to think, that happiness in marriage can't be bought too dear.—I am still on the wrong side of forty, *Sir Charles*.

Sir Char. No, no, — You are right, neighbour.—But here she is. — Don't alarm her young heart too much, I beg of you.—Upon my word, she is a sweet morsel.

Enter Miss HARRIET and LUCY.

Miss Har. He is with company—I'll speak to him another time. [Retiring.]

Lucy. Young, handsome, and afraid of being seen.—You are very particular, miss.

Heart. Miss *Harriet*, you must not go. — (*Harriet returns*) *Sir Charles*, give me leave to introduce you to this young lady.—(*Introduces her*) You know, I suppose, the reason of this gentleman's visit to me? [To *Harriet*.

Miss Har. Sir! [*confused*.]

Heart. You may trust me, my dear [*smiling*].—Don't be disturb'd. I shall not reproach you with any thing, but keeping your wishes a secret from me so long.

Miss Har.—Upon my word, Sir,—*Lucy!*

Lucy. Well, and *Lucy!* I'll lay my life 'tis a treaty of marriage.—Is that such a dreadful thing? Oh, for shame, madam! young ladies of fashion are not frightened at such things now-a-days.

HEARTLY to SIR CHARLES.

We have gone too far, *Sir Charles*.—We must excuse her delicacy, and give her time to recover—I had better talk with her alone; we will leave her now;—be persuaded that no endeavours shall be wanting on my part, to bring this affair to a happy and speedy conclusion.

Sir Char. I shall be obliged to you, *Mr. Heartly*.—Young lady, your servant.—What grace and modesty! she is a most engaging creature, and I shall be proud to make her one of my family.

Heart. You do us honour, *Sir Charles*.

[*Exeunt Sir Charles and Heartly.*]

Lucy. Indeed, miss *Harriet*, you are very particular; you was tired of the boarding school, and yet seem to have no inclination to be married.—What can be the meaning of all this?—That smirking old gentleman is uncle to *Mr. Clackit*; and, my life for it he is made some proposals to your guardian.

Miss Har. Prithee don't plague me about *Mr. Clackit*.

Lucy. But why not, miss? tho' he is a little fantastical, loves to hear himself talk, and is somewhat self-sufficient; you must consider he is young, has been abroad, and keeps good company:—the trade will soon be at an end, if young ladies and gentleman grow over nice and exceptionous.

Miss Har. But if I can find one without these faults, I may surely please myself.

Lucy. Without these faults! and is he young, miss?

Miss Har. He is sensible, modest, polite, affable, and generous; and charms from the natural impulses of his own heart, as much as others disgust by their senseless airs, and insolent affectation.

Lucy. Upon my word!—But why have you kept this secret so long?—Your guardian is kind to you be-

gond conception.—What difficulties can you have to overcome?

Miss Har. Why the difficulty of declaring my sentiments.

Lucy. Leave that to me, miss.—But your spark, with all his accomplishments, must have very little penetration not to have discovered his good fortune in your eyes.

Miss Har. I take care that my eyes don't tell too much; and he has too much delicacy to interpret looks to his advantage. Besides, he would certainly disapprove my passion; and if I should ever make the declaration, and meet with a denial, I should absolutely die with shame.

Lucy. I'll ensure your life for a silver thimble.—But what can possibly hinder your coming together?

Miss Har. His excess of merit.

Lucy. His excess of a fiddlestick—But come, I'll put you in the way;—you shall trust me with the secret;—I'll entrust it again to half a dozen friends, they shall entrust it to half a dozen more, by which means I will travel half the town over in a week's time; the gentleman will certainly hear of it, and then if he is not at your feet in the fetching of a sigh, I'll give up all my perquisites at your wedding.—What is his name, miss?

Miss Har. I cannot tell you his name,—Indeed I cannot; I am afraid of being thought too singular.—But why should I be ashamed of my passion? Is the impression which a virtuous character makes upon our hearts such a weakness that it may not be excused?

Lucy. By my faith, miss, I cannot understand you: you are afraid of being thought singular, and you really are so;—I would sooner renounce all the passions in the universe than have one in my bosom beating and fluttering itself to pieces.—Come, come, miss, open the window and let the poor devil out.

Enter HEARTLY.

Heart. Leave us, *Lucy.*

Lucy. There's something going forward,——'tis very hard I can't be of the party.

[*Exit.*

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Heart. She certainly thinks, from the character of the young man, that I shall disapprove of her choice.

[*Aside.*

Miss Har. What can I possibly say to him? I am as much ashamed to make the declaration as he would be to understand it.

Heart. Don't imagine, my dear, that I would know more of your thoughts than you desire I should; but the tender care which I have ever shewn, and the sincere friendship which I shall always have for you, give me a sort of right to enquire into every thing that concerns you.—Some friends have spoken to me in particular,—But that is not all,—I have lately found you thoughtful, absent, and disturbed;—be plain with me,—has not somebody been happy enough to please you?

Miss Har. I cannot deny it, Sir;—Yes,—somebody indeed has pleased me;—but I must intreat you not to give credit to any idle stories, or enquire farther into the particulars of my inclination; for I cannot possibly have resolution enough to say more to you.

Heart. But have you made a choice, my dear?

Miss Har. I have, in my own mind, Sir; and 'tis impossible to make a better; reason, honour, every thing must approve it.

Heart. And how long have you conceived this passion?

Miss Har. Ever since I left the country—to live with you. [*Sighs.*]

Heart. I see your confusion, my dear, and will relieve you from it immediately,—I am informed of the whole—

Miss Har. Sir!

Heart. Don't be uneasy, for I can with pleasure assure you, that your passion is returned with equal tenderness.

Miss Har. If you are not deceiv'd—I cannot be more happy.

Heart. I think I am not deceiv'd;—but after the declaration you have made, and the assurances which I have given you, why will you conceal it any longer? have I not deserv'd a little more confidence from you?

Miss Har. You have indeed deserv'd it, and shou'd

certainly have it, were I not well assured you would oppose my inclinations.

Heart. I oppose 'em! am I then so unkind to you, my dear?—Can you in the least doubt of my affection for you?—I promise you that I have no will but your's.

Miss Har. Since you desire it then, I will endeavour to explain myself.

Heart. I am all attention;—speak, my dear.

Miss Har. And if I do, I feel I shall never be able to speak to you again.

Heart. How can that be, when I shall agree with you in every thing?

Miss Har. Indeed you won't:—pray let me retire to my own chamber,—I am not well, Sir.

Heart. I see your delicacy is hurt, my dear; but let me intreat you once more to confide in me——Tell me his name, and the next moment I will go to him, and assure him, that my consent shall confirm both your happiness.

Miss Har. You will easily find him:—And when you have, pray tell him how improper it is for a young woman to speak first,—persuade him to spare my blushes, and to release me from so terrible a situation,—I shall leave him with you,—and hope that this declaration will make it impossible for you to mistake me any longer.

[HARRIET is going, but upon seeing YOUNG CLACKIT, remains upon the Stage.]

Heart. Are we not alone? what can this mean?

(*Aside.*)

Young Clac. Apropos faith! here they are together.

Heart. I did not see him;—but now the riddle's explain'd.

[*Aside.*]

Miss Har. What can he want now?—This is the most spiteful interruption. [*Aside.*]

Young Clac. By your leave, Mr. Heartly.—

[Crosses him to go to Harriet.]

—Have I caught you at last my divine Harriet.—Well, Mr. Heartly, *Sans Facon*—But what's the matter, ho!—things look a little gloomy here;—one mutters to himself, and gives me no answer, and the other turns the head, and winks at me—How the devil am I to interpret all this?

Miss Har. I wink at you, Sir! did I, Sir?

Young Clac. Yes, you my angel!—but mum,—Mr. Heartly, for heaven's sake, what is all this? Speak, I conjure you, is it life or death with me?

Miss Har. What a dreadful situation I am in!

Young Clac. Hope for the best,—I'll bring matters about I warrant you.

Heart. You have both of you great reason to be satisfied—Nothing shall oppose your happiness.

Young Clac. Bravo, Mr. Heartly!

Heart. Miss Harriet's will is a law to me; and for you, Sir,—the friendship which I have ever profess'd for your uncle is too sincere not to exert some of it upon this occasion.

Miss Har. I shall die with confusion! [*Aside*]

Young Clac. I am alive again,—Dear Mr. Heartly, thou art a most adorable creature! what a happiness it is to have to do with a man of sense, who has no foolish prejudices, and can see when a young fellow has something tolerable about him!—

Heart. Sir, not to flatter you, I must declare, that it is from a knowledge of your friends and family, that I have hopes of seeing you and this young lady happy. I will go directly to your uncle, and assure him that every thing goes on to our wishes.—— [*Going.*]

Miss Har. Mr. Heartly,—Pray, Sir!—

Heart. Poor miss Harriet, I see your distress, and am sorry for it; but it must be got over, and the sooner the better.—Mr. Clackit, my dear, will be glad of an opportunity to entertain you, for the little time I shall be absent!—Poor miss Harriet! (*Smiling*) [*Exit Heartly.*]

Young Clac. Allez, allez, monsieur!—I'll answer for that—Well, ma'am, I think every thing succeeds to our wishes;—be sincere, my adorable,—don't you think yourself a very happy young lady?

Miss Har. I shall be most particularly obliged to you, Sir, if you would inform me what is the meaning of all this.

Young Clac. Inform you, Miss?—The matter, I believe, is pretty clear,—Our friends have understood, we have affections,—and a marriage follows of course.

Miss Har. Marriage, Sir! Pray what relation or particular connexion is there between you and me, Sir?

Young Chalk. I may be deceiv'd faith ;—but upon my honour, I always supposed there was a little smatt'ring of inclination between us.

Miss Har. And have you spokē to my guardian upon this supposition, Sir ?

Young Clac. Are you angry at it ? I believe not.—(Smiling.) Come, come, I believe not—"Tis delicate in you to be upon the reserve.—

Miss Har. Indeed, Sir, this behaviour of yours is most extraordinary.

Young Clac. Come, come, my dear, don't carry this jest too far, *e troppo, mia carissima*.—What the devil, when every thing is agreed upon, and uncles and guardians, and such folks have given their consent, why continue the hypocrisy ?

Miss Har. They may have consented for you ; but I am mistress of my affections, and will never dispose of 'em by proxy.

Young Clac. Upon my soul this is very droll ;—what ! has not your guardian been here this very moment, and expres'd all imaginable pleasure at our intended union.

Miss Har. He is in an error, Sir,—and had I not been too much astonished at your behaviour, I had undeceiv'd him along before now.

Young Clac. (Humming a tune.) But, pray, miss, to return to business—What can be your intention in raising all this confusion in the family, and opposing your own inclinations ?

Miss Har. Opposing my own inclinations, Sir ?

Young Clac. Ay, opposing your own inclinations, madam,—do you know, child, if you carry on this farce any longer, I shall begin to be a little angry ?

Miss Har. I would wish it, Sir,—for be assur'd, that I never in my life had the least thought about you.

Young Clac. Words, words, words—

Miss Har. 'Tis most sincerely and literally true.

Young Clac. Come, come, I know what I know—

Miss Har. Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr. Clackit.

Young Clac. Don't you make yourself miserable, this Harriet.

Miss Har. I am only so, when you persist to torment me.

Young Clac. (*Smiling.*) And you really believe, that you don't love me?

Miss Har. Positively not.

Young Clac. (*Conceitedly.*) And are you very sure now, that you hate me?

Miss Har. Oh! most cordially.

Young Clac. Poor young lady! I do pity you from my soul.

Miss Har. Then why won't you leave me?

Young Clac.—*'She never told her love,*

'But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,

'Feed on her damask cheek.'

Take warning, miss, when once you begin to *pine in thought*, it's all over with you; and be assured, since you are obstinately bent to give yourself airs, that, if you once suffer me to leave this house, in a pet—Do you mind me?—Not all your sighing, whining, fits, vapours, and hysterics, shall ever move me to take the least compassion on you—*Coute qui coute.*

Enter HEARTLY and Sir CHARLES.

Sir Char. I am overjoy'd to hear it;—There they are, the pretty doves! This is the age, neighbour *Heartly*, for happiness and pleasure.

Heart. I am willing, you see, to lose no time, which may convince you, *Sir Charles*, how proud I am of this alliance in our families.

Sir Char. The thought of it rejoices me.—Gad, I will send for the fiddles, and take a dance myself, and a fig for the gout and rheumatism.—But hold, hold,—the lovers, methinks, are a little out of humour with each other.—What is the matter, *Jack*? Not pouting sure before your time.

Young Clac. A trifle, Sir,—the lady will tell you—

[*Hums a tune.*]

Heart. You seem to be troubled, *Harriet*.—What can this mean?

Miss Har. You have been in an error, Sir, about me;—I did not undeceive you, because I could not imagine, that the consequences could have been so serious and so

fudden;—But I am now forced to tell you, that you have misunderstood me—that you have distressed me——

Heart. How, my dear?

Sir Char. What do you say, miss?

Young Clac. Mademoiselle is pleas'd to be out of humour, but I can't blame her, for upon my honour, I think a little coquetry becomes her.

Sir Char. Ay, ay, ay,—Oh, ho!—Is that all? These little squalls seldom overset the lover's boat, but drive it the faster to port—Ay, ay, ay——

Heart. Don't be uneasy, my dear, that you have declared your passion—Be consistent now, lest you should be thought capricious.

Young Clac. Talk to her a little, Mr. *Heartly*, she is a fine lady, and has many virtues, but she does not know the world.

Sir Char. Come, come, you must be friends again; my children.

Miss Har. I beg you will let me alone, Sir.

Heart. For heaven's sake, Miss *Harriet*, explain this riddle to me.

Miss Har. I cannot, Sir,—I have discovered the weakness of my heart—I have discovered it to you, Sir;—but your unkind interpretations, and reproachful looks, convince me, that I have already said but too much. [*Exit.* (*Heartly muses.*)

Sir Char. Well but hark'ye, nephew,—this is going a little too far,—what have you done to her?

Heart. I never saw her mov'd before!

Young Clac. Upon my soul, gentlemen, I am as much surprized at it as you can be;—The little *Bronillerte* between us, arose upon her persisting, that there was no passion, no *Penchant* between us.

Sir Char. I'll tell you what, *Jack*,—There is a certain kind of impudence about you, that I don't approve of; and were I a young girl, those coxcomical airs of your's would surfeit me.

Young Clac. But as the young ladies are not quite so squeamish, as your uncle, I fancy they will chuse me as I am. Ha! ha!—But what can the lady object to? I have offered to marry her, is not that a proof sufficient that I like her? A young fellow must have some affection that will go some lengths to indulge it. Ha! ha!

Sir Char. Why really, friend *Heartly*, I don't see how a young man can do more, or a lady desire more,—what say you, neighbour?

Heart. Upon my word, I am puzzled about it,—my thoughts upon the matter are so various, and so confused.—Every thing I see and hear is so contradictory—is so—the certainly cannot like any body else?

Young Clac. No, no, I'll answer for that—

Heart. Or she may be fearful then, that your passion for her is not sincere, or like other young men of the times, you may grow careless upon marriage, and neglect her.

Young Clac. Ha! egad, you have hit it; nothing but a little natural delicate sensibility— [Hums a tune.]

Heart. If so, perhaps, the violence of her reproaches may proceed from the lukewarmness of your professions.

Young Clac. *Je vous demande pardon*—I have sworn to her a hundred and a hundred times, that she should be the happiest of her sex;—but there is nothing surprizing in all this, it is the misery of an overfond heart, to be always doubtful of its happiness.

Heart. And if she marries thee, I fear that she'll be kept in a state of doubt as long as she lives. [Half aside.]

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Pray gentlemen, what is the matter among you? and which of you has affronted my mistress? She is in a most prodigious taking yonder, and she vows to return into the country again;—I can get nothing but sighs from her.

Young Clac. Poor thing!

Lucy. Poor thing? the devil take this love, I say, there's more rout about it than 'tis worth.

Young Clac. I beg your pardon for that, Mrs. *Abigail*.

Heart. I must enquire further in this; her behaviour is too particular for me not to be disturbed at it.

Lucy. She desires, with the leave of these gentlemen, that when she has recover'd herself, she may talk with you alone, Sir. (To *Heartly*.)

Heart. I shall with pleasure attend her. [Exit Lucy.]

Young Clac. *Divin Bacchus*: la, la, la! [Sings.]

Sir Char. I wou'd give, old as I am, a leg or an arm to be belov'd by that sweet creature as you are, *Jack*?

Young Clac. And throw your gout and rheumatism into the bargain uncle?—Ha, ha! *Divin Bacchus.* La, la, la, etc. (*Sings.*)

Sir Char. What the plague are you quavering at? thou hast no more feeling for thy happiness than my stick here.

Young Clac. I beg your pardon for that, my dear uncle.

(*Takes out a pocket looking-glass.*)

Sir Char. I wonder what the devil is come to the young fellows of this age, neighbour *Heartly*—Why a fine woman has no effect upon 'em.—Is there no method to make 'em less fond of themselves, and more mindful of the ladies?

Heart. I know but one, *Sir Charles*.—

Sir Char. Ay, what's that?

Heart. Why to break all the looking-glasses in the kingdom. [*Pointing to Young Clackit.*]

Sir Char. Ay, ay, they are such fops, so taken up with themselves!—Zounds, when I was young, and in love——

Young Clac. You were a prodigious fine sight, to be sure.

Heart. Look'ye, Mr. *Clackit*, if miss *Harriet's* affections declare for you, she must not be treated with neglect or disdain:—nor cou'd I bear it, Sir.—Any man must be proud of her partiality to him, and he must be fashionably insensible indeed, who wou'd not make it his darling care to defend, from every inquietude, the most delicate and tender of her sex.

Sir Char. Most nobly and warmly said, Mr. *Heartly*.—Go to her, nephew, directly,—throw yourself at her feet, and swear how much her beauty and virtue hath captivated you, and don't let her go till you have set her dear little heart at rest.

Young Clac. I must desire to be excus'd;—wou'd you have me say the same thing over and over again?—I can't do it positively;—it is my turn to be piqu'd now.

Sir Char. Damn your conceit, *Jack*, I can bear it no longer.

Heart. I am very sorry to find that any young lady, so near and dear to me, shou'd bestow her heart, where there is so little prospect of its being valued as it ought.—

However, I shall not oppose my authority to her inclinations; and so—who waits there? (*Enter Servant.*) Let the young lady know that I shall attend her commands in the library. (*Exit Servant.*) Will you excuse me, gentlemen?

Sir Char. Ay, ay,—We'll leave you to yourselves, and pray convince her, that I and my nephew are most sincerely her very humble servants.

Young Clac. O, yes, you may depend upon me.

Heart. A very slender dependance truly. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit.*]

Young Clac. We'll be with you again to know what your *tete a tete* produces, and in the mean time, I am her's,—and your's,—adieu. Come, uncle,—sal, la, la, la!

Sir Cha. I cou'd knock him down with pleasure. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt Sir Charles and Young Clackit.*]

A C T II.

SCENE, a LIBRARY.

HEARTLY (*speaking to a Servant.*)

TELL Miss *Harriet*, that I am here.—If she is indisposed, I will wait upon her in her own room.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

However mysterious her conduct appears to me, yet still it is to be decyphered—This young gentleman has certainly touch'd her—There are some objections to him, and among so many young men of fashion that fall in her way, she certainly might have made a better choice: she has an understanding to be sensible of this; and, if I am not mistaken, it is a struggle between her reason and her passion, that occasions all this confusion.—But here she is.

Enter Miss HARRIET.

Miss Har. I hope you are not angry, Sir, that I left you so abruptly, without making an apology?

Heart. I am angry that you think an apology necessary.—The matter we were upon was of such a delicate nature,

that I was more pleased with your confusion, than I should have been with your excuses. — You'll pardon me, my dear. —

Miss Har. I have reflected, that the person for whom I have conceiv'd a most tender regard, may, from the wisest motives, doubt of my passion; and therefor I would endeavour to answer all the objections, and convince him how deserving he is of my highest esteem.

Heart. I have not yet apprehended what kind of dispute could arise between you and Mr. *Clackit*: — I would advise you both to come to a reconciliation as soon as possible. — The law of nature is an imperious one, and cannot, like those of our country, be easily envaded; and though reason may suggest some disagreeable reflections, yet when the stroke is to be given, we must submit to it.

Miss Har. He still continues in his error, and I cannot undeceive him. (*Aside.*)

Heart. Shall I take the liberty of telling you, my dear. (*Taking her hand.*) — You tremble, *Harriet*! — what is the matter with you?

Miss Har. Nothing, Sir. — Pray go on. —

Heart. I guess whence proceeds all your uneasiness. — You fear that the world will not be so readily convinced of this young gentleman's merit as you are: and, indeed, I could wish him more deserving of you; but your regard for him gives him a merit he otherwise would have wanted, and almost makes me blind to his failings.

Miss Har. And would you advise me, Sir, to make choice of this gentleman?

Heart. I would advise you, as I always have done, to consult your own heart upon such an occasion.

Miss Har. If that is your advice, I will most religiously follow it; and, for the last time, I am resolved to discover my real sentiments; but as a confession of this kind will not become me, I have been thinking of some innocent stratagem to spare my blushes, and in part to relieve me from the shame of a declaration. — Might I be permitted to write to him? —

Heart. I think you may, my dear, without the least offence to your delicacy: and indeed you ought to explain yourself: your late misunderstanding makes it absolutely necessary.

Miss Har. Will you be kind enough to assist me;—will you write it for me, Sir?

Heart. Oh, most willingly!—and as I am made a party, it will remove all objections.

Miss Har. I will dictate to you in the best manner I am able. (*Sighing.*)

Heart. And here is pen, ink, and paper, to obey your commands. (*Draws the table.*)

Miss Har. Lord, how my heart beats! I fear I cannot go thro' it. (*Aside.*)

Heart. Now, my dear, I am ready.—Don't be disturb'd—He is certainly a man of family, and tho' he has some little faults, time and your virtues will correct them.—Come, what shall I write? (*Preparing to write.*)

Miss Har. Pray give me a moment's thought;—'tis a terrible task, Mr. *Heartly*.

Heart. I know it is.—Don't hurry yourself;—I will wait with patience.—Come, miss *Harriet*.

Miss Har. (*Dictating.*) “It is in vain for me to conceal, from one of your understanding, the secrets of my heart.”

Heart. The secrets of my heart.—(*Writing.*)

Miss Har. “Tho' your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it.—

Heart. Do you think, my dear, that he is much troubled with those qualities?

Miss Har. Pray indulge me, Sir.

Heart. I beg your pardon.—Your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it.—(*Writes*) So.

Miss Har. “Every thing tells, that it is you that I love.”

Heart. Very well. (*Writes.*)

Miss Har. Yes;—You that I love;—do you understand me?

Heart. O! yes, yes;—I understand you,—that it is You that I love.—This is very plain, my dear.

Miss Har. I would have it so.—“And tho' I am already bound in gratitude to you.—

Heart. In gratitude to Mr. *Clackit*?

Miss Har. Pray write, Sir.

Heart. Well,—In gratitude to you; (*writes.*)—I must write what she should have me. (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. "Yet my passion is a most disinterested one.—
Heart. Most disinterested one. (*Writes.*)

Miss Har. "And to convince you, that you owe much
 "more to my affections.—

Heart. And then?

Miss Har. "I could wish that I had not experienced—

Heart. Stay,—stay:—had not experienced—(*Writes.*)

Miss Har. "Your tender care of me in my infancy.—

Heart. (*Disturbed.*) What did you say?—Did I hear
 right, or am I in a dream! (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. Why have I declared myself?—He'll hate
 me for my folly. (*Aside.*)

Heart. Harriet!

Miss Har. Sir!

Heart. To whom do you write this letter?

Miss Har. To—to—Mr. Clackit,—is it not?

Heart. You must not mention then the care of your in-
 fancy; it would be ridiculous.

Miss Har. It would indeed;—I own it; it is impro-
 per.—

Heart. What, did it escape you in your confusion?

Miss Har. It did indeed.

Heart. What must I put in its place?

Miss Har. Indeed I don't know.—I have said more
 than enough to make myself understood.

Heart. Then I'll only finish your letter with the usual
 compliments, and send it away.

Miss Har. Yes,—Send it away,—if you think I ought
 to send it.

Heart. (*Troubled.*) Ought to send it!—Who's there?
 —(*Enter a servant.*) Carry this letter.

(*An action escapes from Harriet, as if to hinder the sending
 the letter.*)

—Is it not for Mr Clackit?

Miss Har. (*Peevishly.*) Who can it be for?

Heart. Here take this letter to Mr. Clackit. [*Gives the
 letter.*]

[*Exit Servant.*]

Miss Har. What a terrible situation! (*Aside.*)

Heart. I am thunderstruck! (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. I cannot speak another word. (*Aside.*)

Heart. My prudence fails me! (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. He disapproves my passion, and I shall die
 with confusion. (*Aside.*)

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. The conversation is over, and I may appear. (*Aside.*)—Sir Charles is without, Sir, and is impatient to know your determination ;—may he be permitted to see you?

Heart. (*Aside.*) I must retire to conceal my weakness. [Exit.]

Lucy. Upon my word this is very whimsical.—What is the reason, miss, that your guardian is gone away without giving me an answer?

Miss Har. What a contempt he must have for me, to behave in this manner! [Exit.]

Lucy. Extremely well, this, and equally foolish on both sides!—But what can be the meaning of it?—Ho, ho,—I think I have a glimmering at last.—Suppose she should not like young flatter-brains after all; and indeed she has never absolutely said she did; who knows but she has at last opened her mind to my good master, and he, finding her taste, (like that of other girls at her age) most particularly ridiculous, has not been so complaisant as he used to be.—What a shame it is that I don't know more of this matter, a wench of spirit, as I am, a favourite of my mistress, and as inquisitive as I ought to be? it is an affront to my character, and I must have satisfaction immediately.—(*Going.*) I will go directly to my young mistress teize her to death, till I am at the bottom of this; and if threatening, soothing, scolding, whispering, crying, and lying will not prevail, I will e'en give her warning,—and go upon the stage. [Exit.]

Enter HEARTLY.

Heart. The more I reflect upon what has pass'd, the more I am convinc'd that she did not intend writing to this young fellow.—What am I to think of it then?—Let a man be ever so much upon his guard against the approaches of vanity, yet he will find himself weak in that quarter. — Had not my reason made a little stand against my presumption, I might have interpreted some of *Harriet's* words in my own favour; but—I may well blush, tho' alone, at my extravagant folly!—Can it be possible that so young a creature shou'd even cast a thought

of that kind upon me?—Upon me! presumptuous vanity!—No, no;—I will do her and myself the justice to acknowledge that, for a very few slight appearances, there are a thousand reasons that destroy so ridiculous a supposition.

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir Char. Well, Mr. *Heartly*, what are we to hope for?

Heart. Upon my word, Sir, I am still in the dark; we puzzle about, indeed, but we don't get forward.

Sir Char. What the devil is the meaning of all this? There never sure were lovers so difficult to bring together. But have you not been a little too rough with the lady? For as I pass'd by her but now, she seem'd a little out of humour,—and, upon my faith, not the less beautiful for a little pouting.

Heart. Upon my word, Sir *Charles*, what I can collect from her behaviour is, that your nephew is not so much in her good graces, as he made you believe.

Sir Char. Egad, like enough;—But hold, hold,—this must be look'd a little into;—if it is so, I would be glad to know, why, and wherefor, I have been made so ridiculous.—Eh, master *Heartly*, does he take me for his fool, his beast, his merry Andrew? By the Lord, Harry—

Heart. In him a little vanity is excuseable.

Sir Char. I am his vanity's humble Servant for that tho'.

Heart. He is of an age, Sir *Charles*—

Sir Char. Ay, of an age to be very impertinent; but I shall desire him to be less free with his uncle for the future. I assure him.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. I have it, I have it, gentlemen! You need not puzzle any more about the matter.—I have got the secret.—I know the knight-errant that has wounded our distress'd lady.

Sir Char. Well, and who? And what, child?

Lucy. What, has not she told you, Sir? (*To Heartly.*)

Heart. Not directly.

Lucy. So much the better.—What pleasure it is to dis-

cover a secret, and then tell it to all the world!—I press'd her so much, that she at last confess'd.

Sir Char. Well, what?

Lucy. That, in the first place, she did not like your nephew.

Sir Char. And I told the puppy so.

Lucy. That she had a most mortal antipathy for the young men of this age; and that she had settled her affections upon one of riper years, and riper understanding.

Sir Char. Indeed?

Lucy. And that she expected from a lover in his autumn more affection, more complaisance, more constancy, and more discretion of course.

Heart. That is very particular.

Sir Char. Ay, but it is very prudent for all that.

Lucy. In short, as she had openly declared against the nephew, I took upon me to speak of his uncle.

Sir Char. Of me, child?

Lucy. Yes, of you, Sir;—and she did not say me nay, —but cast such a look, and fetch'd such a sigh,—that if ever I look'd and sigh'd in my life, I know how it is with her.

Sir Char. What the devil!—why surely,—eh, *Lucy!* you joke for certain,—Mr. *Heartly!*—eh!—

Lucy. Indeed I do not, Sir,—'Twas in vain for me to say that nothing cou'd be more ridiculous as such a choice,—Nay, Sir, I went a little further, (you'll excuse me) and told her—Good God, madam, said I, why he is old and gouty, astmatic, rheumatic, sciatic, spleen-atic —It signified nothing, she had determined.

Sir Char. But you need not have told her all that.

Heart. I am persuaded, Sir *Charles*, that a good heart and a good mind will prevail more with that young lady than the more fashionable accomplishments.

Sir Char. I'll tell you what, neighbour, I have had many days, and have been well-receiv'd among the ladies, I have —But in truth, I am rather in my winter than my autumn; she must mean somebody else. Now I think again—It can't be me,—No, no, it can't be me.

Lucy. But I tell you it is, Sir,—you are the man,—the stars have decreed it; and what they decree, tho' ever so ridiculous, must come to pass.

Sir Char. Say you so?—Why then, monsieur nephew, I shall have a little laugh with you,—ha, ha, ha! The bit is not for you, my nice Sir.—Your betters must be serv'd before you.—But here he comes.—Not a word for your life.—We'll laugh at him most triumphantly,—Ha, ha! but mum, mum.

Enter YOUNG CLACKIT. (Music plays without.)

Young Glac. That will do most divinely well.—Bravo, bravo! messieurs vocal and instrumental!—Stay in that chamber, and I will let you know the time for your appearance. (*To the musicians.*) Meeting by accident with some artists of the string, and my particular friends, I have brought 'em to celebrate miss *Harriet's* and my approaching happiness. [*To Heartly.*

Sir Char. Do you hear the puppy? (*To Lucy.*)

Heart. It is time to clear up all mistakes.

Sir Char. Now for it.

Heart. Miss *Harriet*, Sir, was not destin'd for you.

Young Glac. What do you say, Sir?

Heart. That the young lady has fix'd her affections upon another.

Young Glac. Upon another?

Sir Char. Yes, Sir, *another*,—That is English, Sir; and you may translate it into French, if you like it better.

Young Glac. *Vous etes bien drole mon oncle.*—Ha, ha!

Sir Char. Ay, ay, shew your teeth, you have nothing else for it;—but she has fixed her heart upon *Another*, I tell you.

Young Glac. Very well, Sir, extremely well.

Sir Char. And that other, Sir, is one to whom you owe great respect.

Young Glac. I am his most respectful humble servant.

Sir Char. You are a fine youth, my sweet nephew, to tell me a storry of a cock and a bull, of you and the young lady, when you have no more interest in her than the Czar of *Muscovy*.

Young Glac. (*Smiling.*) But my dear uncle, don't carry this jest too far,—I shall begin to be uneasy.

Sir Char. Ay, ay, I know your vanity: you think now that the women are all for you young fellows.—

Young Glac. Nine hundred and ninety nine in a thousand, I believe, uncle; ha, ha, ha!

Sir Char. You'll make a damn'd foolish figure, by and by, *Jack*.

Young Glac. Whoever my precious rival is, he must prepare himself for a little humility; for be he ever so mighty, my dear uncle, I have that in my pocket will lower his top-sails for him. (*Searching his pocket.*)

Sir Char. Well, what's that?

Young Glac. A fourteen pounder only, my good uncle,—a letter from the lady. (*Takes it out of his pocket.*)

Sir Char. What, to you?

Young Glac. To me, Sir,—This moment receiv'd, and overflowing with the tenderest sentiments.

Sir Char. To you?

Young Glac. Most undoubtedly. —She reproaches me with my excessive modesty —There can be no mistake.

Sir Char. What letter is this he chatters about? (*To Heartly.*)

Heart. One written by me, and dictated by the young lady.

Sir Char. What sent by her to him?

Heart. I believe so.

Sir Char. Well, but then,—how the devil,—Mrs *Lucy*!—Eh,—What's become of your fine story?

Lucy. I don't understand it.

Sir Char. Nor I!

Heart. (*Hesitating*) Nor—I—

Young Glac. But I do,—and so you will all presently.—Well, my dear uncle, what are you astonished, petrify'd, annihilated?

Sir Char. With your impudence, *Jack*!—But I'll see it out.

Enter Miss HARRIET.

Miss Har. Bless me, Mr. *Heartly*, what is all this music for in the next room?

Young Glac. I brought the gentlemen of the string, mademoiselle, to convince you, that I feel, as I ought, the honour you have done me—(*Shewing the letter.*) But for heaven's sake be sincere a little with these good folks; they tell me here that I am Nobody, and there is another

happier than myself; and for the soul of me, I don't know how to believe 'em,—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Char. Let us hear miss speak.

Miss Har. It is a most terrible task; but I am compell'd to it, and to hesitate any longer wou'd be injurious to my guardian, his friend, this young gentleman, and my own character.

Young Clac. Most judicious, upon my soul.

Sir Char. Hold your tongue, *Jack*.

Young Clac. I am dumb.

Miss Har. You have all been in an error. — My bashfulness may have deceiv'd you, — my heart never did. —

Young Clac. *C'est vrai.*

Miss Har. Therefor, before I declare my sentiments, it is proper that I disavow my engagement: but at the same time must confess —

Young Clac. Ho,—ho! —

Miss Har. With fear and shame confess —

Young Clac. *Courage, mademoiselle!*

Miss Har. That another, not you, Sir, has gain'd a power over my heart. — (*To Young Clackit.*)

Sir Char. Another, not you; mind that, *Jack*. Ha! ha!

Miss Har. It is a power indeed which he despises. — I cannot be deceived in his conduct. — Modesty may tye the tongue of our sex, but silence in him could proceed only from contempt.

Sir Char. How prettily she reproaches me! — But I'll soon make it up with her.

Miss Har. As to that letter, Sir; your error there is excuseable; and I own myself in that particular a little blameable. — But it was not my fault that it was sent to you; and the contents must have told you, that it could not possibly be meant for you. (*To Young Clackit.*)

Sir Char. Proof positive, *Jack*: — Say no more. — Now is my time to begin. — Hem! — hem! — Sweet young lady, — hem! — whose charms are so mighty, so far transcending every thing that we read of, in history or fable, how could you possibly think that my silence proceeded from contempt? was it natural or prudent, think you,

for a man of sixty-five, nay, just entering into his sixty-sixth year——

Young Clac. O *misericorde!* what, is my uncle my rival! nay then, I shall burst, by *Jupiter!*—Ha! ha! ha!

Miss Har. Don't imagine, Sir, that to me your age is any fault.

Sir Char. (*Bowing.*) You are very obliging, madam.

Miss Har. Neither is it, Sir, a merit of that extraordinary nature, that I should sacrifice to it an inclination which I have conceived for another.

Sir Char. How is this?

Young Clac. Another! not you.—Mind that, uncle.

Lucy. What is the meaning of all this!

Young Clac. Proof positive, uncle—And very positive.

Sir Char. I have been led into a mistake, madam, which I hope you will excuse; and I have made myself very ridiculous, which I hope I shall forget:—and so, madam, I am your humble servant.—This young lady has something very extraordinary about her.

Heart. What I now see and the remembrance of what is past force me to break silence.

Young Clac. Ay, but now for it. — Hear him—
hear him.——

Heart. O my *Harriet!* I too must be disgrac'd in my turn.—Can you think I have seen and convers'd with you unmov'd?—Indeed I have not.—The more I was sensible of your merit, the stronger were my motives to stifle the ambition of my heart.—But now I can no longer resist the violence of my passion, which casts me at your feet, the most unworthy indeed of all your admirers, but of all the most affectionate.

Young Clac. So, so, the moon has changed, and the grown gentlemen begin to be frisky.

Lucy. What, my master in love too!—I'll never trust these tye wigs again. (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. I have refus'd my hand to Sir *Charles* and this young gentleman:—The one accuses me of caprice, the other of singularity.—Should I refuse my hand a third time, (*smiling*) I might draw upon myself a more severe reproach,—and therefor I accept your favour, Sir, and will endeavour to deserve it.

Heart. And thus I seal my acknowledgements, and from

henceforth devote my every thought, and all my services to the author of my happiness. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Lucy. Since matters are so well settled, give me leave, Sir, to congratulate you on your success,—and my young lady on her judgment.—You have my taste exactly, miss; ripe fruit for my money; when it is too green it sets one's teeth on edge, and when too mellow it has no flavour at all.

Sir Char. Hold your tongue, you baggage. (*To Lucy.*) Well, my dear discreet nephew, are you satisfied with the fool's part you have given me, and play'd yourself in the farce?

Young Glac. What would you have me say, Sir? I am too much a philosopher to fret myself, because the wind, which was East this morning, is now West.—The poor girl in pique has kill'd herself, to be revenged on me; but hark'ye, Sir, I believe *Heartly* will be cursed mad to have me live in his neighbourhood.—A word to the wife.—

Sir Char. Thou hast a most incorrigible vanity, *Jack*; and nothing can cure thee.—Mr. *Heartly*, I have sense enough, and friendship enough, not to be uneasy at your happiness.

Heart. I hope, Sir *Charles*, that we shall still continue to live as neighbours and friends. For you, my *Harriet*, words cannot express my wonder or my joy; my future conduct must tell you what sense I have of my happiness, and how much I shall endeavour to deserve it.

For ev'ry charm that ever yet bless'd youth,
Accept compliance, tenderness, and truth;
My friendly care shall change to greatful love,
And the fond husband still the GUARDIAN prove.

ЖУДСЯЗДЕН

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions in the Department of the Interior, for the year ending June 30, 1891.

[illegible]

I have a letter from you dated 1st June 1891. I have been very happy to hear from you and to hear that you are well. I have been very busy lately but I have managed to find time to write you. I have been very busy lately but I have managed to find time to write you. I have been very busy lately but I have managed to find time to write you.

For my own personal use, I have
been collecting and preserving
the records of the past few years.
I have been very busy with my
work, but I have managed to find
time to do this. I have been
very successful in my work, and
I have been very happy to be
able to do this. I have been
very busy with my work, but I
have managed to find time to do
this. I have been very successful
in my work, and I have been very
happy to be able to do this.

1

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A faint horizontal crease is visible near the top edge. The page is otherwise empty of any text or markings.

THE
MALE-COQUETTE:

OR,

Seventeen Hundred Fifty-Seven.

In Two ACTS.

— *Jacentem lenis in hystern.* VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following scenes were written with no other view than to serve Mr. *Woodward* last year at his Benefit; and to expose a set of people, (the *Daffodils*) whom the author thinks more prejudicial to the community, than the various characters of *Bucks*, *Bloods*, *Flashes* and *Fribbles*, which have by turns infected the town, and been justly ridiculed upon the stage. He expects no mercy from the critics: but the more indulgent public, perhaps, will excuse his endeavours to please them, when they shall know, that the performance was plann'd, written, and acted in less than a month.

P R O L O G U E.

*WHY to this Farce this title given,
 Of Seventeen Hundred Fifty Seven?
 Is it a register of fashions,
 Of follies, frailties, fav'rite passions?
 Or is't design'd to make appear,
 How happy, good, and wise you were,
 In this same memorable year?
 Sure with our author wit was scarce,
 To croud so many virtues in a Farce.
 Perhaps 'tis meant to make you stare,
 Like cloths hung out at country fair;
 On which strange monsters glare and grin,
 To draw the gaping bumpkins in.—
 Tho' 'tis the genius of the age,
 To catch the eye with title-page,
 Yet here we dare not so abuse ye——
 We have some monsters to amuse ye.*

*Ye slaves to fashion, dupes of chance,
 Whom fortune leads her fickle dance:
 Who, as the dice shall smile or frown,
 Are rich and poor, and up and down;
 Whose minds eternal vigils keep;
 Who—like Macbeth, have murder'd sleep!—
 Each modish vice this night shall rise,
 Like Banquo's ghost, before your eyes;
 While, conscious you, shall start and roar—
 Hence horrid Farce! we'll see no more!
 —Ye ladies, too—maids, widows, wives—
 Now tremble for your naughty lives!
 How will your hearts grow pit-a-pat?
 Bless me!—Lord—what's the fellow at?
 Was poet e'er so rude before?
 Why sure the brute will say no mor—
 Again!—O Gad!—I cannot bear—
 Here—you boxkeeper,—call my chair:
 Peace, ladies,—'tis a false alarm——
 To You our author means no harm.
 His female sailings all are fictions:
 To which your lives are contradictions.*

PROLOGUE.

*Th' unnatural fool has drawn a plan,
 Where women like a worthless man,
 A fault ne'er heard of since the world began.
 This year he lets you steal away——
 But if the next you trip or stray;
 His muse, he vows, on you shall wait,
 In Seventeen hundred fifty-eight.*

The PERSONS.

M E N.

<i>Daffodil</i>	_____	<i>Mr. Woodward.</i>
<i>Tukely</i>	_____	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
<i>Lord Racket</i>	_____	<i>Mr. Blakes.</i>
<i>Sir William Whister</i>	_____	<i>Mr. Burton.</i>
<i>Sir Tan-Tivy</i>	_____	<i>Mr. Jefferson.</i>
<i>Spinner</i>	_____	<i>Mr. Walker.</i>
<i>Dizzy</i>	_____	<i>Mr. Yates.</i>
<i>Ruffle</i>	_____	<i>Mr. Usher.</i>
<i>First Waiter</i>	_____	<i>Mr. Ackman.</i>
<i>Second Waiter</i>	_____	<i>Mr. Atkins.</i>
<i>Harry</i>	_____	<i>Mr. Clough.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Sophia</i>	_____	<i>Miss Macklin.</i>
<i>Arabella</i>	_____	<i>Miss Minors.</i>
<i>Mrs. Dotterel</i>	_____	<i>Miss Barton.</i>
<i>Widow Damply</i>	_____	<i>Mrs. Cross.</i>
<i>Lady Fanny Perwit</i>	_____	<i>Mrs. Bradshaw</i>

THE MALE-COQUETTE.

A C T I.

Enter ARABELLA, and SOPHIA in Men's Clothes.

ARABELLA.

INDEED, my dear, you'll repent this frolic.

Soph. Indeed, my dear, then it will be the first frolic I ever repented in all my life. Lookee, *Bell*, 'tis in vain to oppose me, for I am resolv'd—the only way to find out his character, is to see him thus, and converse freely with him. If he is the wretch he is reported to be, I shall away with him at once; and if he is not, he will thank me for the trial, and our union will be the stronger.

Arab. I never knew a woman yet, who had prudence enough to turn off a pretty fellow, because he had a little more wickedness than the rest of his neighbours.

Soph. Then I will be the first to set a better example.—If I did not think a man's character was of some consequence, I should not now run such risques, and encounter such difficulties, to be better acquainted with it.

Arab. Ha, *Sophy*! if you had love enough to be jealous, and jealousy enough to try these experiments—don't imagine, tho' you should make terrible discoveries; that you can immediately quit your inclinations, with your breeches; and return so very philosophically to your petticoats again, ha, ha!—

Soph. You may be as merry with my weaknesses, as you please, madam; but I know my own heart, and can rely upon it.

Arab. We are great bullies by nature; but courage and swaggering, are two things, confin.

Soph. Since you are as little to be convinc'd, as I am to be persuad'd—your servant—— [Going.]

Arab. Nay, *Sophy*—this is unfriendly—if you are resolv'd upon your scheme, open to me without reserve, and I'll assist you.

Soph. *Imprimis*, then; I confess to you, that I have a kind of whimsical attachment to *Daffodil*; not but I can see his vanities, and laugh at 'em.

Arab. And like him the better for 'em——

Soph. Pshaw! don't plague me, *Bell*—my other lover, the jealous Mr. *Tukely*——

Arab. Who loves you too well to be successful——

Soph. And whom I really esteem——

Arab. As a good sort of man, ha, ha, ha.

Soph. Nay, thou'd have lov'd him——

Arab. Had not a prettier fellow stept in between, who perhaps does not care a farthing for you——

Soph. That's the question, my dear—*Tukely*, I say, either stung by jealousy, or unwilling to lose me, without a struggle, has intreated me to know more of his rival, before I engage too far with him—Many strange things he has told me, which have piqu'd me I must confess, and I am now prepar'd for the proof.

Arab. You'll certainly be discover'd, and put to shame.

Soph. I have secur'd my success already.

Arab. What do you mean?

Soph. I have seen him, convers'd with him, and am to meet him again to-day, by his own appointment.

Arab. Madness!—it can't be.

Soph. But it has been, I tell you——

Arab. How? how?—Quickly, quickly, dear *Sophy*?

Soph. When you went to lady *Fanny*'s last night, and left me, as you thought, little dispos'd for a frolic, I dress'd me as you see, call'd a chair, and went to the *King's-Arms*—ask'd for my gentleman, and was shewn into a room—he immediately left his company, and came to me.

Arab. I tremble for you.

Soph. I introduc'd myself as an *Italian* nobleman, just arriv'd: *Il Marchese di Macaroni*——

Arab. Ridiculous!—ha, ha.

Soph. An intimate of Sir *Charles Vainlove*'s, who is now at *Rome*——I told him my letters were with my baggage,

at the *Custom-house*—He receiv'd me with all the openness imaginable, and wou'd have introduc'd me to his friends; I begg'd to be excus'd, but promis'd to attend him to-day, and am now ready, as you see, to keep my word.

Arab. Astonishing!—and what did you talk about?

Soph. Of various things—women among the rest; and tho' I have not absolutely any open acts of rebellion against him, yet, I fear he is a trytor at heart—and then such vanity!—but I had not time to make great discoveries—It was merely the prologue—The play is to come.

Arab. Act your part well, or we shall hiss you—

Soph. Never fear me; you don't know what a mad, raking, wild, young devil I can be, if I set my mind to it, *Bell.*

[*Laying hold of her.*]

Arab. You fright me!—you shall positively be no bed-fellow of mine any longer.

Soph. I am resolv'd to ruin my woman, and kill my man, before I get into petticoats again.

Arab. Take care of a quarrel tho'—a rival may be too rough with you.

Soph. No, no, fighting is not the vice of these times; and as for a little swaggering—damn it, I can do it as well as the best of 'em.

Arab. Hush, hush! Mr. *Tukely* is here—

Soph. Now for a trial of skill; if I deceive him, you'll allow that half my business is done.

[*She walks aside, takes out a glass, and looks at the pictures.*]

Enter *TUKELY*.

Tuke. Your servant, miss *Bell*—I need not ask if miss *Sophy* be at home, for I believe I have seen her since you did.

Arab. Have you, Sir? You seem disconcerted, Mr. *Tukely*: has any thing happen'd?

Tuke. A trifle, madam—but I was born to be trifled with, and to be made uneasy at trifles.

Arab. Pray, what trifling affair has disturb'd you thus?

Soph. What's the matter now? [*Aside.*]

Tuke. I met miss *Sophy* this moment in a hackney chair, at the end of the street; I knew her by the Pink Negligee;

but upon my crossing the way to speak to her, she turn'd her head away, laugh'd violently, and drew the curtain in my face.

Soph. So, so; well said, jealousy.

[*Aside.*

Arab. She was in haste, I suppose, to get to her engagement.

Tuke. Yes, yes, madam; I imagine she had some engagement upon her hands—But sure, madam, her great desire to see her more agreeable friends, need not be attended with contempt and disregard to the rest of her acquaintance.

Arab. Indeed, Mr. *Tukely*, I have so many caprices, and follies of my own, that I can't possibly answer for my cousin's too.

Soph. Well said, *Bell*.

[*Aside.*

Tuke. Answer, miss!—No, heav'n forbid you should—for my part, I have given up all my hopes as a lover, and only now, feel for her as a friend—and indeed as a friend, a sincere friend—I can't but say, that going out in a hackney chair, without a servant, and endeavouring to conceal herself, is somewhat incompatible with miss *Sophy's* rank and reputation—This I speak as a friend—not as a lover, miss *Bell*—pray mind that.

Arab. I see it very plainly, Mr. *Tukely*—and it gives me great pleasure, that you can be so indifferent in your love, and yet so jealous in your friendship.

Tuke. You do me honour, miss, by your good opinion.

[*Walks about, and sees Sophy.*

Who's that, pray?

Arab. A gentleman who is waiting for *Sophy*.

Tuke. I think she has gentlemen waiting for her every where.

Soph. I am afraid, Sir, [*coming up to him with her glass*] you'll excuse me, that notwithstanding your declaration, and this lady's compliments, there is a little of the devil, call'd jealousy, at the bottom of all this un-casiness.

Tuke. Sir!——

Soph. I say, Sir, wear your cloak as long as you please, the hoof will peep out, take my word for it.

Tuke. Upon my word, Sir, you are pleas'd to honour me with a familiarity which I neither expected, or indeed desired, upon so slight an acquaintance.

Soph. I dare swear you did not.

[Turns off and hums a tune.]

Tuke. I don't understand this!

Arab. This is beyond expectation—

[Aside.]

Soph. I presume, Sir, you never was out of England—

[Picking her teeth.]

Tuke. I presume, Sir, that you are mistaken—I never was so foolishly fond of my own country, to think that nothing good was to be had out of it; nor so shamefully ungrateful to it, to prefer the vices and fopperies of every other nation, to the peculiar advantages of my own.

Soph. Ha, ha: well said, old England, i' faith—Now, madam, if this gentleman would put his speech into a farce, and properly lard it with roast beef, and liberty, I wou'd engage the galleries wou'd roar and halloo at it for half an hour together—Ha, ha, ha.

Arab. Now the storm's coming.

[Aside.]

Tuke. If you are not engag'd, Sir, we'll adjourn to the next tavern, and write this farce between us.

Soph. I fancy, Sir, by the information of your face, that you are more inclin'd to tragady than comedy—

Tuke. I shall be inclin'd to treat you very ill, if you don't walk out with me.

Soph. I have been treated so very ill already, in the little conversation I have had with you, that you must excuse my walking out for more of it; but if you'll persuade the lady to leave the room, I'll put you to death—damme—

[Going up to him.]

Arab. For heaven's sake! what's the matter, gentlemen?

Tuke. What can I do with this fellow?

Soph. Madam, don't be alarm'd—this affair will be very short—I am always expeditious; and will cut his throat, without shocking you in the least:—Come, Sir, (draws) if you won't defend yourself, I must kick you about the room.

[Advancing.]

Tuke. Respect for this lady, and this house, has curb'd my resentment hitherto: but as your insolence wou'd take advantage of my forbearance, I must correct it at all events—

[Draws.]

Soph and Arabella. Ha, ha, ha!

Tuke. What is all this?

Soph. What, would you set your courage to a poor, weak woman? You are a bold *Briton*, indeed!—Ha, ha, ha.

Tuke. What, *Sophia*?

Arab. Sophia! no, no; she is in a hackney-chair, you know, without a servant, in her Pink Negligee—Ha, ha, ha.

Tuke. I am astonish'd! and can scarce believe my own eyes—What means this metamorphosis?

Soph. 'Tis in obedience to your commands—Thus equipped, I have got access to *Daffodil*, and shall know whether your picture of him is drawn by your regard for me, or resentment to him—I will sound him, from his lowest note, to the top of his compass.

Tuke. Your spirit transports me—This will be a busy, and, I hope, a happy day for me. I have appointed no less than five ladies to meet me at the widow *Damply's*; to each of whom, as well as yourself, the accomplish'd Mr. *Daffodil* has presented his heart; the value of which I am resolv'd to convince them of this night, for the sake of the whole sex.

Soph. Pooh, pooh! that's the old story—You are so prejudic'd—

Tuke. I am afraid 'tis you who are prejudic'd, madam; for if you will believe your own eyes and ears—

Soph. That I will, I assure you—I shall visit him immediately—He thinks me in the country, and to confirm it, I'll write to him as from thence—But ask me no more questions about what I have done, and what is to be done; for I have not a moment to lose; and so, my good friend *Tukely*, yours—My dear *Bell* I kiss your hand—[kisses her hand] You are a fine woman, by heavens! here, *Joseppi Brunello, Francesi*,—where are my fellows there? Call me a chair—*Viva l' Amor, & Liberta*—

[Exit singing.]

Arab. Ha, ha, there's a spirit for you!—Well now, what do you stare at?—you cou'd not desire more—O, fie, fie,—don't sigh, and bite your fingers; rouse yourself, man; set all your wits to work; bring this faithless *Corydon* to shame, and I'll be hang'd if the prize is not yours—If she returns in time, I'll bring her to the widow *Damply's*—

Tuke. Dear Miss *Arabella*—

Arab. Well, well; make me a fine speech another time.
About your business now——

Tuke. I fly——

[*Exit Tuke.*]

Arab. What a couple of blind fools has love made of this poor fellow, and my dear cousin *Sophy*! Little do they imagine, with all their wise discoveries, that *Daffodil* is as faithful a lover, as he is an accomplish'd gentleman—I pity these poor deceiv'd women, with all my heart——But how will they stare when they find that he has artfully pretended a regard for them, the better to conceal his real passion for me——They will certainly tear my eyes out; and what will cousin *Sophy* say to me, when we are oblig'd to declare our passion? No matter what—'Tis the fortune of war——And I shall only serve her, as she and every other friend wou'd serve me in the same situation——

A little cheating never is a sin,

At love or cards—provided that you win.

[*Exit Arabella.*]

DAFFODIL'S Lodgings.

Enter DAFFODIL and RUFFLE.

Daf. But are you sure, *Ruffle*, that you deliver'd the letter last night, in the manner I order'd you?

Ruf. Exactly, Sir.

Daf. And you are sure that, *Mr. Dotterel* saw you slip the note into his wife's hand?

Ruf. I have alarm'd him, and you may be assur'd, that he is as uneasy as you wou'd wish to have him——But I shou'd be glad, with your honour's leave, to have a little serious conversation with you; for my mind forebodes much peril to the bones of your humble servant, and very little satisfaction to your honour.

Daf. Thou art a most incomprehensible blockhead——

Ruf. No great scholar, or wit, indeed——but I can feel an oak suppling, as well as another——Ay, and I shou'd have felt one last night, if I had not had the heels of all *Mr. Dotterel's* family—I had the whole pack after me——

Daf. And did not they catch you?

Ruf. No, thank heav'n——

Daf. You was not kick'd then?

Ruf. No, Sir.

Daf. Nor Can'd?

Ruf. No, Sir.

Daf. Nor dragg'd thro' a horse-pond?

Ruf. O, Lord! no, Sir.

Daf. That's unlucky——

Ruf. Sir!

Daf. You must go again, *Ruffe*, to night, perhaps you may be in better luck.

Ruf. If I go again, Sir, may I be can'd, kick'd, and horse-ponded for my pains—I believe I have been lucky enough to bring an old house over your head.

Daf. What d'ye mean?

Ruf. Mr. *Dotterel* only hobbled after me, to pay me for the postage of your letter; but being a little out of wind, he soon stopt, to curse and swear at me—I cou'd hear him mutter something of scoundrel, and pimp, and my master, and villain—and blunderbuss, and saw-pit; and he shook his stick, and look'd like the devil!

Daf. Blunderbuss, and saw-pit! this business grows a little serious, and so we will drop it—The husband is so old and peevish, and she so young and pressing, that I'll give it up, *Ruffe*—The town talks of us, and I am satisfied.

Ruf. Pray, Sir, with submission, for what end do you write to so many ladies, and make such a rout about 'em; there are now upon the list half a dozen maids, a leash of wives, and the widow *Damply*. I know your honour don't intend mischief; but what pleasure can you have in deceiving them, and the world? for you are thought a terrible young gentleman.

Daf. Why that pleasure, booby.

Ruf. I don't understand it—What do you intend to do with 'em all! Ruin 'em?

Daf. Not I, faith.

Ruf. But you'll ruin their reputations.

Daf. That's their business—not mine.

Ruf. Will you marry any one of 'em?

Daf. O no; that wou'd be finishing the game at once—if I preferr'd one, the rest wou'd take it ill; so because I won't be particular, I give 'em all hopes, without going a step further.

Ruf. Widows can't live upon such slender diet.

Daf. A true sportsman has no pleasure but in the chase; the game is always given to those who have less taste, and better stomachs.

Ruf. I love to pick a bit, I must confess—really, Sir, I shou'd not care what became of half the women you are pleas'd to be merry with—But miss *Sophy*, sure, is a heavenly creature, and deserves better treatment; and to make love to her cousin too, in the same house—that is very cruel.

Daf. But it amuses one—besides they are both fine creatures. And how do I know, if I lov'd only one, but the other might poison herself?

Ruf. There is no mending him. [Exit Ruffle.]

Daf. (*Opens Letters.*) This is from widow *Damply*—I know her scrawl at a mile's distance—she pretends that the fright of her husband's death hurt her nerves so, that her hand has shook ever since—ha, ha, ha—It has hurt her spelling to, for here is joy with G; ha! ha! poor creature. (*Reads*) Hum—hum—hum—Well said, widow; she speaks plain, faith, and grows urgent—I must get quit of her—she desires a tête à tête; which, with widows who have suffered much for the loss of their husbands, is, as capt. *Bobadil* says, a service of danger. So, I am off—(*Opens another*) What the devil have we here? A bill in chancery: oh, no! my taylor's bill—Sum total 374*l.* 11*s.* 5*d.*—Indeed, monsieur *Chicaneau*, this is a dam'd bill, and you will be damn'd for making it—therefor, for the good of your soul, monf. *Chicaneau*, you must make another. (*tears it*) The French know their consequence, and use us accordingly. (*Opens another.*) This is from *Newmarket*—[*Reads.*]—

‘ May it please your honour,

‘ I Wou'd not have you think of matching *Cherry-Der-*
 ‘ *ry* with *Gingerbreed*; he is a terrible horse, and very
 ‘ covetous of his ground—I have chopt *Hurlothrambo* for
 ‘ the *Roan Mare*, and fifty pounds. Sir *Roger* has taken
 ‘ the match off your hands, which is a good thing; for
 ‘ the mare has the distemper, and must have forfeited—I
 ‘ flung his honour's groom, though he was above an hour

‘ in the stable. The nutmeg grey, *Custard*, is match’d
 ‘ with *Alderman*. *Alderman* has a good wind, and will
 ‘ be too hard for *Custard*.——

‘ *I am, your Honour’s*

‘ *Must obedient Servant,*

ROGER WHIP.’

——*Whip’s* a genius, and a good servant. I have not as yet lost above a thousand pounds by my horses—But such luck can’t always last.

Enter RUFFLE with Cards.

There’s the morning’s cargo, Sir.

[*Throws ’em down upon the table*

Daf. Heigh day! I can’t read ’em in a month; prithee, *Ruffle*, set down my invitations from the cards, according to their date, and let me see ’em to-morrow morning—So much reading would distract me.

Ruffle. And yet these are the only books gentlemen read now-a-days. [Aside.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. And please your honour, I forgot to tell you that there was a gentleman here last night—I’ve forgot his name.

Ruf. Old Mr. *Dotterel*, perhaps.

Serv. Old; no, no, he looks younger than his honour—I believe he’s mad, he can’t stand still a moment; he first caper’d out of the chair, and when I told him your honour was not at home, he caper’d into it again—said he would call again, jabber’d something, and away he went singing.

Daf. ’Tis the marquis of *Macaroni*, I saw him at the *King’s Arms* yesterday; admit him when he comes, *Harry*.

Serv. I shall, your honour—I can neither write or remember these outlandish names. [Exit Servant.

Daf. Where is my list of women, *Ruffle*, and the places of their abode, that we may strike off some, and add the new acquisitions?

Ruf. What, alter again! I wrote it out fair but this

morning—There are quicker successions in your honour's list than the court-calendar.

Daf. Strike off Mrs. Dotterel, and the widow Damply.

Ruf. They are undone.

[*Strikes 'em out.*]

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. A lady, Mr. Ruffe, in a chair, must speak with you.

Daf. Did she ask for me?—See, Ruffe, who it is.

[*Exit Ruffe.*]

Serv. No, your honour; but she look'd quite *frustrated*:

Daf. Well, go below, and be careful not to let any old gentleman in this morning—and d'ye hear, if any of the neighbours shou'd enquire who the lady is, you may say it is a relation; and be sure smile, do you hear? when you tell 'em so.

Serv. I shall, your honour—He, he, he, I am never melancholy.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Daf. That fellow's a character.

Enter RUFFLE.

Ruf. Sir, it is Mrs. Dotterel; she has had a terrible quarrel with her husband about your letter, and has something to say of consequence to you both—she must see you, she says.

Daf. I won't see her—Why wou'd you say that I was at home—You know I hate to be alone with 'em, and she's so violent too—Well, well, shew her up—This is so unlucky——

Ruf. He hates to see duns he never intends to pay.

[*Exit Ruffe.*]

Daf. What shall I do with her? This is worse than meeting her husband with a blunderbuss in a saw pit.

Enter Mrs. DOTTEREL, and RUFFLE.

Daf. Dear Mrs. Dotterel, this is so obliging—Ruffe, don't let a soul come near me, (*Aloud.*)—And harkce, don't leave us long together, and let every body up that comes.

[*Aside.*]

Ruf. What a deal of trouble here is about nothing.

[*Exit Ruffe.*]

Mrs. Dot. In the name of virtue, *Mr. Daffodil*, I hope you have not given any private orders, that may in the least derogate from that absolute confidence which I place in your honour.

Daf. You may be perfectly easy under his roof, madam. I hope, I am polite enough not to let my passions, of any kind, run too great lengths in my own house.

Mrs. Dot. Nothing but absolute necessity cou'd have made me take this imprudent step—I am ready to faint with my apprehensions—Heigh ho!——

Daf. Heaven forbid! I'll call for some assistance.

[*Going to ring.*

Mrs. Dot. Let your bell alone (*Stopping him.*) You're always calling for assistance, I think—you never give one time to come to one's self—*Mr. Dotterel* has seen your letter, and vows vengeance and destruction—Why would you be so violent and imprudent?

Daf. The devil was in me, madam; but I repent it from my soul; it has cur'd me of being violent.

Mrs. Dot. Come, come, don't take it too deeply neither; I thought it proper, at all hazards, to let you know what had happen'd, and to intreat you, by that affection you have sworn to me, to be careful of my reputation.

Daf. That I will indeed, madam; we can't be too careful.

Mrs. Dot. Well, *Mr. Daffodil*, I am an unhappy woman—married to one I cannot love; and loving one I ought to shun—It is a terrible situation, *Mr. Daffodil*—

Daf. It is indeed, madam,—I am in a terrible one too—wou'd I was well out of it.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Dot. Do you know, *Mr. Daffodil*, that if I had not been very religious, my passions would have undone me—But you must give me time, for nothing but that and keeping the best company, will ever conquer my prejudices.

Daf. I should be very ungenerous not to allow you time, madam—three weeks or a month, I hope, will do the business—Though, by my honour, I got the better of mine in half the time—What is *Ruffie* doing?

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Dot. He's very cold, methinks; but I'll try his

further—Lookee, Mr. *Daffodil*, you must curb your passions, and keep your distance—Fire is catching; and one does not know the consequences when once it begins to spread.

Daf. As you say, madam, fire is catching; 'tis dangerous to play with it; and as I am of the tinder-kind,—as one may say,—we had better,—as you say—madam,—change the subject—Pray did you ever hear of the Pug-dog that you advertis'd? It was a very pretty creature—what was his name, madam?

Mrs. Dot. Daffodil, Sir!

[*Stifling her passion.*]

Daf. Madam!

Mrs. Dot. Could I love and esteem any thing, and not call it *Daffodil*?—What a wretch!

[*Aside.*]

Daf. You do me honour, madam—I don't like her looks, I must change the discourse (*Aside.*) Upon my soul, *Mrs. Dotterel*, this struggle is too much for man; my passions are now tearing me to pieces, and if you will stay, by heav'n I will not answer for the consequents.

Mrs. Dot. Consequences! what consequences! thou wretched, base, false, worthless animal!

Daf. You do me honour.

[*Bowing.*]

Mrs. Dot. Canst thou think that I am so blinded by my passion, not to see thy treacherous, mean, unmanly evasions?—I have long suspected your infamy, and having this proof of it, I cou'd stab your treacherous heart, and my own weak one—Don't offer to stir, or ring your bell, for, by heav'n's, I'll—

[*Catches hold of him.*]

Daf. I stir! I am never so happy, as when I am in your company.

Mrs. Dot. Thou liest: thou art never so happy as when thou art deceiving, and betraying our foolish sex—and all for what? why, for the poor reputation of having that, which thou hast neither power nor spirit to enjoy.

Daf. Ha! I hear somebody coming—Now for a rapture (*Aside.*) Talk not of power or spirit—Heav'n that has made you fair, has made me strong—O! forgive the madness which your beauty has occasion'd.

[*Throws himself upon his knees.*]

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. The marquis of Macaroons—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter SOPHIA.

Mrs. Dot. Ha! (*Screams.*) I am betray'd——

[*They all stare, and Daffodil seemingly astonished.*]

Soph. Mrs. Dotterel, by all that's virtuous——(*Aside*) Signor Daffodillo—*resto confuso*, tat I am com *si mal-a proposito*.

Daf. Dear marquis, no excuse I beg—nothing at all—a relation of mine—my sister only—miss *Daffodil*, this is *il merchesse de Macaroni*, an intimate of Sir Charles *Vainlove's*—This was lucky (*Aside.*)—Well, then, my dear sister, I will wait upon you to-morrow, and settle the whole affair (*Aloud*) I am the most miserable of mortals, and have lost the most precious moments of my life.

[*Aside to Mrs. Dotterel.*]

Mrs. Dot. You are a villain——I despise you, and detest you——and will never see you more.

[*Exit Mrs. Dotterel.*]

Daf. Ha, ha, ha!—My sister has a noble spirit, my lord.

Soph. *Mi dispiace infinamente*——it tisples me, tat I haf *interrumpato*, *gli affari* of you famili.

Daf. It is the old family-business, my lord! and so old, that, by my honour, I am quite tir'd of it.

Soph. I hate him already. (*Aside*)—Signior *Daffodillo*, she is *una bellissima Sorella in Verita*, a very prit' Sifs' intit.

Daf. I must confess to you, my lord, that my sister is a young distress'd damsel, married to an old gentleman of the neighbourhood, ha, ha, ha.

Soph. *O caro Inghilterra!* vat a fortunata contree is tis! te olt men mari de young fine girl, and te young fine girl visite te young signors—*O preziosa liberta!*—

Daf. Indeed, my lord, men of fashion here have some small privileges; we gather our roses without fear of thorns—husbands and brothers don't deal in poison and stilletos, as they do with you.

Soph. *Il nostro amico*, Signor *Carlo*, has tol me a toutant *Volti*, dat you vas de *Orlando Innamorato* himself.

Daf. But not *Furioso*, I can assure you, my lord, Ha, ha, ha! I am for variety, and badinage, without affection——Reputation is the great ornament, and ease the great happiness of life——To ruin women wou'd be

troublesome; to trifle and make love to 'em amuses one—I use my women as daintily as my tokay; I merely sip of both, but more than half a glass palls me.

Soph. *Il mio proprio gusto*—*Tukely* is right; he's a villain. (*Aside.*)—*Signor Daffodillo*; wil you do me de favour to give me stranger, *una introduzione* to some of your *Signorine*, let *voſtro amico* taſte a littel, *un Poco* of your dulce tokay.

Daf. *O, Certamente!*—I have half a hundred *Signorine*s at your ſervice.

Soph. *Multo obligato*, *Signor Daffodillo*.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Here is a letter for your honour. [*Sarſily.*

Daf. What is the matter with the fellow?

Serv. Matter, your honour!—the lady that went out juſt now, gave me ſuch a ſouſe on the ear, as I made my bow to her, that I could ſcarce tell, for a minute, whether I had a head or no.

Daf. Ha! ha!—Poor fellow!—there's ſmart money for you. (*Gives him money.*)—(*Exit Servant.*)—Will your lordſhip give me leave?—

Soph. *Senza ceremonie*—now for it. [*Aside.*

Daf. Reads. 'Sir,

I Shall return from the country next week, and ſhall hope to meet you at lady *Fanny Perwit*'s aſſembly next Wednesday.

'I am very much your humble Servant,

'*SOPHIA SPRIGHTLY.*'

—My lord marquis, here is a letter has ſtarted game for you already—the moſt lucky thought imaginable.

Soph. *Cosa e queſta*—*Cosa*, e—*vat is?*

Daf. There are two fine girls you muſt know, couſins, who live together; this is a letter from one of 'em, *Sophia* is her name—I have addreſs'd 'em both, but as matters become a little ſerious on their ſide, I muſt raiſe a jealousy between the friends; diſcover to one the treachery of the other; and ſo in the buſtle ſteal off as quietly I can.

Soph. *O! Spiritoſo amico*—I can ſcarce contain myſelf.

[*Aside.*

Daf. Before the mine is sprung, I will introduce you into the town.

Soph. You are great *Generalissimo in verita ma*. I feel in mio core vat de poor *infelice* Sophia vil feel for de los of Signor *Daffodillo*.

Daf. Yes, poor creature; I believe she'll have a pang or two—tender indeed! and I believe will be unhappy for some time.

Soph. What a monster!

[*Aside.*

Daf. You must dine with our club to-day, where I will introduce you to more of Sir *Charles's* friends, all men of figure and fashion.

Soph. I must promo haf my lettere, dat your *amici* may be *assicurati* dat I am no *impostore*.

Daf. In the name of politeness, my lord marquis, don't mention your letters again; none but a justice of peace, or a constable would ever ask for a certificate of a man's birth, parentage, and education, ha, ha, ha!

Soph. Viva, viva il Signor *Daffodillo*! You shall be il mio *Conduttore in tutte le partite* of love and pleasure.

Daf. With all my heart—You must give me leave now, my lord, to put on my cloaths—In the mean time, if your lordship will step into my study there, if you chuse music, there is a guitar, and some *Venetian* ballads; or, if you like reading, there's infidelity, and bawdy novels for you—Call *Ruffe* there.

[*Exit Daffodil.*

Soph. (*Looking after him.*) I am shock'd at him—He is really more abandon'd than *Tukely's* jealousy describ'd him—I have got my proofs, and will not venture any further; I am vex'd that I shou'd be angry at him, when I shou'd only despise him—But I am *so* angry, that I cou'd almost wish myself a man, that my breeches might demand satisfaction for the injury he has done my petticoats.

[*Exit.*

A C T II.

SCENE, Mrs. DAMPLY's Lodgings.

Enter ARABELLA and SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

IN short, his own declarations, the unexpected meeting of Mrs. *Dotterel*, his usage of my letter, and twenty things beside, determin'd me not to go among the set of 'em—So making the best excuse I cou'd, I got quit of him and his companions.

Arab. All this may be true, *Sophy*—Every young fellow has his vanities; fashion has made such irregularities accomplishments, and the man may be worth having, for all your discoveries.

Soph. What! an abandon'd, rash, profligate male-coquette; a wretch, who can assume passions he never feels, and sport with our sex's frailties—Fie, fie, *Bell*.

Arab. Well, well, you are too angry to be merciful—If he is such a monster, I am glad you are out of his clutches, and that you can so easily resign him to another.

Soph. To another! there is not that women, be she ever so handsome, that I hate enough, to wish her so much evil; and happy it is for you, *Bell*, that you have a heart to resist his allurements.

Arab. Yes; I thank my stars—I am not so susceptible of impressions of that kind—and yet—I won't swear—if an agreeable man—I—I—

Soph. No, no, *Bell*, you are not absolute stone—you may be mollified—She is confounded—[*Aside.*

Arab. Surely he has not betray'd me—'Tis impossible, I cannot be deceiv'd.[*Aside.*

Soph. Well, shall we go in to the ladies and Mr. *Tuke*? were they not surpriz'd when he open'd the business to 'em.

Arab. 'Twas the finest scene imaginable—You cou'd see, tho' they all endeavour'd to hide their liking to *Daf-fodil*, all were uneasy at *Tukely's* discovery. At first, they objected to his scheme; but they began to listen to his proposal the moment I was call'd out to you; what farther he intends, is a secret to us all; but here he comes, and without the ladies.

Enter TUKELY.

Tuke. Pray, miss *Bell*—Bless me! miss *Sophy* return'd! I dare not ask—and yet if my eyes do not flatter my heart—your looks——

Soph. Don't rely too much upon looks, Mr. *Tukely*.

Take. Madam—why sure——

Soph. Don't imagine, I say, that you can always see the mind in the face.

Tuke. I can see, madam, that your mind is not dispos'd to wish or make me happy.

Soph. Did not I bid you not rely upon looks; for do you know now that my mind is at this time most absolutely dispos'd—to do every thing that you wou'd have me.

[Curtseys.]

Tuke. Then I have nothing more to wish or ask of fortune.

[Kneels, and kisses her hand.]

Arab. Come, come, this is no time to attend to one, when you have so many ladies to take care of.

Tuke. I will not yet enquire into your adventures, 'till I have accomplish'd my own. The ladies within have at last agreed, to attend me this evening; where, if you have a mind to finish the picture you have begun this morning, an opportunity may offer.

Soph. I am contented with my sketch—However, I'll make one; and if you have an occasion for a second in any thing—I am your man—command me.

Tuke. A match—from this moment I take you as my second; nay, my first in every circumstance of our future lives.

Arab. Mighty pretty, truly!—and so I am to stand cooling my heels here, while you are making yourselves ridiculous.

Soph. *Bell's* in the right—to business, to business——

Daf.
Lord

Mr. *Tukely*, you must introduce me to the ladies; I can at least make as good a figure as Mr. *Daffodil* among 'em.

[*Exit Sophia and Tukely.*]

Arab. When *Daffodil's* real inclinations are known, how these poor wretches will be disappointed!

[*Exit Arabella.*]

SCENE, *The Club-Room.*

Lord RACET, Sir TAN-TIVY, WILLIAM WHISTER, SPINNER *writing*, and DAFFODIL.

[*Waiter behind.*]

Daf. What do you say, my lord, that I don't do it in an hour?

Lord Rack. Not in an hour and half, *George*.

Daf. Done with you, my lord—I'll take you seven to five—seventy pound to fifty.

Lord Rack. Done—I'll lay the odds again, with you, Sir *William*—and done with you, Sir *Tivy*.

Sir Wil. Not I faith—*Daffodil* has too many fine women—he'll never do it.

Daf. I'll go into the country for a week, and not a petticoat shall come near me—I'll take the odds again.

Sir Tan-Tivy. Done, *Daffodil*.

Lord Rack. You are to hop upon one leg, without changing, mind that—Set it down, *Spinner*.

Spin. I have—Shall I read it?

Lord Rack. Silence in the court.

Spin. (*Reads*) 'Lord Racket has betted 70 pounds to 50, with the honourable *George Daffodil*—that the latter does not walk from *Buckingham-Gate*, to the *Bun-house*, at *Chelsea*—eat a Bun there, run back to the turnpike, and from thence hop upon one leg, with the other tied to the cue of his wig, to *Buckingham-Gate* again, in an hour and half.

Daf. I say, done.

Lord Rack. And done.

Sir Wil. Consider your women—you'll never do it, *George*.

Daf. Not do it! (*baps*) Why, I'll get a *Chelsea* pensioner will do it in an hour, with his wooden leg—What day shall we fix for it?

Sir Wil. The first of *April*, to be sure.

All. Ha, ha, ha.—

Lord Rack. Come, *Daffodil*, read the betts and matches of to-day—then let us finish our *champaigne*, and go to the opera.

Daf. (*Reads*) ' *March 24, 1756, Sir Tan-Tivy, has*
' pitted lady *Pettitoe*, against dowager lady *Pe-*
' *riwinkle*, with Sir *William Whister*, for 500*l.*—
' I'll pit my uncle, lord *Chalkstone*, against 'em
' both.'

Sir Tan. Done.

Lord Rack. The odds are against you, *Daffodil*—my lord has got to plain *Nantz* now every morning.

Daf. And the ladies have been at it to my knowlege, this half year.

Sir Wil. Good, again, *George*.

' The honourable *George Daffodil* has betted one
' hundred pound, with Sir *William Whister*, that
' he produces a gentleman, before the 5th of *June*
' next, that shall live for five days successively,
' without eating, drinking, or sleeping.'

Sir Wil. He must have no books, *George*.

Daf. No, no; the gentleman I mean can't read.

Sir Wil. 'Tis not yourself, *George*!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha; 'tis impossible, it must kill him.

Daf. Why, then I lose my bet.

Reads.) ' Lord *Racket* has match'd Sir *Joslin Jolly* a-
' gainst major *Calipash*, with Sir *Tan-Tivy*, to
' run fifty yards upon the *Mall* after dinner, if
' either tumbles, the wages is lost — for fifty
' pounds.

Spin. I'll lay fifty more, neither of 'em run the ground in half an hour.

Daf. Not in an hour.

Sir Tan. Done, *Daffodil*—I'll bet you a hundred to that.

Daf. Done, baronet; I'll double it, if you will.

Sir Tan. With all my heart—Book it, *Spinner*.

[*Spinner writes.*]

Lord Rack. You'll certainly lose, *George*.

Daf. Impossible, my lord; *Sir Joslin* is damnably out of wind.

Lord Rack. What, asthmatic?

Daf. No, quite cur'd of his asthma—he dy'd yesterday morning—Bite.

Omnes. Bravo, *George*.

Lord Rack. Now you talk of dying—how does your cousin *Dizzy*?

Daf. Lingers on—better and worse—Lives upon asses milk, panada, and eringo root.

Lord Rack. You'll have a fine wind-fall there, *George*—a good two thousand a year.

Daf. 'Tis better, my lord; but I love *Dick* so well, and have had so many obligations to him—he sav'd my life once—that I cou'd wish him better health.

Sir Wil. Or in a better place—there's devilish fine timber in *Staunton* woods.

Sir Tan. Down with 'em, *Daffodil*.

Lord Rack. But let *Dizzy* drop first—a little blast will fell him.

Enter Dizzy.

Diz. Not so little as you may imagine, my lord—hugh, hugh—

[*Coughs.*]

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Daf. Angels and ministers! what cousin! we were got among your trees.

Diz. You are heartily welcome to any one of 'em, gentlemen, for a proper purpose—hugh, hugh.

Lord Racket. Well said, *Dick*: How quick his wit, and how youthful the rogue looks!

Daf. Bloomy and plump—the country air is a fine thing, my lord—

Diz. Well, well, be as jocular as you please; I am not so ill, as you may wish, or imagine;—I can walk to *Knightsbridge* in an hour, for an hundred pound.

Lord Rack. I bet you an hundred of that, *Dizzy*.

Daf. I'll lay you a hundred, *Dick*, that I drive a sow and pigs to your lodgings, before you can get there.

Diz. Done, I say; (*Draws his purse.*) Done—two hundred—done—three.

Lord Rack. I'll take *Dizzy*, against your sows and pigs,
Sir Wil. I take the field against *Dizzy*.

Lord Rack. Done.

Spin. Done.

Diz. Damn your sow and pigs; I am so sick with the thoughts of running with 'em, that I shall certainly faint—*Smells to a bottle*—hugh, hugh——

Daf. Cousin *Dizzy* can't bear the mention of pork—he hates it—I knew it would work. [*Aside to the rest.*]

Diz. I wish you had not mention'd it—I can't stay—Damn your sow and pigs—Here, waiter, call a chair—Damn your sow and pigs!—hugh, hugh. [*Exit Dizzy.*]

Daf. Poor *Dizzy*—what a passion he is in!—Ha, ha, ha.

Lord Rack. The woods are yours, *George*; you may whet the axe—*Dizzy* won't live a month.

Daf. Pooh, this is nothing—he was always weakly—

Sir Wil. 'Tis a family misfortune, *Daffodil*.

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Mr. *Dizzy*, gentlemen, dropp'd down at the stair foot, and the cook has carried him behind the bar.

Daf. Lay him upon a bed, and he'll come to himself. [*Exit Waiter.*]

Lord Rack. I'll bet fifty pound, that he don't live till morning.

Sir Wil. I'll lay six to four, he don't live a week.

Daf. I'll take your fifty pound.

Spin. I'll take your lordship again.

Lord Rack. Done, with you both.

Sir Tan. I'll take it again.

Lord Rack. Done, done, done;—but I bar all assistance to him—not a physician, or surgeon sent for—or I am off

Daf. No, no; we are upon honour—There shall be none, else it should be a bubble bet.—There shall be none.

Sir Wil. If I were my lord, now, the physicians should attend him.

Enter WAITER with a Letter.

Wait. A letter for his honour— [*Gives it to Daffodil.*

[*Daffodil reads it to himself.*

Sir Wil. *Daffodil*, remember the first of *April*—and let the women alone.

Daf. Upon my soul you have hit it—'tis a woman, faith—Something very particular, and if you are in spirits for a scheme—

L. Rack. Ay, ay; come, come; a scheme, a scheme!

Daf. There then, have among you.

[*Throws the letter upon the table.*

Lord Rack. [*Reads, all looking on.*] Hum—— If the liking your person be a sin, what woman is not guilty?

—hum hum—at the end of the *Bird-cage walk*—about seven—where the darkness and privacy will befriend my blushes; I will convince you, what trust I have in your secrecy and honour——Yours,

INCOGNITA.

Daf. Will you go?

Lord Rack. What do you propose.

Daf. To go——If after I have been with her half an hour, you'll come upon us—and have a blow up.

Sir Wil. There's a gallant for you!

Daf. Prithee, *Sir William*, be quiet—must a man be alone with every woman that invites him!

Sir Wil. No; but he should be honourable to 'em, *George*—and rather conceal a woman's weakness, than expose it—I hate this work—so, I'll go to the coffee-house.

[*Exit Sir William.*

Lord Rack. Let him go—don't mind him, *George*, he's married, and past fifty—this will be a fine frolic—devil-high——

Daf. Very!—Well, I'll go and prepare myself—put my furtout, and take my chair to *Buckingham-Gate*—I know the very spot.

Lord Rack. We'll come with flambeaux—you must be surpriz'd, and——

Daf. I know what to do—Here, waiter, waiter;

Enter WAITER.

Does cousin *Dizzy*?

Wait. Quite recover'd, Sir;—he is in the *Phenix*, with two ladies, and has order'd a boil'd chicken and jellies.

Lord Rack. There's a blood for you! without a drop in his veins.

Daf. Do you stay with him, then, till I have secur'd my lady; and in half an hour from this time come away, and bring *Dizzy* with you.

Lord Rack. If he'll leave the ladies—Don't the *Italian* marquis dine with us to-morrow?

Daf. Certainly.

Lord Rack. Well, do you mind your business—and I'll speak to the cook to shew his genius—allons!

[Exit Daffodil.

Lord Rack. *Tom*, bid the cook attend me to-morrow morning, on special affairs— [Exit Lord Racket, etc.

2d Wait. I shall, my lord.

1st Wait. I'll lay you, *Tom*, five six-pences to three, that my lord wins his bett with his honour *Daffodil*.

2d Wait. Done with you *Harry*.—I'll take your half crown to eighteen-pence— [Bell rings within.

1st Wait. Coming, Sir;—I'll make it shillings, *Tom*.

2d Wait. No, *Harry*, you've the best on't. (Bell rings.)
Coming, Sir. I'll take five shillings to two. (Bell rings.)
Coming, Sir.

1st Wait. Coming, Sir.—No, five to three.

2d Wait. Shillings?—Coming, Sir.

1st Wait. No—Sixpences—

2d Wait. Done—Sixpences. (Bell rings.) Here, Sir.

1st Wait. And done. (Bell rings.) Coming, Sir.

[Exeunt

Enter ARABELLA, Mrs. DAMPLY, Lady FAN
PEWIT, Mrs. DOTTEREL, TUKELY,
Womens Cloaths, and SOPHIA in Mens.

Ladies All. Ha, ha, ha.

Arab. What a figure! and what a scene!

Tuke. Dear ladies, be as merry with my figure you please—Yet you shall see, this figure, awkward

it is, shall be preferr'd in its turn, as well as you have been.

Soph. Why will you give yourself this unnecessary trouble, Mr. *Tukely*, to convince these ladies, who had rather still be deluded, and will hate your friendship for breaking the charm?

Arab. My dear cousin, tho' you are satisfied, these ladies are not; and if they have their particular reasons for their infidelity; pray let 'em enjoy it, 'till they have other proofs than your prejudices.

Soph. Ay, Bell, we have all our prejudices.

Tuke. What signifies reasoning, when we are going upon the experiment? Dispose of yourselves behind those trees, and I will repair to the place of appointment, and draw him hither; but you promise to contain yourselves, let what will happen. Hear, and see; but be silent.——

[*Exit Tukely.*]

Soph. A severe injunction, indeed, ladies—But I must to my post.

[*Exit Sophia.*]

Widow Damp. If he's a villian, I can never hold!

Lady Pew. I shall tear his eyes out.

Mrs. Dot. For my part, if I was unmarried, I should not think him worth my anger.

Arab. But as you are, madam——

Mrs. Dot. I understand your insinuations, miss *Bell*; but my character and conduct need no justification.

Arab. I beg pardon, madam; I intended no offence. —But hast to your posts, ladies; the enemy's at hand,

[*They retire behind the trees.*]

Enter TUKELY and DAFFODIL.

Tuke. [*In a woman's voice.*] For heaven's sake, let us be cautious—I am sure I heard a noise.

Daf. 'Twas nothing but your fear, my angel!—don't be alarm'd—There can be no danger: while we have love and darkness to befriend us.

Tuke. Bless me, how my heart beats!

Daf. Poor soul! what a fright it is in!—You must not give way to these alarms—Were you as well convinc'd of my honour, as I am of your charms, you wou'd have nothing to fear——

[*Squeezes her hand.*]

Arab. Upon my word!——

[*Aside.*]

Widow Damp. So, so, so.

Tuke. Hold, Sir, you must take no liberties—But, if you have the least feeling for an unhappy woman, urg'd by her passion to this imprudent step, assist me—forgive me—let me go.

Daf. Can you doubt my honour? can you doubt my love? what assurance can I give you to abate your fears?

Mrs Dot. Very slender ones, I can assure her. (*Aside.*)

Tuke. I deserve to suffer all I feel—For what, but the most blinded passion, cou'd induce me to declare myself to one, whose amours and infidelities are the common topic of conversation.

Daf. Flattering creature! (*Aside.*)—May I never know your dear name, see your charming face, touch your soft hand, or hear your sweet voice, if I am not more sincere in my affection for this little finger, than for all the sex besides.

[*The ladies seem astonish'd.*]

Tuke. Except the widow *Damply*.

Daf. She!—Do you know her, madam?

Tuke. I have not that honour—

Daf. I thought so—Did you never see her, madam, nodding and gogling in her old-fashion'd heavy chariot, drawn by a pair of lean hackney horses, with a fat blackamoer footman behind, in a scanty-livery, red greasy stockings, and a dirty turban?

[*The widow seems disorder'd.*]

Tuk. All which may be only a foil to her beauty. [*Sighs.*]

Daf. Beauty! don't sigh, madam; she is past forty, wears a wig, and has lost two or three fore teeth—And then, she has so long a beard upon her upper lip, and takes so much *Spanish* snuff, that she looks for all the world, like the *Great Mogul* in petticoats, ha, ha.

Wid. Damp. What falsehood and ingratitude! [*Aside.*]

Tuke. Cou'd I descend to the slander of the town, there is a married lady—

Daf. Poor Mrs. *Dotterel*, you mean—

Mrs. Dot. Why am I to be mentioned!—I have nothing to do.

Widow Damp. Nay, nay! you must have your share of the panegyric.

Tuke. She is young, and has wit.

Daf. She's an idiot, madam; and as fools are gen

rally loving, she has forgot all her obligations to old Mr. *Dotterel*, who married her without a petticoat; and now seizes upon every young fellow she can lay her hands upon; she has spoil'd me three suits of cloaths, with tearing the flaps and sleeves.—Ha, ha, ha,

Mrs. Dot. Monster of iniquity!——

Daf. She has even storm'd me in my own house; but with all my faults, madam, you'll never find me over-fond of age, or ignorance.

Widow Damp. I cou'd tear him to pieces.——

Mrs. Dot. I will tear him to pieces.

Arab. Be quiet—and we'll all tear him to pieces.

Tuke. He has swallow'd the hook, and can't escape,

[*Aside.*

Daf. What do you say, madam?

Tuke. I am only sighing, Sir.

Daf. Fond creature! (*Aside.*) I know there are a thousand stories about me: you have heard too of lady *Fanny Prewit*, I suppose? don't be alarm'd.

Tuk. I can't help it, Sir. She is a fine woman, and a woman of quality.

Daf. A fine woman, perhaps, for a woman of quality—but she is an absolute old maid, madam, almost as thick as she is long—middle-aged, homely and wanton! that's her character.

L. Pew. Then there is no sincerity in man. [*Going.*

Arab. Positively, you shan't stir.

Daf. Upon my soul, I pity the poor creature!——
 She is now upon her last legs.——If she does not run away with some foolish gentleman this winter—she'll run into the country, and marry her footman.—Ha, ha,

Lady Pew. My footman shall break his bones, I can tell him that.

Daf. Hush, madam! I protest, I thought I heard a voice—I wonder they don't come. [*Aside.*

Tuk. 'Twas only I, Mr. *Daffodil*—I was murmuring to you. [*Sighs.*

Daf. Pretty murmurer!—Egad, if they don't come soon, the lady will grow fond. [*Aside.*

Tuk. But among your conquests, Mr. *Daffodil*, you get miss *Sophy Sprightly*.

Daf. And her cousin *Arabella*—I was coming to 'em; poor, silly, good-natur'd, loving fools;—I made my addresses to one thro' pique, and the other for pity—That was all.

Tuk. O, that I could believe you!

Daf. Don't be uneasy, I'll tell you how it was, madam—You must know, there is a silly, self-sufficient fellow, one *Tukely*.—

Tuk. So, so, (*Aside.*) I know him a little.

Daf. I am sorry for it—The less you know of him the better; the fellow pretended to look fierce at me, for which I resolv'd to have his mistress: so I threw in my line, and without much trouble hook'd her. Her poor cousin too nibbled at the bait, and was caught.—So I have had my revenge upon *Tukely*, and now I shall willingly resign poor *Sophy*, and throw him in her cousin, for a make-weight.—Ha, ha, ha!

Lady Pew. This is some comfort at least.

Arab. Your ladyship is better than you was.

[*Noise without.*]

Tuk. I vow I hear a noise.—What shall we do? It comes this way.

Daf. They can't see us, my dear.—I wish my friends would come. (*Aside.*) Don't whisper or breathe.

Enter SOPHIA, in a Surtout, and slouch'd Hat.

Soph. If I cou'd but catch her at her pranks—she certainly must be this way—for the chair is waiting at the end of *Rosamond's* pond—I have thrown one of her chairmen into it—and if I cou'd but catch her—

Tuk. O, Sir! my passion has undone me—I am discover'd; it is my husband, Sir *George*, and he is looking for me—

Daf. The devil it is! why then, madam, the best way will be for you to go to him—and let me sneak off the other way.

Tuk. Go to him, Sir! what can I say to him?

Daf. Any thing, madam—say you had the vapours and wanted air.

Tuk. Lord, Sir!—he is the most passionate of mortals; and I am afraid is in liquor too—and then he mad.

Soph. If I cou'd but catch her— [Looking about]

Daf. For your sake, madam, I'll make the best of my way home—— [Going.]

Tuke. What! wou'd you leave me to the fury of an enrag'd husband? is that your affection? [Holds him.]

Soph. If I cou'd but catch her—ha? what's that? I saw something move in the dark—the point of my sword shall tickle it out, whatever it is. [Draws, and goes towards 'em.]

Tuk. For heaven's sake draw, and fight him, while I make my escape.

Daf. Fight him!—'twou'd be cowardly to fight in the dark, and with a drunken man——I'll call the sentry.

Tuk. And expose us to the world?

Daf. I wou'd to heav'n we were (*Afide.*)—(*He comes forward.*) Let me go, madam, you pinch me to the bone.

Tuk. He won't know us——I have my masque on.

Lad. Ha! ha! ha!

Soph. What, is the devil and his imps playing at blind-man's buff?—Ay, ay, here he is, indeed—Satan himself, dress'd like a fine gentleman——Come, come, Mr. Devil, out with your pitch-fork, and let us take a thrust or two.

Daf. You mistake me, Sir, I am not the person—indeed I am not——I know nothing of your wife, Sir George—and if you know how little I care for the whole sex, you wou'd not be so furious with an innocent man.

Soph. Who are you then?—and what are you doing with that blackamoor lad there—dancing a saraband with a pair of castanets? Speak, Sir!

Daf. Pray forbear, Sir, here's company coming that will satisfy you in every thing—Hallo, hallo—Here, here, here; (*Hallo's faintly*) my lord, my lord,—*Spinner, Dizzy*—Hallo!

Enter Lord RACKET, Sir TAN-TIVY, SPINNER, and DIZZY, with Torches.

Lord Rack. What's the matter here?—who calls for help?

Daf. (*Running to 'em with his sword drawn.*) O, my friends, I have been wishing for you this half hour. I have been set upon by a dozen fellows——They have all made their escape, but this—My arm is quite dead—I

have been at cart and tierce with 'em all, for near a quarter of an hour.

Soph. In buckram, my lord! — He was got with my property here, and I wou'd have chastis'd him for it, if your coming had not prevented it.

Daf. Let us throw the rascal into *Rosalmond's* pond.

Lord Rack. Come Sir, can you swim!

[*All going up.* *Tukely* snatches *SOPHIA's* Sword and she runs behind him.

Tuk. I'll defend you, my dear — What, wou'd you murder a man, and lie with his wife too? — Oh! you are a wicked gentleman, Mr. *Daffodil*. [*Attacks Daffodil.*

Daf. Why, the devil's in the woman, I think.

[*All the ladies advance from behind.*

Lad. Ha, ha, you! your humble servant, Mr. *Daffodil*, ha, ha, ha.

[*Curtseying.*

Daf. This is all enchantment!

Lady Pew. No, Sir, the enchantment is broke — and the old maid, Sir, homely and wanton, before she retires into the country, has the satisfaction of knowing that the agreeable Mr. *Daffodil* is a much more contemptible mortal, than the footman which his goodness has been pleas'd to marry her to.

Lad. Ha, ha, ha.

Widow Damp. Wou'd Mr. *Daffodil* please to take a pinch of *Spanish* snuff out of the *Great Mogul's* box? 'Tis the best thing in the world for low spirits.

[*Offers her box.*

Lad. Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Dot. If a fool may not be permitted to speak, *Daffodil*, let her at least be permitted to laugh at so fine a gentleman — Ha, ha, ha.

Arab. Were you as sensible of shame, as you are of fear, the sight of me, whom you lov'd for pity, wou'd be revenge sufficient — But I can forgive your baseness to me, much easier than I can myself, for my behaviour to this happy couple.

Daf. Who the devil are they?

Arab. The ladies, marquiss and marchioness of *Mataroni*, ha, ha.

Soph. Ha, Mio Carrissimo amico, il Signior *Daffodillo*!

Daf. How! *Tukely* and *Sophia*! — If I don't wake soon, I shall wish never to wake again.

Soph. Who bids fairest for *Rosamond's* pond?

Lord Rack. What, in the name of wonder, is all this business? I don't understand it.

Diz. Nor I neither; but 'tis very drole, faith.

Tuke. The mystery will clear in a moment.

Daf. Don't give yourself any trouble, Mr. *Tukely*. Things are pretty clear as they are—The night's cool, and my cousin *Dizzy*, here, is an invalid—If you please, another time, when there is less company, (*Ladies laugh.*)—The ladies are pleas'd to be merry, and you are pleas'd to be a little angry; and so, for the sake of tranquillity—I'll go to the opera. [Daffodil, sneaking out by degrees.

Lord Rack. This is a fine blow-up, indeed! ladies, your humble servant—Hallo! *Daffodil.* [*Exit* Lord Racket.

Diz. I'll lay you a hundred, that my cousin never intrigues again—*George! George!* Don't run—hugh, hugh—
[*Exit* *Dizzy*.

Tuke. As my satisfaction is compleat, I have none to ask of Mr. *Daffodil*. I forgive his behaviour to me, as it has hasten'd and confirm'd my happiness here; (*To Sophia.*)—But as a friend to you, ladies, I shall insist upon his making you ample satisfaction—However, this benefit will arise, that you will hereafter equally detest and shun these destroyers of your reputation—

In You coquetry is a loss of fame;

But in Our sex, 'twas that detested name,

That marks the want of manhood, virtue, sense, and shame. }

THE MARRIAGE

Lord Rock. What is the name of your husband?
Mrs. Rock. I don't understand it.

Lord Rock. I don't understand it.
Mrs. Rock. I don't understand it.

Lord Rock. I don't understand it.
Mrs. Rock. I don't understand it.

Lord Rock. I don't understand it.
Mrs. Rock. I don't understand it.

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Mrs. Rock. I don't understand it.

To the H A D R



The PERSONS
T U P I L L

A Mils FORT

Dramatic Entertainment.



The P E R S O N S.

Lord FLIMNAP,

BOLGOLAM,

FRIPPEREL,

LALCON, —

GULLIVER,

A number of Lillipu-
tian Citizens, *etc.*

Lady FLIMNAP, —

TOADEL,

Master CAUTHERLY.

Master SIMPSON.

Master LARGEAU.

Miss POPE.

Master BRANSBY.

Messrs. POPE, HURST,
MARTIN, *etc.*

Miss SIMPSON.

Miss MATHEWS.

STRAND, Dec. 11, 1756.

To the R E A D E R.

THE following letter came to my hands on Friday. I hope the author will excuse my printing it, as it will be impossible for me to read it to every person who has made, or shall make, objections to his performance.

I am, the READER'S

Most obedient Servant,

PAUL VAILLANT.

R——, Dec. 8, 1756.

To Mr. VAILLANT.

SIR,

Thank you for your letter and criticisms, which, by some mistake, I did not receive till this morning. I am surprized that you should seem uneasy at the objections which are made to *Lilliput*; for, be assured, if it is worth mending, it will be worth buying; and then it will, at last, answer Your end—However, since the critics, as you call 'em, will nibble at my dramatic morsel, I shall, like my brother *Bayes*, throw a crust among 'em, that will stick to their gums a little, I'll warrant ye—They are angry, you say, that I make *Fripperel* talk of firing a broadside; when it may be seen in *GULLIVER'S Travels*, that the people of *Lilliput* had not the use of gun-powder. In answer to which, I shall quote a passage from a *Lilliputian* manuscript, which was brought over by *GULLIVER*, and shewn to me by the gentleman to whom he left all

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his curiosities—The passage is this—*Udel mis Aleph pendden tapadel quif menef duren*—This, I think, will satisfy you, Mr. *Vaillant*, and stop the mouth of the most voracious critic of them all—They likewise complain, with some warmth, that in the magnificent entry of *Gulliver* into the capital, there is but one lady of quality, (*lady Flimnap*) and her retinue, in the procession.—This objection, I must confess, has weight with it, and is a great oversight; not of the author, but of the manager; for, in a letter to him, a copy of which I can produce, I gave him my full and free permission to make as many ladies of quality for the purpose, as he should think proper.

Many, you tell me, think the performance too *satirical* upon the ladies—of *Lilliput*, I hope they mean—for I defy any of the objectors to produce me a woman of fashion of their acquaintance, who has any follies in common with those in the following piece; the ingredients that compose the ladies of the two nations are as different (I speak it with great deference to Mr. *Walter Baker*) as those which are to be found in the powders of Dr. *Jame* and those of the late barron *Schwanberg*—But their capital objection is, that I have deviated from *Gulliver's* true history, in order to defame a woman of the first quality whose innocence has been so justly celebrated by captain *Lemuel* himself.

Mr. *Jacob Wilkinfon*, an old gentleman, who was formerly a heberdasher at *Redriff*, and an intimate of *Gulliver's*, has frequently related to me many anecdotes of his friend—and particularly last Summer, at our *Saturday* evening club, when we had sat pretty late, and all company had left us but Mr. *R*—, the attorney; the Mr. *P*—, Mr. Justice *D*—, and myself, he told us the following curious circumstance.

My good friend the captain (said he, with some emotion) protested to me, upon his death-bed, that tho' he was a great traveller, and a writer of travels, he never published but one falsehood, and that was about the lady *Flimnap*. He acknowledged, that notwithstanding his endeavours to justify her innocence in this book, she had confessed a passion for him, and had proposed to marry with him, and fly to *England*; and as he thought knowledge of this fact, which lay heavy upon his conscience, could not, after so long a time, fully the ho

of the *Flinnap*-family, he begg'd of me to publish it to the world—I have obeyed my friend's commands in part—I have told it in conversation to a multitude of people; but I think it also incombent upon me to print it—Pray give me your opinion, gentlemen, in what manner shall I usher it into the world?

The *Clergyman* said, it was a pity the captain had not left a sum of money for a funeral Sermon, as the story might very aptly have been introduced in it among the rest of his virtues, and given the sermon a great sale.

The *Justice* imagined, that it might more properly be introduced in a charge to the grand jury, as it was a strong instance of the force of truth, in contra-distinction to the present loose morals of the age.

My friend the *Attorney* advised the printing a narrative, and immediately prosecuting the publisher—That then they might proceed to trial, which being a rich one, would make a great noise, and the printing of it would quickly disperse the story throughout the three kingdoms.—When my opinion was asked, I complimented my three neighbours upon their great sagacity, and beg'd leave to give them a maxim of *Horace*;

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,

Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus,

And therefor I propos'd throwing the story into a little *Drama*; which might, if properly spirited, have some success from its novelty.—And, upon intimating that the Play-houses are generally as much crouded as the courts of justice, the quarter sessions, or indeed the churches—They approved of my plan, laughed heartily at the conceit, and Mr. *Wilkinson* intreated me to undertake it.

Thus, Sir, have I given you the history of my performance: what the merit of it is, will be best known to the spectators. However, if it is the means of helping so many poor children (as you tell me are employed in the piece) to some mince-pies this *Christmas*, though your printed copies of it should be found at the bottom of 'em, I shall not think that I have spent some leisure hours unprofitably. I am,

S I R,

Your sincere friend and Servant,

W. C.

P R O L O G U E.

*BEHOLD a conjurer—that's something new,—
 For as times go—my brethren are but few.
 I'm come with magic ring, and taper wand,
 To waſt you far from this your native land.
 Ladies, don't fear—my coach is large and eaſy,
 I know your humours, and will drive to pleaſe ye;
 Gently you'll ride, as in a fairy dream,
 Your hoops unſqueez'd, and not a beau ſhall ſcream.
 What ſtill diſorder'd!—well,—I know your fright—
 You ſhall be back in time for cards to-night;
 Swift as queen Mab within her hiazle nut,
 I'll ſet you ſafely down at Lilliput.
 Away we go—Ge' up—Ladies, keep your places,
 And gentlemen, for ſhame, don't ſcrew your faces.
 Softly my imps and fiends—you critics there
 Pray you ſit ſtill—or I can never ſteer,
 My dev'ls, are not the dev'ls you need to fear.
 Hold faſt my friends above—for ſaith we ſpin it:
 My uſual rate's a thouſand miles a minute.
 A ſtateſman, now, could tell how high we ſoar—
 Stateſmen have been theſe airy jaunts before.
 I ſee the land—the folks—what limbs! what features!
 There's lords and ladies too—the pretty creatures!*

*Now to your ſight theſe puppets I'll produce,
 Which may, if rightly heeded, turn to uſe:
 Puppets not made of wood, and play'd with wires,
 But fleſh and blood, and full of ſtrange deſires.
 So ſtrange—you'll ſcarce believe me ſhould I tell—
 For giant vices may in pigmies dwell.
 Beware you lay not to the conjurer's charge,
 That theſe in miniature, are you in large:
 To You theſe little folks have no relation,
 As diff'rent in their manners, as their nation.
 To ſhew your pranks requires no conjuration.
 Open your eyes and ears—your mouths be ſhut,
 England is vaniſh'd—(waves his wand)—Enter Lilliput.
 (Strikes the curtain and ſinks.)*

E P I L O G U E.

*WELL now! could you, who are of larger size,
Bid to a bolder height your passions rise?
Was it not great?—A lady of my span
To undertake this monstrous mountain man?*

*The prudes I know will censure, and cry, fie on't!
Prepos't'rous sure!—A pigmy love a giant?
Yet soft—no disproportion love can know;
It finds us equal, or it makes it so——
And to the sex, though pow'r, nor strength belong,
We yet have beauty, to subdue the strong.*

*But what strange notions govern vulgar life!
The brute has qualms about an absent wife.
Were he at home, his dear might cut and carve,
But, if she can't partake, must others starve?
A thift like this he can't a rob'ry call;
• Let her not know it, she's not robb'd at all.*

*Well, if so cold these English heroes prove,
Such squeamish creatures ne'er will gain my love.
Huge stupid things! not worth the pains to win 'em;
These giant bodied have no spirit in 'em:
Mere dunghil fowl! unwieldy, dull, and tame;
The sprightly Bantams are the truest game.*

*In war, perhaps, these lubbers may have merit;
But to please us they must have fire and spirit:
For, let the giants say whate'er they can,
'Tis spirit! spirit! Ladies, makes the man.*

L I L L I P U T*.

S C E N E I.

Lord FLIMNAP's Apartment.

Enter FLIMNAP.

THIS marriage is the devil—I have sold my liberty, ease and pleasure; and in exchange have got a wife, a very wife!—Ambition began my misery, and matrimony has completed it—But have not other men of quality wives, nay, fashionable wives, and yet are happy?—Then why am not I?—Because I am a fool, a singular fool, who am troubled with vulgar feelings, and awkward delicacies, though I was born a nobleman, know the world, and keep the best company.

Enter BOLGOLAM.

Bol. What, in the dumps, brother *Flimnap*?

Flim. Aye, brother, deeply so.

Bol. Why, what's the matter?

Flim. I am married.

Bol. And to my sister—If she wrongs you, I'll do you justice; and if you wrong her, I'll cut your throat—that's all.

Flim. My dear admiral, I know your friendship, and your honour, and can trust both; I have sent for you and your brother *Fripperel*, as my wife's nearest relations, to open my heart to you, and to beg your advice and assistance.

Bol. He advice you! what can he advice you about he was bred to nothing but to pick his teeth, and dangle after a court; so, unless you have a coat to lace a feather to choose, or a monkey to buy, *Fripperel* can't assist you.

Flim. But he is the brother of my wife, admiral.

* This piece was acted all by children.

Bol. So much the worse for her and you too, perhaps—If she has listened to him, I shan't be surprized that you have a bad time of it: such fellows as he, who call themselves fine gentlemen, forsooth, corrupt the morals of a whole nation.

Flim. Indeed, admiral, you are too severe.

Bol. Indeed, my lord Flimnap, I speak the truth—Time was when we had as little vice here in Lilliput as any where; but since we imported politeness and fashions from Blefuscu, we have thought of nothing but being fine gentlemen; and a fine gentleman in my dictionary, stands for nothing but impertinence and affectation, without any one virtue, sincerity, or real civility.

Flim. But, dear brother, contain yourself.

Bol. 'Zounds! I can't—We shall be undone by our politeness—Those cursed Blefuscuans have been polishing us to destroy us.—While we kept our own rough manners, we were more than a match for 'em; but since they have made us fine gentlemen—we don't fight the better for't, I can assure you.

Enter FRIPPEREL.

Frip. What, is my dear brother and magnanimous admiral firing a broadside against those wretches who wear clean shirts and wash their faces? eh!

Bol. I wou'd always fire upon those, good brother, who dare not *show* their faces, when their king and country wan't 'em.

Flim. My dear brothers, let us not wander from the subject of our meeting—I have sent to you for your advice and assistance in an affair that nearly concerns me as a man, a nobleman, and the father of a family.

Frip. What can possibly, my dear lord, disturb your tranquility, while you have fortune to purchase pleasures, and health to enjoy 'em?

Bol. Well said, Fripperel—There spoke the genius of a fine gentleman—Give him but dainties to tickle his palate, women to flatter his vanity, and money to keep the dice agoing, and you may purchase his soul, and have his honour and virtue thrown in to the bargain.

Frip. Well said, admiral; I would as soon undertake to steer thy ship, as teach thee manners,

Bol. And I would sooner sink my ship, than suffer such fellows as thee to come on board her.

Flim. I find, gentlemen, you had rather indulge your own spleen, than assist your friend.

Bol. I have done.

Frip. Come, tome, let us hear your grievances.

Flim. Your sister has dishonour'd me.

Bol. I'll cut her to pieces.

Frim. She is a fine woman, and a woman of quality, and therefor ought not to be cut to pieces for trifles.

Bol. Thou art a fine gentleman, and ought to be hang'd: but what has she done?

Flim. Hurt me, injur'd me, beyond reparation.

Bol. The devil!—what——

Flim. I am ashamed to tell you.

Bol. Out with it.

Flim. Fall'n in love with a monster.

Bol. A monster!—land or sea monster?

Flim. The new prodigy—this *Quinbus Flestrin*—The man-mountain—Gulliver—the *English* giant.

Frip. Ha! ha! what, and are you afraid, brother, he should swallow her? for you cannot possibly be afraid of any thing else.

Bol. I don't know what to think of this—In love with a monster! my sister has a great soul, to be sure—But all the women in Lilliput are in love with him, I think—The devil is in 'em—And now they have seen the *English* giant, they'll turn up their noses at such a lusty fellow as I am—But how do you know this? have you intercepted her love-letters?

Frip. Or have you ever caught her in his sleeve, or coat pocket? or has she been lock'd up in his snuff-box?—Ha! ha! ha!

Flim. I cannot bear to jest, when the honour of myself and family is at stake—I have witnesses that she visits him every day, and allows, and takes great familiarities.

Frip. She's a woman of quality you know—and therefor I cannot possibly agree to abridge my sister of her natural rights and privileges.

Bol. What! is cuckolding her husband a natural right?

Frip. Lord, brother, how coarsely you talk—Besides,

you know it can't be, it can't be; for did not Gulliver tell us, when we talk'd to him about the customs of his country, that it was a maxim with the *English*, never to lie with another man's wife.

Bol. No matter for that—Though he's a monster among us, he may be as fine a gentleman as you are in his own country; and then I wou'd not take his word for a farthing.

Frip. Brother, I have no time to quarrel with you now; for Gulliver, you know, is to make his entrance immediately he is to be created a *Nardac* of this kingdom, and we have all orders from the king to assist at the ceremony.—So, brother Flimnap, better spirits to you; and better manners to you, my dear bully broadside. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit.*]

Bol. A pretty counsellor, truly, to consult with in cases of honour.—What is the meaning of bringing this man-mountain into the metropolis, and setting him at liberty?—zounds, if the whim should take him to be frolicsome, he'd make as much mischief in the city, as a monkey among China.

Flim. He has sign'd the treaty of alliance with us, and is brought here to receive honours, and be ready to assist us.

Bol. I wish he was out of the kingdom; for should he prove an ungrateful monster, like some other of our allies, and join our enemies, we shall consume our meat, and drain our drink to a fine purpose!

Flim. 'Tis my interest in particular to get him hence, if I can; and therefor I will join you most cordially, in any scheme to send him out of the kingdom.

Bol. We'll think of it—(*Trumpets sound.*) What's that noise for?

Flim. To call the guards together, to attend the procession: I will put on my robes, and call upon you to attend the ceremony.

Bol. I'll wait for you—(*going.*)—But do you hear, brother, talk to your wife roundly; don't fight her at a distance, but grapple with her; and if she won't strike, sink her.

[*Exit Bolgolam.*]

Flim. Grapple with her, if she won't strike, sink her!—'Tis easily said, but not so easily done—These batche-

lors are always great heroes 'till they marry—and then—they meet with their match—Let me see—why shou'd I disturb myself about my lady's conduct, when I have not the least regard for my lady herself?—However, by discovering her indiscretions, I shall have an excuse for mine; and people of quality shou'd purchase their ease at any rate.

*Let jealousy torment the lower life,
Where the fond husband loves the sonder wife:
Ladies and lords should their affections smother,
Be always easy, and despise each other:
With us no vulgar passions should abide;
For none become a nobleman but—Pride.* [Exit.

Enter Lady FLIMNAP and FRIPPEREL, (peeping and laughing.)

L. Flim. Come, brother, the owls are flown. Ha! ha! ha! This is the most lucky accident!—but how came the letter into your hands?

Frip. The moment I left your poor husband, and my wife brother, consulting how to punish you for your unnatural love of this Gulliver——

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Frip. And was hast'ning to the place, to prepare for the procession, an elderly lady (who tho' past love-matters herself, seemed willing to forward 'em) pulls me gently by the sleeve, and with an insinuating curtsy, and an eye that spoke as wantonly as it cou'd, whispered me—My lord—my lord Flimnap—I am commissioned to deliver this into your hands, and hope to have the honour of being better known to you——then curtesying again, mumbled something, look'd roguishly, and left me.

L. Flim. Ha! ha! ha! I am glad I have caught at last my most virtuous lord and master——O these modest men—they are very devils—however I can ballance accounts with him—but pray read the billet-doux to me. I am impatient to hear what his slut says.

Frip. 'Tis a most exquisite composition, and a discharge in full to you for all kinds of inclinations that you may have now, or conceive hereafter either for man or monster. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Flim. Thou art the best of brothers, positively.

Frip. There's a bob for your ladyship too, I can tell you that.

L. Flim. O! pray let me have it.

Frip. reads on. *Why did not I see my dearest lord Flimnap last night? did public affairs, or your lady, keep you from my wishes?*

L. Flim. Not his lady, I can assure her. Ha! ha!

Frip. reads on. *Time was when affairs of state could be postpon'd for my company.*——

L. Flim. Cou'd they so? then the nation had a fine time of it!

Frip. reads on. *And if you sacrific'd the last night to your lady, which by all the bonds of love shou'd have been mine, you injur'd both of us; for I was pining for you, while she was wishing herself with her adorable Man-Mountain—let me conjure you to leave her to her giants, and fly this evening to the arms of your ever tender languishing*

MORETTA.

L. Flim. Upon my word, the languishing *Moretta* makes very free with me—but this is a precious letter, and will settle all our family-quarrels for the future.

Frip. But come, let us to a little consultation of mischief—shall we send for the admiral and shew it him?—We shall have fine bouncing.——

L. Flim. No, no, let us make the most of it—I'll fit him for calling in relations to assist him——If this hubbub is to be made every time I follow my inclinations, one might as well have married a tradesman as a man of quality.

Frip. I wonder that he does not insist upon your looking after his family, and paying his bills.——

L. Flim. And taking care of my children. Ha! ha! ha! poor wretch.

Frip. Poor devil! but what shall we do with the letter?

L. Flim. Send it directly to my good lord—but first copy it, lest he should forswear it at the proper time.

Frip. Or suppose, when at our next consultation upon your indiscretions, that we send the letter to him before us all, to see how he will behave upon it—let me alone for that.

L. Flim. Thou genius of mischief, and best of brothers!

what can I do to thank you for your goodness to your poor Sissy?

Frip. I'll tell you what you shall do—Confess to me sincerely whether you really like this Gulliver.

L. Flim. Why then sincerely, I do think him a prodigious fine animal—And when he is dress'd in his *Nardac's* robes, I am sure there will not be a female heart, but will pit-a-pat as he passes by.

Frip. Egad, he ought to make a fine figure I'm sure; for a hundred and fifty taylors have been working night and day these six week to adorn this pretty creature of yours—But, my dear sister, do you like him as a fine man, or a fine monster.

L. Flim. Partly one, partly t'other.

Frip. Well, you have certainly a great soul, sister.—I don't quite understand your taste; but so much the better, for I would have a woman of quality always a little incomprehensible.

Frip. For heaven's sake, let us make haste to join the ceremony; and be sure, brother, to prevent all conspiracies against my dear Gulliver—great men will always be envied—What an honour will he be to Lilliput!—had we but a few more such lords, how happy it would be for the nation, as well as the ladies!

Frip. You are certainly mad.

L. Flim. Or I should not be thy sister.

Frip. Farewell, giddy-head.

L. Flim. Brother, I am yours. [Exeunt severally.

Enter a Mob of LILLIPUTIANS, buzzaing.

1st Mob. What is the man-mountain to be made a lord?

2d Mob. To be sure, neighbour, he is.

1st Mob. I suppose he is to be made a lord, because he is of so much *service* to the nation.

2d Mob. We shall pay dear for it tho'! for he eats more, and drinks more at a male, than would serve my wife and nine children for a month — I wish his lordship was out of the kingdom, for he'll certainly make free with us, should there be a scarcity of beef and mutton.

3d Mob. What contryman is this Gulliver, pray?

1st Mob. Why, they say he comes from a strange country! the women there are very near as tall as the men,

aye, and as bold too, and the children are as big as we are—All the people, they say, are brave, free, and happy; and for fear of being too happy, they are always quarrelling one among another.

2d *Mob.* Quarrel! what do they quarrel for?

1st *Mob.* Because they are brave and free; and if you are brave and free, why you may quarrel whenever, or with whom ever you please.

1d *Mob.* What! have they no laws to keep them quiet?

1st *Mob.* Laws! ay, laws enough; but they never mind laws, if they are brave and free.

2d *Mob.* La! what a slaughter an army of such men-mountains wou'd make?

1st *Mob.* And so they wou'd, whilst they are brave and free, to be sure, or else they run away as well as lesser people. (*Trumpets sound.*) Hark! Neighbours, they are coming; now for a fight you never saw before, nor mayhap will ever see again.

SCENE, *changes to* MILDENDO, *the Capital* *City of* LILLIPUT;

Then follows

The P R O C E S S I O N.

SCENE, GULLIVER'S ROOM.

Lalcon, the Keeper, speaks without,

Clear the way there for the Nardac Gulliver.

Enter LALCON and GULLIVER.

LALCON.

P L E A S E your lordship to stoop a little—Most noble and tremendous Nardac, behold the place allotted by his majesty for thy residence—It has employed all the workmen belonging to the public works, these three months; and the bed here is the joint labours of all the upholsterers in this great metropolis.

Vol. I.

R

Gul. I am bound to his majesty, for the honours he has done me; and to you, Sir, for your friendship and attention to me.

Lal. When your lordship pleases to take the air, you will find a large back door in your bed-chamber, thro' which your lordship may creep into the palace gardens. I shall now leave you to repose after your fatigue—should any company desire to see your lordship, may they be permitted to enter?

Gul. Without doubt, Sir—But intreat 'em, if I should be asleep, not to run over my face, nor put their lances into my nose, or shoot their arrows into my eyes; for since the last time they did me that honour, I have been much afflicted with a violent sneezing and head-ach.

Lal. It wou'd be death to disturb you now—by our laws nobody can make free with a lord, but your lordship may make free with any body.

Gul. I shall not exert my privileges.

Lal. Will your lordship be pleased to lie down as gently, and to turn in your bed as easily as possible, lest the moving of your lordship's body shou'd bring the palace about your ears.

Gul. I thank you, Sir, for your caution—I am a little dry with my fatigue to-day, shall beg something to moisten my mouth.

Lal. I shall order a hog'shead of wine, to quench your lordship's thirst, immediately. [Exit.]

Gul. Notwithstanding the figure I make here, the honour I have received, and the greater things intended me, I grow sick of my situation—I shall either starve or be sacrificed to the envy and malice of my brother peers—They'll never forgive the service I have done their country—I wish myself at home again, and plain Gulliver—Every thing is in miniature here but vice and that is so disproportioned, that I'll match our little rakes at Lilliput, with any of our finest gentlemen in England.

Enter LALCON.

Lal. A hundred and fifty taylors are without pay their duty to your lordship, and have brought the bills—

Gul. Their bills!—they are very pressing sure—

Lal. They have done nothing but work at your lordship's robes these six weeks—and therefore hope your indulgence, for the sake of their wives and families.

Gul. I am so much fatigu'd, that I must desire 'em to give me till to-morrow, and assure them, that notwithstanding my titles and privileges, I shall give 'em very little trouble.

[*Exit Lalcon.*]

My greatness begins to be troublesome to me.

Enter LALCON.

Lal. Two ladies of the court to wait on your lordship.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lady FLIMNAP and TOADEL.

Gul. Lady Flimnap again! what can this mean?

Toad. Wou'd your ladyship have me retire?

L. Flim. Out of hearing only—should you leave us quite to ourselves, people might be censorious.

Toad. I will walk into that gallery, and amuse myself with the pictures.

L. Flim. Do so, Toadel, but be within call.

Toad. Upon my word, the monster is a noble creature!

[*Exit.*]

L. Flim. I cou'd not defer any longer wishing you joy of the honours which you have deservedly received this day—I take a particular interest in your welfare, I assure you.

Gul. And I a particular pride in your ladyship's good opinion.

L. Flim. I hope you don't think me imprudent, in thus laying aside the formality of my sex, to make you thus frequent visits—Do the ladies of your country ever take these liberties?

Gul. O! yes, madam; our *English* ladies are allowed some liberties, and take a great many more.

L. Flim. What, the married ladies?

Gul. Our married ladies, indeed, are so much employ'd with the care of their children, and attention to their families, that they would take no liberties at all, did not their husbands oblige 'em to play at cards now and then, lest their great attachment to domestic affairs should throw 'em into fits of the vapours.

L. Flim. Bless me! how different people are in differ-

ent nations! I must confess to your lordship, tho' I have some children, I have not seen one of them these six months; and tho' I am married to one of the greatest men in the kingdom, and, as they say, one of the handsomest, yet I don't imagine that I shall ever throw myself into a fit of sickness, 'by too severe an attention to him or his family.

Gul. What a profligate morsel of nobility this is!—
(*Aside.*) I must own your ladyship surprizes me greatly for in *England* I have been so used to see the ladies employ'd in matters of affection and oeconomy; that I cannot conceive, without these, how you can possibly pass your time, or amuse yourself.

L. Flim. What! are not tormenting one's husband, and running him in debt, tolerable amusements!—It is below a woman of quality to have either affection or oeconomy; the first is vulgar, and the last is mechanic—And yet had I been an *English* lady, perhaps I might have seen an object that might have raised my affection, and even persuaded me to live at home.

[*Looking at him and sighing.*]

Gul. In the name of queen *Mab*, what is coming now! Sure I have not made a conquest of this fairy! [*Aside.*]

L. Flim. What a prodigious fine hand your lordship has!

Gul. Mine, madam! 'tis brown sure, and somewhat of the largest.

L. Flim. O! my lord, 'tis the nobler for that—I assure you that it was the first thing about your lordship that struck me—But, to return—I say, my lord, had I been happy enough to have been born—bred—and married in *England*, I might then have been as fond as now I am sick of matrimony.

[*Approaching tenderly.*]

Gul. (retreating.) Perhaps your ladyship has taken some just aversion to our sex.

L. Flim. To one of it I have—my husband—but to the sex—oh no! I protest I have not—far from it—I honour and adore your sex, when it is capable of creating tenderness and esteem—Have my visits to your lordship denoted any such aversion? My present visit, which I have imprudently made, rather indicates, that to one of your sex at least, I have not taken so just an aversion as perhaps I ought.

Gul. (Aside.) That is home, indeed—What can I possibly say to her, or do with her!

L. Flim. A married woman, to be sure, ought not to visit a gentleman; she ought not to despise her husband; she ought to prefer no company to him—and yet, such is my weakness, I have visited a gentleman; I do despise my husband, heartily despise him;—and I am afraid I might be tempted even to quit Lilliput, were the proposal made to me by one whose honour, bravery, and affection might make the loss of my own country less grievous to me.

Gul. I am certainly in a fine situation—She certainly wants to elope with me.

L. Flim. Why won't your lordship converse with me upon these topics?

Gul. Upon my word, madam, I have been much at a loss to comprehend you; and now I do comprehend you, I am still at a loss how to answer you—But madam—look upon your delicate self and me—Supposing there were no other objections, surely this disproportion—

L. Flim. I despise it, my lord—Love is a great leveler, and I have ambition—and I think, if I make no objections, your lordship need not.

Gul. To pretend now not to understand you, would be affectation, and not to speak my mind to you would be insincerity—I am most particularly sorry, madam, that I cannot offer you my services; but, to speak the truth, I am unfortunately engaged.

L. Flim. Engaged, my lord! to whom, pray?

Gul. To a wife and six children.

L. Flim. Is that all! have not I, my lord, the same plea? and does it weigh any thing against my affection? have not I a husband and as many children?

Gul. I allow that; but your ladyship is, most luckily and politely, regardless of 'em—I, madam, not having the good fortune to be born and bred in high life, am a slave to vulgar passions; and to expose at once my want of birth and education—with confusion I speak it—I really love my wife and children.

L. Flim. Is it possible!

Gul. I am ashamed of my weakness, but it is too true, madam.

L. Flim. I am ashamed of mine, I must confess—What! have I really cast my affections upon a monster, a married monster, and who, still more monstrous, confesses a passion for his wife and children?

Gul. Guilty, madam.

L. Flim. Guilty indeed! thou art ten-fold guilty to me—but I am cur'd of one passion—and shall now give way to another—As for your lordship's virtue—I leave and bequeath it, with all its purity, to your fair lady and her numerous offspring—Don't imagine that I'm quite unhappy at your coolness to me—I now as heartily despise you as before I lov'd you—and so, my dear Gully—Yours—yours—yours—Here, Toadel—

Enter TOADEL.

Let us be gone—I am finely punish'd for my folly.

Toad. For heaven's sake, madam, be compos'd, and don't exasperate him; should he grow outrageous, he might commit violence upon us.

L. Flim. He commit violence! he is a poor, tame, spiritless creature—His great mountainous body promises wonders indeed; and when your expectations are raised, instead of the roaring dragon, out creeps the pusillanimous mouse.

Toad. Dear my lady, be pacified: here comes my lord and your ladyship's brothers—How will this end?

L. Flim. To my honour, assure yourself—Be sure do you second me, when I want you.

Toad. Play what tune your ladyship pleases, I am always ready with the second part.

Enter FLIMNAP, BOLGOLAM, and FRIPPEREL.

Flim. Now, brother, am I unreasonably jealous, or not? See and judge yourselves.

Bel. I have judg'd, and now I'll execute.

[Draws his sword]

Frip. What, without a trial? fye, for shame, admiral that may be sea law, but it is not land law.

Gul. What means this insult, admiral, in my apartments?—If you have no dread of a man who could puff you away with his breath, at least reverence him whom your king has honoured.

Bol. No place shall protect a dishonourable sister.

Flim. And no strength shall protect him, who has dishonour'd Flimnap. [*Lays his hand upon his sword.*]

Frip. I say, hear the parties first—If then matters are not cleared, you shall draw your swords, and I'll—withdraw into the next room.

L. Flim. Hear me, my lord and brother, and then determine—I confess appearances are against me; an imprudent curiosity urged me to see this monster, and hear him talk of his country and its customs——

Flim. The infection, madam, that is taken in at the eyes and ears, will make a quick progress through the rest of the body.

L. Flim. Jealousy, my lord, will make a quicker—but I defy it—My friend, Toadel, here, can witness that curiosity was merely my motive.

Toad. O yes, my lord, I swear that.

Frip. And so will I too—Toadel is a woman of immense honour.

L. Flim. Having no harm myself, I suspected none—The monster has always behaved mild, tame, and gentle to me—but just now—his eyes flashing with desire—he own'd a violent passion for me; nay, propos'd even taking me away with him into his own country——

Frip. In his great-coat pocket, I suppose!—And he would have made money of you too, if his countreymen love rarities!

Bol. How can you jest at such a time as this?

Flim. Fire and vengeance!

L. Flim. Pray, my dear, contain yourself—Then this wicked monster.—Ay, you may well turn up your eyes—upon my being shock'd at his propos'd, and declaring my unalterable love to you—began to grind his teeth and bite his knuckles—I trembled, and begg'd for mercy—At last, gathering strength, from fear I fell into rage; and being strong in virtue, and warm with my conjugal affections, I broke out into a bitterness against the villain who would have been my undoer.

[*Bursts into tears.*]

Toad. Which certainly hinder'd him from committing violence.

Frip. Poor soul!—by all that's mischivous she's a genius.

[*Aside,*]

Flim. You have eas'd my heart, madam, of its suspicions; but my honour must have satisfaction here.

[*Draws his sword.*]

Gul. Pray, my lord, sheath your anger; the odds are rather against you—I waive this private trial, and insist upon a public one; and till then, I beg to retire from the jealousy of a husband, the partiality of brothers, and the irresistible eloquence of so fine a lady.

Flim. To-morrow the grand court of justice sits, and I summon thee, nardac Gulliver, before the king and peers, to answer to the wrongs thou hast done me.

Gul. Clumglum Flimnap—I'll meet thee there.

[*Goes into the inner room.*]

L. Flim. For heaven's sake, my lord, let us leave this den of wickedness.

[*Going.*]

Enter KEEPER.

A letter to my lord Flimnap.

Frip. Now for it, sister——have at the other monster.

[*Aside.*]

[*Flimnap reads, and seems disorder'd.*]

L. Flim. No bad news, I hope, my dear?

Bol. Speak it out, brother—Your keeping it to yourself won't make it better.

Flim. Nothing at all—a private business.

Frip. What, a petticoat business, brother?

L. Flim. I shall grow uneasy, my lord—I must know.

[*Soothing him.*]

Flim. You can't, my dear—It is a state-affair——

L. Flim. State affairs have been often postpon'd for a mistress; why may they not for once be intrusted to a wife.

Frip. That's a choaker. (*Aside.*)

Bol. Zounds! what's all this mystery about?

L. Flim. If you don't communicate, my lord, I will.

Flim. What will you communicate?

L. Flim. Your state secret—the contents of that letter—What, confounded, my sweet husband!—the paragon of chastity out of countenance!—Ha! ha!

Bol. Expound this riddle, or I'll march off.

L. Flim. There, brother, is a true copy of the negoci-

ation that great statesman is carrying on for the good of the nation.

[Gives a paper.]

Flim. Then I'm discover'd.

Bol. Hum—hum—hum—the tender languishing Moretta!—Is this true? my lord.

Flim. I confess it.

Bol. So, so—here are fine doings! what, do you keep a whore, and are jealous of your wife too?

Frip. That's damn'd unreasonable indeed!

Bol. Look'e, my lord, I promised you justice, if she had injured you; and, moreöver, I promised to cut your throat, if you should injure her—Therefor, if you'll walk with me into the burying-ground, brother, I'll be as good as my word.

Flim. I should ill deserve the name of Gentleman, if I was not as ready to defend my follies, as commit them—I'll attend you.

[Exit *Flim.* and *Bolgolam.*]

Toad. Won't you prevent mischief, my Lady?

L. Flim. No, no; the losing a little blood will do 'em both service; it will cool the wantonness of one, and the choler of the other.

Frip. Let the worst happen—I shall only be an elder brother, and you a husband, out of pocket.

L. Flim. O no! there will be no mischief; I am confident the admiral will bring him to—If my lord did not suffer himself to be bullied now and then, there would be no living with him. But what noise is that?—Ho, here the heroes come ———

Enter BOLGOLAM and FLIMNAP.

Frip. Well, gentlemen, do either of you want a surgeon?

Bol. Why here's the devil to do!—the whole city's in an uproar—the man-mountain has made his escape out of his chamber—he has straddled over the walls of the palace-garden, made the best of his way to the sea-side, seized upon my ship, a first rate, put his cloaths on board her, weighed her anchor, and is now towing her over an arm of the sea, towards Blefuscu.

Frip. Then you have lost your commission, admiral; and you your lover, sister.

L. Flim. A good voyage to him—I was sure he would run away—You see, my lord, that he durst not stand the

trial; for all his mightiness, he could not bear the consciousness of his guilt, nor the force of my virtue.

Flim. I see it, madam, and acknowledge my mistake.

L. Flim. Is that a satisfaction, my lord, adequate to the injury?—My innocence, my lord, is not to be wounded, without having other remedies to heal it.

Bol. If you don't apply one, my Lord, instantly, I shall. *[Claps his hand to his sword.]*

Flim. I am ready, Madam, this moment to make you easy and happy for the future.

L. Flim. And how will your lordship bring it about?

Flim. By permitting you, Madam, to follow your inclinations.

L. Flim. Now your lordship really behaves like a nobleman; and to convince you that I am not unworthy of my rank and quality too, here I solemnly promise never to disturb your lordship in the pursuit of yours.

Frip. Perfectly polite on both sides.

Flim. From this moment, you have my full and free consent to spend what money you please, see what company you please, lie in bed, and get up when you please, be abroad or at home when you please, be in and out of humour when you please; and, in short, to take every liberty of a woman of quality, as you please; and, for the future, fall in love when you please with either man or monster.

L. Flim. To shew your lordship that I will not be behind hand with you in nobleness of sentiment, I most sincerely grant you a free access to the languishing *Moreta* whenever you please, and intreat you, for the future, that you will have as little regard for me, as you have for the business of the nation.

Flim. Let us seal and ratify the treaty in each other's arms—my dearest lady.

L. Flim. My beloved lord.

[They embrace.]

Bol. I am astonished!—from this moment I disown you all!—I'll out to sea as fast as I can; should these politenesses reach us, woe be to poor Lilliput! when they do, I'll let the sea into my great cabin, and sink to the bottom with the honour, virtue, and liberty of my country. *[Exit Bol.]*

Frip. A queer dog my brother is, that's positive—But

come—let me once again join your hands upon this your
second happier union——

Let love be banish'd—We of rank and fashion,
Should ne'er in marriage mix one grain of passion.

Lady FLIMNAP.

To care and broils we now may bid defiance;
Give me my will, and I am all compliance. [*Curtesies.*

Lord FLIMNAP.

Let low-bred minds be curb'd by laws and rules.
Our higher spirits leaps the bounds of fools;
No law or custom shall to us say nay;
We scorn restriction—*Viva la liberte!*

EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Lady FLIMNAP.

*WELL now! could you, who are of larger size,
Bid to a bolder height your passions rise?
Was it not great?—A lady of my span
To undertake this monstrous mountain-man?*

*The prudes I know will censure, and cry, Fie on't!
Prepost'rous sure!—A pigmy love a giant?
Yet soft—no disproportion love can know;
It finds us equal, or it makes us so——
And to the sex, though pow'r, nor strength belong,
We yet have beauty, to subdue the strong.*

*But what strange notions govern vulgar life!
The brute has qualms about an absent wife.
Were he at home, his dear might cut and carve,
But, if she can't partake, must others starve?
A theft like this he can't a robb'ry call;
' Let her not know it, she's not robb'd at all.'*

*Well, if so cold these English heroes prove,
Such squeamish creatures ne'er shall gain my love.
Huge stupid things! not worth the pains to win 'em;
These giant bodies have no spirit in 'em:
Mere dunghil fowl! unwieldly, dull, and tame;
The sprightly Bantams are the truest game.*

*In war, perhaps, these lubbers may have merit;
But to please us, they must have fire and spirit:
For, let the giants say whate'er they can,
'Tis spirit! spirit! Ladies, makes the man.*

The END of the PLAY.



R O M E O

A N D

J U L I E T.

With ALTERATIONS, and an additional SCENE.

As it is performed at the Theatre-Royal, in
Drury-Lane.



Vol. I.

S

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE chief design of the alteration in the following Play, was to clear the original as much as possible from the jingle and quibble which were always the objections to the reviving it.

The sudden change of Romeo's love from Rosaline to Juliet, was thought by many, at the first revival of the Play, to be a blemish in his character; an alteration in that particular has been made more in complaisance to that opinion, than from a conviction that Shakespear, the best judge of human nature, was faulty.

Bandello, the Italian novelist, from whom Shakespear has borrowed the subject of this Play, has made Juliet to wake in the tomb before Romeo dies: this circumstance Shakespear has omitted, not, perhaps, from judgment, but from reading the story in the French or English translation, both which have injudiciously left out this addition to the catastrophe.

Otway in his Caius Marius, a Tragady taken from Romeo and Juliet, has made use of this affecting circumstance, but it is matter of wonder that so great a dramatic genius did not work up a scene from it of more nature, terror, and distress.—Such a scene was attempted at the revival of this Play, and it is hoped, that an endeavour to supply the failure of so great a master will not be deemed arrogant, or the making use of two or three of his introductory lines, be accounted a plagiarism.

The persons who, from their great good-nature and love of justice, have endeavoured to take away from the present editor the little merit of this scene, by ascribing it to Otway, have unwittingly, from the nature of the accusation, paid him a compliment which he believes they never intended him.

The P E R S O N S.

ROMEO,
 ESCALUS,
 PARIS,
 MOUNTAGUE,
 CAPULET,
 MERCUTIO,
 BENVOLIO,
 TIBALT,
 Old CAPULET,
 FRIAR LAWRENCE,
 FRIAR JOHN,
 BALTHASAR,
 GREGORY,
 SAMPSON,
 ABRAM,

JULLIET,
 Lady CAPULET,
 NURSE,

Mr. GARRICK,
 Mr. BRANSBY.
 Mr. SCRASE.
 Mr. BURTON.
 Mr. BERRY.
 Mr. WOODWARD.
 Mr. MOZEEN.
 Mr. BLAKES.
 Mr. JOHNSON.
 Mr. HAVARD.
 Mr. JEFFERSON.
 Mr. ACKMAN.
 Mr. W. VAUGHAN.
 Mr. CLOUGH.
 Mr. MARR.

Mrs. CIBBER,
 Mrs. BENNET.
 Mrs. MAKLIN.

Citizens of Verona, several men and women relations to Capulet, maskers, guards, and other attendants.

The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth Act is in Mantua; during all the rest of the Play, in and near Verona.

ROMEO and JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The street in VERONA.**Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY.*

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, I strike quickly, being moved.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.*Sam.* A dog of the house of Mountague moves me.*Greg.* Draw thy tool then, for here come of that house.*Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.**Sam.* My neaked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee, but——Let us take the law of our sides: let them begin.*Greg.* I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.*Sam.* Nay as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.*Abra.* Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, Sir.*Abra.* Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir.*Sam.* Is the law on our side, if I say ay?*Greg.* No.*Sam.* No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir.*Greg.* Do you quarrel, Sir?*Abra.* Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.*Sam.* If you do, Sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.*Abra.* No better, Sir.*Sam.* Well, Sir.*Enter BENVOLIO.**Greg.* Say better: here comes one of my master's kins-

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abra. You lye.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools, put up your swords, you know not what you do.

Enter TIBALT.

Tib. What art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tib. What drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all Mountagues and thee: Have at thee, coward.

Enter three or four Citizens with Clubs.

Off. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike, beat them down. Down with the Capulets, down with the Mountagues.

Enter Old CAPULET in his Gown.

Cap. What noise is this? give me my sword, My sword, I say: old Mountague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Old MOUNTAGUE.

Moun. Thou villain, Capulet—Hold me not, let me go.

Enter PRINCE with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of your neighbour-stained steel——
Will they not hear? what ho! you men! you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountains issuing from your veins;
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Mountague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's antient citizens
Cast by their great befeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans in hands as old.
If ever you affright your streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time all the rest depart away.
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
 And Mountague, come you this afternoon
 To know our father's pleasure in this case.
 Once more on pain of death, all men depart.
 [*Exeunt Prince and Capulet, etc.*]

S C E N E II.

Manent MOUNTAGUE and BENVOLIO.

Moun. **W**H O set this ancient quarrel now abroad?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach;
 I drew to part them: in the instant came
 The fiery Tibalt, with his sword prepar'd,
 Which as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds:
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 Till the prince came.

Moun. O where is Romeo? Saw you him to-day?
 Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. My lord, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
 Peer'd through the golden window of the East,
 A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad;
 Where underneath the grove of sycamoor,
 That westward rooteth from the city side,
 So early walking did I see your son.
 Tow'rd's him I made, but he was 'ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of a wood.

I, measuring his affections by my own,
 (That most are busied when there most alone,)
 Pursu'd my honour; nor pursuing him,
 And gladly shun'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a morning hath he there been seen
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew;
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should, in the farthest east, begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed;

Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night.

Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Moun. Both by himself and many other friends;
But he his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself, I will not say, how true:
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud, bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Ben. So please you, Sir, Mercutio and myself
Are most near to him; be it that our years,
Statures, births, fortunes, studies, inclinations,
Measure the rule of his, I know not; but
Friendship still loves to sort him with his like.
We will attempt upon his privacy,
And could we learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as knowledge.

Moun. 'Twill bind us to you: good Benvolio, go.

Ben. We'll know his grievance, or be hard denied.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E III.

Before CAPULET's, House.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and a Servant.

Cap. **A**ND Mountague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long:
But now, my lord, What say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before,
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of eighteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a wife.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made:
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes with her.

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
If she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent; so woo her, gentle Paris.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a friend,
Such as I love, and you among the rest;
Once more most welcome!

Come go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about.

[To a Servant.

Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasures stay. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

A Wood near VERONA.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. **S**EE where he steals—Told I you not, Benvolio,
That we should find this melancholy Cupid
Lock'd in some gloomy covert, under key
Of cautionary silence; with his arms
Threaded, like these cross boughs, in sorrow's knot.

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Good-morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah, me! sad hours seem long.

Mer. Pry'thee, what sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having makes them short.

Ben. In love, me seems!

Alas, that love so gentle to the view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Where shall we dine!—O me—Cousin Benvolio,
What was the fray this morning with the Capulets?
Yet, tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:

Love, heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well seeming forms!

This love feel I; but such my froward fate,

That there I love where most I ought to hate.

Dost thou not laugh, my friend!—Oh Juliet! Juliet!

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?—

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Mer. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love?

Rom. In sadness then, I love a woman.

Mer. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marksman! and she's fair I love:

But knows not of my love, 'twas through my eyes

The shaft empiere'd my heart, change gave the wound,

Which time can never heal: no star befriends me,

To each sad night succeeds a dismal morrow,

And still 'tis hopeless love, and endless sorrow.

Mer. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think!

Mer. By giving liberty into thine eyes:

Take thou some new infection to thy heart,

And the rank poison of the old will die.

Examine other beauties.

Rom. He that is stricken blind cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.

Shew me a mistress that is passing fair;

What doth her beauty serve but as a note,

Remembring me, who past that passing fair;

Farewel, thou can'st not teach me to forget.

Mer. I warrant thee. If thou'lt but stay to hear,

To-night there is an ancient splended feast

Kept by old Capulet, our enemy,

Where all the beauties of Verona meet.

Rom. At Capulet's my friend;

Go there, and with an unattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall shew,

And I will make thee think thy swain a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehoods, then turn tears to fires;
And burn the heretics. All-seeing Phœbus
Ne'er saw her match, since first his course began.

Mer. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself; but let be weigh'd
Your lady-love against some other fair,
And she will shew scant well.

Rom. I will along, Mercutio.

Mer. 'Tis well. Look to behold at this high feast,
Earth-treading stars, that might dim heaven's lights,
Hear all, all see, try all; and like her most,
That most shall merit thee.

Rom. My mind is chang'd——
I will not go to-night.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dream'd a dream last night.

Mer. Ha! ha! a dream!

O then I see queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fancy's mid-wife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agat-stone

On the fore-finger of an Alderman,

Drawn with the team of little atomies,

Athwart mens as they lie asleep:

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

The collars, of the moon-shine's wat'ry beams;

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:

Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm,

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.

Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,

Time out of mind the fairies coach-makers:

And in this state she gallops night by night,

Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love;

On courtiers knees, that dream on curt'sies straight:

O'er lawyer's fingers, who straight dream on fees;

O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream.

Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:

And sometimes comes she with a tith's-pig's tail,

Tickling the parson as he lies asleep;

Then dreams he of another benefice,
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that Mab——

Rom. Peace, peace,
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy,
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,
 And more unconstant than the wind.

Ben. This wind you talk of, blows us from ourselves,
 And we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear too early: for my mind misgives
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
 From this night's revels—lead, gallant friends;
 Let come what may, once more I will behold
 My Juliet's eyes, drink deeper of affliction:
 I'll watch the time; and, mask'd from observation,
 Make known my sufferings, but conceal my name:
 Tho' hate and discord 'twixt our fires increase,
 Let in our hearts dwell love and endless peace.

[*Exeunt* Mercutio and Benvolio.]

S C E N E V.

CAPULET'S House.

Enter Lady CAPULET and NURSE.

L. Cap. **N**URSE, where's my daughter? call her
 forth to me.

Nurse. Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve years old)
 I bade her come; what lamb, what lady-bird, God for-
 bid—where's this girl? what, *Juliet*?

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter——*Nurse*, give leave a while, we must talk in secret; *Nurse*, come back again, I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear my counsel; thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not eighteen.

Nurse. I'll lay eighteen of my teeth, and yet to my teeth be it spoken, I have but eight; she's not eighteen; how long is it now to Lammas tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all the days in the year come, Lammas eve at night shall she be eighteen. Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls) were of an age. Well, Susan is with God; she was too good for me. But as I said, on Lammas eve at night shall she be eighteen, that shall she, marry, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now fifteen years, and she was wean'd; I never shall forget it, of all the days in the year upon that day: for I had then laid wormwood to my breast, sitting in the sun, under the dove-house wall; my lord and you were then at Mantua—nay, I do bear a brain. But as I said, when it did taste the wormwood on the nipple of the breast, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it teachy and fall out with the breast. Shake, quoth the dove-house——'twas no need I trow, to bid me trudge; and since that time it is fifteen years, for then she could stand alone, nay, by th' rood, she could have run, and waddled all about; for even the day before she broke her brow; and then my husband (God be with his soul, a' was a merry man,) took up the child: yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit: wilt thou not, Jule? and by my holy dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said, ay; to see now how a jest shall come about I warrant, and I should live a thousand years, I should not forget it: wilt thou not, Jule, quoth he? and pretty fool, it stinted, and said, ay.

Jul. And stint thee too, I pray, thee, peace.

Nurse. Peace, I have done; God mark thee to his grace. Thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nurs'd:

An' I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. And that same marriage is the very theme.
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour? were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

L. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers, by my 'count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady; lady, such a man
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

L. Cap. Verona's summer bath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I indart my eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter GREGORY.

Greg. Madam, new guests are come, and brave ones,
all in masks. You are call'd; my young lady ask'd for,
the nurse curs'd in the pantry; supper almost ready to
be serv'd up, and every thing in extremity. I must hence
and wait.

La. Cap. We follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

A Hall in CAPULET'S House.

The CAPULETS, Ladies, Guests, and Maskers, are discover'd.

Cap. **W**ELCOME, gentlemen. Ladies, that have
your feet

Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have about with you.
Who'll now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
I'll swear hath corns. Am I come near you now?

Welcome all gentlemen ; I've seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering-tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please ; 'tis gone ; 'tis gone ; 'tis gone !

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves, and turn the table up ;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay sit, nay sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days :
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask ?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man ! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much !
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more ; his son is elder, Sir :
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that ?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. Cousin Benvolio, do you mark that lady which
Doth enrich the hand of yonder gentleman.

Ben. I do.

Rom. Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiops' ear ;
The measure done, I'll watch her to her place,
And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Be still, be still, my fluttering heart.

Tib. This, by his voice, should be a Montague,
Fetch me my rapier, boy ; what, dares the slave
Come hither cover'd with an antic face,
To steer and scorn at our solemnity.

Now by the stock and honour of my race,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman, wherefor storm you thus ?

Tib. Uncle, this is a Mountague, or foe ;
Villain that has hither come in spite,
To scorn and flout at our solemnity.

Cap. Young Romeo, is't ?

Tib. That villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a courtly gentleman:
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefor be patient, take no note of him.

Tib. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.

Be quiet, cousin, or I'll make you quiet——

Tib. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their difference.

I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, covert to bitter gall. [*Dance here.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand [*To Juliet.*
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this. [*Kiss.*

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
For palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. Thus then, dear saint, let lips put up their prayers.
[*Kiss.*

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Ben. What is her mother? [*To her nurse.*

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous,
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd withal:
I tell you, he that can lay hold on her
Shall have the chink.

Ben. Is she a Capulet?

Romeo, lets be gone, the sport is over.

Rom. Ay, so I fear, the more is my mishap. [*Exeunt*

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so? why then, I thank you all.

I thank you, honest gentleman, good night:

More torches here—come on, then lets to supper. [*Exeunt*

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that is now a going out of door?

Nurse. That, as I think, is young Mercutio.

Jul. What's he that fellows here, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go ask his name. If she be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen, unknown; and known too late.

Nurse. What's this? what's this!

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now
Of one I talk'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*]

Nurse. Anon, anon——
Come, let's away, the strangers are all gone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter ROMEO alone.

ROMEO.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out. [*Exit.*]

Enter BENVOLIO with MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo, my cousin Romeo.

Mer. He is wise,

And on my life hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall,
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Why, why, Romeo! humours! madam, passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh.

Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfy'd.

Cry but *Ah me!* couple but *love* and *dove*,

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name to her pur-blind sun and heir;

Conjure thee by thy mistress's bright eyes,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demeaſns that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us

Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
'Till she had laid it. My invocation is
Honest and fair, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise him up.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consoled with the hum'rous night.

Mer. Romeo, good night, I'll to my truckle bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A GARDEN.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. **H**E jells at scars that never felt a wound——
But soft, what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

[*Juliet appears above at a window.*]

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already peck and peal with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it;
I am too bold—Oh were these eyes in heav'n,
They'd through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing and think it were the morn:
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand,
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks, she speaks!
Oh speak again bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger from heav'n,
To the upturn'd wond'ring eyes of mortals
When he bestrides the lazy-passing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo—wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; Romeo, quit thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, I will forswear thy name,
And never more be Romeo.
What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Mountague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and for what?
The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefor thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more pearl in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes?
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far

As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize,

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke—but farewell compliment;
 Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, ay,
 And I will take thy word—yet if thou swear'st,
 Thou may'st prove false; at lovers perjuries
 They say *Jove* laughs. Oh gentle *Romeo*!
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
 Or if thou think I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo: but else not for the world.
 In truth, fair Mountague, I am too fond;
 And therefor thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
 But trust me, gentlemen, I'll prove more true,
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
 My true love's passion; therefor pardon me,
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discover'd.

Rom. Lady by yonder blessed moon I vow——

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb;
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love——

Jul. Well, do not swear—although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night;
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
 Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
 Ere one can say, it lightens—sweet, good night,
 This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
 Good night, good night—as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it.
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
Love?

Jul. But to be frank, to give it thee again.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu.

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good Nurse—Sweet Mountague, be true;
Stay, but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night. I am afraid
Being in night, all this is but a dream!
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed:
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose, marriage, send me word to-morrow
By one that I'll procure to come to thee.
Where, and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[*Within: Madam.*

I come, anon—but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—[*Within: Madam.*] By and by I come—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow I will send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul. A thousand times good night.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

Enter JULIET again.

Jul. Hift! Romeo, hift! O for a falk'ner's voice,
To lure this tassel gentle back again:—
Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud;—
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her angry tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name.
How silver-sweet sound lovers tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years till then——
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll stay here to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silk-thread plucks it back again,
So living-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night 'till it be morrow. [Exit.]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast;
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Here will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

A MONASTERY.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE with a basket.

Fri. **T**HE grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day do chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must fill up this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious juiced flowers.
O mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities!

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give:
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by actions dignified,
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that sense cheers each part:
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man, as well as herbs; Grace and rude Will:
And where the worse is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good-morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good-morrow to thy pillow;
Care keeps his watch on every old man's eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep will never bide;
But where with unstuff'd brain unbruised youth
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep resides;
Therefor thy earliness assureth me
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature;
What is the matter, son?

Rom. I tell thee ere thou ask it me again;
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where to the heart's core one hath wounded me;
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lie.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On Juliet, Capulet's fair daughter;
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
When, and where, and how
We met, we wou'd, and made exchange of vows,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I beg
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy saint Francis, what a change is this!
But tell me, son, and call thy reason home,

Is not this love the offspring of thy folly,
 Bred from thy wantonness and thoughtless brain?
 Be heedful, and see you stop by times,
 Lest that thy rash ungovernable passions,
 O'er-leaping duty, and each dew regard,
 Hurry thee one, thro' short-liv'd, dear-bought pleasures,
 To cureless woes, and lasting penitence.

Rom. I pray thee, chide me not, she whom I love,
 Doth give me grace for grace, and love for love;
 Do thou with heav'n smile upon our union;
 Do not withhold thy benediction from us,
 But make two hearts, by holy marriage, one.

Fri. Well, come, my pupil, go along with me,
 In one respect I'll give thee my assistance;
 For this alliance may so happy prove,
 To turn your household rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, Love stands on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The STREET.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. **W**HERE the devil should this Romeo be? came
 he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
 Rosaline, torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the kinsman of old Capulet, hath sent a
 letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd
 with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with
 a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind
 bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Ti-
 balt?

Ben. Why, what is Tibalt?

Mer. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests his minum one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause; ah the immortal passado, the punto reverso, the hay ———

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affected phantasies, these new tuners of accents: ——— Jesu, a very good blade ——— a very tall man ——— a very good whore ——— Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez moy's*?

Ben. Here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy, Helen and Hero buildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose.

Enter ROMEO.

Signior Romeo, *bonjour*, there's a French salutation for you,

Rom. Good-morrow to you both.

Mer. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, Sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Enter NURSE and her MAN.

Ben. A fail! a fail!

Mer. Two, two, a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter.

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Do, good Peter, to hide her face.

Nurse. Good ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. Good ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find young Romeo?

Rom. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well. If you be he, Sir,
I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to supper presently.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd: so ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No, hare, Sir, but a bawd. Romeo, will you
come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, antient lady.

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

Nurse. I pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this
that was so full of his roguery?

Rom. A gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself
talk, and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand
to in a month.

Nurse. An' a speak any thing against me, I'll take him
down an' he were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks
and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave
I am none of his flirt-gills; and thou must stand by too
and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.

[*To her Man.*]

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had
my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you
I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in
a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every part
about me quivers——Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir,
word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire
you out. What she bid me say, I will keep to myself
but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into fool's pa-
radise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour
as they say; for the gentlewoman is young, and therefore
if you should deal double with her, truly it were an
thing to be offered to any gentlewoman.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress, I protest
unto thee——

Nurse. Good heart, and i' faith, I will tell her as much
lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? thou dost not
mark me,

Nurse. I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest; which
as I take it is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her advice some means to come to shrift this afternoon.

And there shall she at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriev'd and married; here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, Sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good Nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewel, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurse. Well, Sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady; lord,
lord, when 'twas a little prating thing—Oh, there is a
nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife
abroad; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a
very toad, as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell
her that Paris is the properer man; but I'll warrant you,
when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the uni-
versal world.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady— [Exit Romeo.]

Nurse. A thousand times. Peter?

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. Take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

CAPULET'S House.

Enter JULIET.

THE clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse:
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him—That's not so—
She is lame; love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,
Driving back shadows over-low'ring hills.
Therefor do nimble pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefor hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the run upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve—

Is three long hours—and yet she is not come;
 Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
 She'd be as swift in-motion as a ball,
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
 And his to me.

Enter NURSE.

O heav'n! she comes. O honey nurse, what news?
 Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate.

[*Exit Peter.*]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse——

Oh Lord, why look'st thou sad?

Nurse. I am weary, let me rest a while:

Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?

Jul. Nay, come, I pray thee speak——Good, good nurse, speak.

Is thy news good or bad? answer to that.

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance;

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man; go thy ways, wench, serve God—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no,—but all this did I know before;

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes? what a head have I? It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces;

My back o' th' other side—O my back, my back;

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I' faith, I'm sorry thou art so ill;

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love.

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And I warrant a virtuous—where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? why, she is within,
 Where should she be? how oddly thou reply'd?

Your love says like an honest gentleman:

Where is your mother——

Nurse. Oh, our lady dear,

Are you so hot? marry, come up! I trow.

Is this the poultice for my aking bones?

Hence-forward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil; come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie hence to friar Lawrence's cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife.

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks——

Hie you to church, I must another way,
To fetch a ladder by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.

I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune: honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

The MONASTERY.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. **S**O smile the heav'ns upon this holy act,
That after-hours of sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder:
Which as they meet, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love mod'rately.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady. O so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossamer,
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. God-even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Rom. Ah Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it; then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can court their worth;
But my true love is grown to such access,
I cannot sum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorp'rate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and Servants.

BENVOLIO.

I PRAY thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad;
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when
he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon
the table, and says, God send me no need of thee; and
by the operation of a second cup, draws it on the drawer,
when indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood
as any in Italy; an' there were two such, we should have
none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why
thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or
a hair less in his head than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel
with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason,
but because thou hast hazel eyes; thou hast quarrell'd
with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath

wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Easter; with another, for tying his shoes with old ribbands; and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling?

Ben. If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Enter TIBALT, PETRUCHIO, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tib. Be near at hand, for I will speak to them: Gentlemen, good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tib. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.

Mer. Consort? what dost thou make us minstrels! if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddle-stick, here's that shall make you dance, zounds! consort? [*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of man: Either withdraw into some private place,

Or reason coolly of your grievances,

Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze, I will not budge for one man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tib. Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery.

Tib. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford No better term than this; thou art a villain.

Rom. Tibalt, the reason that I have to love thee, Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting: villain I am none, Therefore farwel, I see thou know'st me not.

Tib. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me, therefor turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee,

But love thee better than thou canst devise;
And so, good Capulet, (whose name I tender
As dearly as my own) be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Ha! *la foccata* carries it away—*Tibalt*—you rat-catcher.

Tib. What would thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine
lives, that I mean to make bold withal: will you pluck
your sword out of his pilehar by the ears? Make haste, lest
mine be about your ears, ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you, Sir [Drawing.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado. [*Mer. and Tib. fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio—beat down their weapons.—
Gentlemen—for shame forbear this outrage——
Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*—— [Exit *Tibalt*.

Mer. I am hurt——

A plague of both your houses! I am sped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scartch, marry, 'tis enough:
Go, fetch a surgeon.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: I am pepper'd,
I warrant, for this world—a plague of both your houses!
—What? a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man
to death; a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by
the book of arithmetic? why the devil came you between
us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint; a plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms meat of me,
I have it, and soundly too: plague o' both your houses!
[Exit *Mercutio* and *Benvolio*.

SCENE II.

Rom. **T**HIS gentleman, the prince's near ally
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation's stain'd
With Tibalt's slander: O sweet Juliet!
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softened valour's steel.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Enter TIBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tibalt back again.

Rom. Alive? in triumph? and Mercutio slain?
Away to heav'n, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tibalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me: for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
And thou or I must keep him company.

Tib. Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[They fight, Tibalt falls.]

Ben. Romeo, away, begone;
The citizens are up, and Tibalt slain——
Stand not amaz'd; the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken; hence, begone, away.

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool. *[Exit Romeo.]*

SCENE III.

Enter PRINCE, MOUNTAGUE, CAPULET, citizens, etc.

Prince. **W**HERE are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal quarrel;

There lies the man slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman brave Mercutio.

Cap. Unhappy fight! alas, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman—Now as thou art a prince,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Mountague.

Prin. Benvolio, who began this fray?

Ben. Tibalt, here slain;

Romeo bespoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm looks, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not make truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tibalt, deaf to piece; but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial scorn with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tibalt, whose dexterity
Retorts; Romeo, he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part! and swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tibalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tibalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightening: for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tibalt slain;
And as he fell, did Romeo turn to fly;
This is the truth, or let Benvolio suffer,

Cap. He is a kinsman to the Mountague,
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true;
I beg for justice; justice, gracious prince;
Romeo slew Tibalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mount. Romeo but took the forfeit life of Tibalt.

Prin. And we for that offence do banish him.

I have an int'rest in your heady brawls,
My blood doth flow from brave Mercutio's wounds.
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent my loss in him,
I will be deaf to pleading and excuse,

Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase our repeal;
Therefor use none, let Romeo be gone,
Else when he is found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E IV.

An Apartment in CAPULET'S House.

Enter JULIET alone.

Jul. **G**ALLOP apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
To Phoebus' mansion; such a waggoner,
As Phaeton, would whip you to the West,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That the run-away's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalkt of and unseen.
Come night, come Romeo! come thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than snow upon the raven's back:
Give me my Romeo, Night, and when he dies,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heav'n so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun:—
Oh, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; so tedious is the day,
As is the night before the festival,
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. Oh, here comes my nurse!

Enter NURSE.

And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heav'nly eloquence;
Now, nurse, what news?
Why dost thou wring thy hands?
Nurse. Ah, welladay he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone—

Jul. Can heav'n be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heav'n cannot. Oh Romeo! Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou that does torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but ay,
And that bare little word shall poison more
Than the earth-darting eye of cockatrice.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
Here on his manly breast.—A piteous coarse,
A bloody piteous coarse, pale, pale as ashes,
I swooned at the sight.

Jul. Oh break my heart!——poor bankrupt, break at
once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth resign, and motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy brier!

Nurse. Oh Tibalt, Tibalt, the best friend I had;
That ever I should leave to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tibalt dead?

Nurse. Tibalt is dead, and Romeo banished.
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. Oh heav'n! did Romeo's hand shed Tibalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, 'it did, alas the day! it did.

Jul. Oh nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? Oh that deceit should
dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There is no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd;
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish; he was not born to shame,
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit:

For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd,
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

Oh what a wretch was I to chide him so?

Nurse. Will you speak well of him, that kill'd your
cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smoothe thy name,
When I thy three hours wife have mangled it?

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Back foolish tears, back to your native spring:
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 My husband lives that Tibalt would have slain,
 And Tibalt's dead that would have kill'd my husband;
 All this is comfort; wherefor weep I then?
 Some word there was worser than Tibalt's death
 That murder'd me; I would forget it fain,
 But oh it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners minds;
 Tibalt is dead, and Romeo banished,
 That banished, that one word banished,
 Hath slain ten thousand Tibalt's: in that word
 Is father, mother, Tibalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead!—Romeo is banished!
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tibalt's corpse:
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither. [flow

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears! my eyes shall
 When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find Romeo
 To comfort you. I wot well where he is.
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
 I'll to him, he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. Oh find him, give this ring to my true lord.
 And bid him come to take his last farewell. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

The MONASTERY.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. **R**OMEO, come forth; comeforth, thou fearful man,
 Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts;
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
 That I yet know not?

Fri. Too Familiar

VOL. I.

X

Is my dear son with such sour company,
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than death can be the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death; do not say banishment;
'Tis death mis-term'd calling death banishment;
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murder's me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath push'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment,
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here
Where Juliet lives. There's more felicity
In carrion-flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
But Romeo may not, he is banished!
Oh father, hast thou no strong poison mixt,
Nor sharp-ground knife, no present means of death,
But banishment to torture me withal.

Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me speak,
I'll give thee armour to bear of that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang up philosophy:
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more——

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tibalt murdered:
Doting like me, and like me banished;
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[Throwing himself upon the ground.

Fri. Arise, one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[Knock within.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

Fri. Hark, how they knock—Romeo arise,
Who's there?

Thou wilt be taken—stay a while,—stand up; [*Knocks.*
Run to my study—By and by—God's will;
What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come. [*Knocks.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your
will?

Nurse. (*within.*) Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Oh holy Friar, oh tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lad's lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.

Nurse. O he is even in my mistress's case,
Just in her case: Oh Juliet, Juliet!

Rom. Speak'st thou of Juliet! how is it with her?
Since I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood.——

Where is she? how does she? what says she?

Nurse. Oh, she says nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And Tibalt cries, and then on Romeo calls,
And then falls down again.

Rom. As if that name
Shot from the deadly level of a gun
Did murder her. Oh tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts note
Th' unraſonable fury of a beaſt.
Thou haſt amazed me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better-temper'd.
Haſt thou not ſlain Tibalt? wilt thou ſlay thyſelf?
And ſlay thy lady too, that lives in thee?

What, rouse thee, man, thy Juliet is alive;
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed;
 Ascend her chamber; hence, and comfort her:
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
 Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of thy prince, and call thee back,
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse; commend me to thy lady,
 And bid her hasten all her house to rest,
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all night long
 To hear good counsel; oh what learning is!
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bide my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir:
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
 And he will signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you that chances here:
 Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good night.

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
 It were a grief so soon to part with thee. [Exeunt

S C E N E VI.

CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. **T**HINGS have fall'n out, Sir, so unluckily
 That we have had no time to move our daughter
 Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tibalt dearly,
 And so did I—Well, we were born to die——
 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night.

Par. These times of grief afford no time to woo;
 Madam, good night, commend me to your daughter.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender

Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
But, soft; what day? Well, Wednesday is too soon,
On Thursday (let it be :) you shall be marry'd.
We'll keep no great ado—a friend or two——
For, hark you, Tibalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefor we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone—on Thursday be it then;
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed: [*To lady Capulet.*
Prepare her, wife, against the wedding-day.
Farewel, my lord—light to my chamber, ho!
Good-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

The GARDEN.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET above at the window; a ladder of Ropes set.

Jul. **W**ILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day;
it was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree;
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East:
Night's candles are brunt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops,
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua;
Then stay a while thou shalt not go so soon,

Rom. Let me be ta'en; let me be put to death,

I am content, if thou wilt have it so.

I'll say yon gray is not the morning eye,

'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow,

I'll say 'tis not the lark whose notes do beat

The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads:

Come death and welcome: Juliet wills it so.

What says my love, let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence away, be gone;

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

Oh now be gone, more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our

Farewel, my love; one kiss and I'll be gone.

[woes.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam.

Jul. Nurse.

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:

The day is broke, be wary, look about.

Jul. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ah, husband, friend!

I must hear from thee ev'ry hour in th' day,

For in love's hours there are many days.

O by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewel: I will admit no opportunity,

That may convey my greetings to thee, love.

Jul. O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses, in our time to come.

Jul. O heav'n! I have an ill divining-soul.

Methinks I see thee, now thou'rt parting from me,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb!

Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu!

My life, my love, my soul, Adieu!

S C E N E VIII.

JULIET's Chamber.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. **O** Fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle.
 If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
 That is renown'd for faith? be fickle, fortune:
 For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
 But send him back again.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
 What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

La. Cap. Why how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
 What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

Jul. Let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. I come to bring thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.
 What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
 One who to put thee from thy heaviness,
 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
 That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
 The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
 The County Paris, at St. Peter's church,
 Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
 Ere he that must be husband comes to woo.
 I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
 I cannot marry yet.

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him so yourself,
 And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and NURSE.

Cap. How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears;

Evermore showering? why how now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks:
I would the fool were married to her grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife,
How, will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
(Unworthy as she is,) that we have wrought
So worthy gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

Cap. Thank me no thankings,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to St. Peter's church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle hither.

La. Cap. Fy, fy, what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience, but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I'll tell thee what, get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.
Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That god had sent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding.

Nurse. Heav'n bless her:
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. Good wife, it makes me made; day, night, late,
At home, abroad; alone, in company,
Waking or sleeping; still my care hath been
To have her match'd; having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demians; youthful and nobly allied,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool, [early,

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer, I'll not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But if you will not wed, look to't, think on't,
I do not use to jest—Thursday is near.
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friends:
If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' th' streets;
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee. [Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O sweet, my mother, cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or if you do not, make the bridal bed,
In that dim monument where Tibalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Jul. O heav'n! O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
Alack, alack, that heav'n should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself.

Nurse. Rise, faith here it is:
Romeo is banish'd: all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth;
Then since the case so stands, I think it best
You married with the count.

Jul. Speak'st thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too,
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen, amen.

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much;
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will, and this is wisely done. [Exit.

Jul. Ancient damnation! Oh most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times? go counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain;
I'll to the friar to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The MONASTERY.**Enter Friar LAWRENCE and PARIS.*

FRIAR.

ON Thursday, Sir! the time is very short.*Par.* My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.*Fri.* You say, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is this coarse, I like it not.*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for Tibalt's death,
And therefor have I little talk'd of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she should give her sorrow so much sway;
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Now do you know the reason of this hast?*Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.*Enter JULIET.**Par.* Welcome my love, my lady and my wife.*Jul.* That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.*Par.* That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.*Jul.* What must be, shall be.*Par.* Come you to make confession to this father?*Jul.* To answer that were to confess to you:
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?*Fri.* My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, I must intreat the time alone.*Par.* Heav'n shield, I should disturb devotion:
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then adieu! and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit Paris.*]*Jul.* Go, shut the door; and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.*Fri.* O Juliet, I already know thy grief,

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou know'st my grief,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it;
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this steel I'll help it presently.
Heav'n join'd my heart and Romeo's; thou our hands,
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Give to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefor out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel, or behold
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody dagger
Shall play the umpire;——

Speak now, be brief; for I desire to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do espy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather than to marry County Paris
Thou hast the strength or will to slay thyself,
Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to free thee from this marriage,
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chain me to some steepy mountains top,
Where roaring bears and savage lions roam:
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead-mens rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls,
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
Things that to hear them nam'd, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold then, go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris; look thou lie alone.

(Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.)

And when thou art alone, take thou this phial,

And this distilled liquor drink thou off;

When presently through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize

Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
 His nat'ral progress, but surcease to beat.
 No warmth, no breath shall testify thou liv'st;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
 Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Thou shalt be born to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
 And hither shall he come; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua;
 And this shall free thee from this present shame,
 If no unconstant toy nor womanish fear
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me, tell me not of fear.

[*Taking the phial.*]

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
 In this resolve; I'll send a Friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength, and strength shall help
 afford.

Farewel, dear father——

S C E N E II.

CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and NURSE.

Cap. **W**HAT, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?
Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her;
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look!

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you been
gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon; pardon I beseech you!
Hence forward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County; go tell him of this,
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow.

La. Cap. No, not 'till Thursday, there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her; we'll to church to-morrow.

[Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
Tis now near night.

Cap. Truth, all things shall be well.

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;

I'll not to bed, but walk myself to Paris,

To appoint him 'gainst to-morrow. My heart's light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exeunt Capulet and lady Capulet.]

SCENE III.

JULIET's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

Jul. **A**Y, those attires are best; but, gentle Nurse,

I pray thee leave me to myself to-night;

For I have need of many orisons

To move the heav'ns to smile upon my state,

Which well thou know'st is cross and full of sin.

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Enter Lady CAPULST.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam, we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow;
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night set up with you;
For I am sure you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Then good night:
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [*Exeunt.*]

Jul. Farewel—heav'n knows when we shall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse—yet what should they do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone:

[*Takes out the phial.*]
Come, phial—What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I of force be married to the Count?
No, no, this shall forbid it; lie thou there——

[*Pointing to a dagger.*]
What if it be a poison, which the Friar
Subtly hath ministred, to have me dead,
Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man——
How, if when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsom air breathes in;
And there be strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or if I leave, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tibalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort——)

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Alas, alas! is it not like, that I
 So early waking, with what loathsome smells,
 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals hearing them, run mad.——
 Or if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 (Inviron'd with all these hideous fears,)
 And madly play with my forefathers joints,
 And pluck the mangled Tibalt from his shroud?
 And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone
 As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?
 O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo—Stay, Tibalt, stay!
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee. *[Drinks.*
[She throws herself on the bed.

S C E N E IV.

A HALL.

Enter Lady CAPULET and NURSE.

L. Cap. **H**OLD, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
 Nurse.

Nurse. They call for debts and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET and Lady, meeting.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second cock hath crow'd,
 The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
 Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica,
 Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go;
 Get you to bed; faith you'll be sick to-morrow,
 For this night's watching. *[Exit.*

Cap. No not a whit; what, I have watch'd ere now
 All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.
[Play music.

The County will be here with music straight.
 For so he said he would.—I hear him near,
 Nurse,——wife,——what ho? what, Nurse, I say?

Enter NURSE.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up.

I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste;
Make haste, I say.

[Exit Capulet.

S C E N E V.

SCENE *draws, and discovers JULIET on a Bed.*

Nurse. **M**ISTRESS, what mistress! Juliet—Fast, I
warrant her,
Why, lamb—why, lady—Fy, you slug-a-bed——
Why, love, I say—Madam, sweet-heart—why, bride—
What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
That you shall rest but little—God forgive me——
Marry and amen——How sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her: madam, madam, madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed——
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
What drest, and in your clothes—and down again!
I must needs wake you: lady, lady, lady,——
Alas, alas! help! help! my lady's dead,
O well a-dead, that ever I was born!
Ho! my lord, my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look,—oh, heavy day!

Cap. Oh me, my child, my only life!

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!

Help, help! call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth, her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead; she's dead: alack the day!

Cap. Ha! let me see her——Out alas, she's cold,
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old-man!

Enter Friar LAURENCE, and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before the wedding-day
Death has embrac'd thy wife: see there she lies,
Flower as she was, nipp'd in the bud by him!
Oh Juliet, oh my child, my child!

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day.

Cap. Most miserable hour, that Time e'er saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage.

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to enjoy and solace in,
And cruel death hath catcht it from my sight.

Fri. Your daughter lives in death and happiness;
Heav'n and yourself had part in this fair maid,
Now heav'n hath all—dry up your fruitless tears:

Come, stick your rosemary on this fair corps;
And, as the custom of our country is,
Convey her where her ancestors lie tomb'd.

Cap. All things that we ordain'd to festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:

Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
And bridal flowers serve for a burial coarse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris, every one prepare,
To follow this fair coarse unto her grave.

The heav'ns do low'r upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Inside of a Church.

Enter the funeral procession of JULIET, in which the following Dirge is sung.

CHORUS.

RISE, rise :
*Heart-breaking sighs,
 The woe--fraught bosom swell ;
 For sighs alone,
 And dismal moan,
 Should echo Juliet's kneel.*

AIR.

*She's gone—the sweetest flow'r of May,
 That blooming blest our sight ;
 Those eyes which shone, like breaking day,
 Are set in endless night !*

CHORUS.

Rise, rise ! etc.

AIR.

*She's gone, she's gone, nor lives behind
 So fair a form, so pure a mind ;
 How could'st thou, Death, at once destroy,
 The Lover's hope, the Parent's joy ?*

CHORUS.

Rise, rise ! etc.

AIR.

*Thou spotless soul, look down below,
 Our unfeign'd sorrow see ;
 Oh give us strength to bear our woe,
 To bear the loss of thee !*

CHORUS.

Rise, rise ! etc.

S C E N E. II.

MANTUA.

Enter ROMEO.

IF I may trust the flattery of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lift's me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
And breath'd such life with kisses on my lips,
That I reviv'd and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself posselt,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BELTHASAR.

News from Verona—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? is my father well?
How doth my Juliet? that I ask again,
For nothing can be ill if she be well?

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I saw her carried to her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars——

Bal. My lord!

Rom. Thou know'st my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wilde, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Go, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

Bal. No, good my lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses, I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit Balthasar.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night;—
Let's see for means—O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, who late I noted
In tatter'd weeds with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.
Noting his penury, to myself I said,
An' if a man did need a poison now,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
Oh this same thought did but forerun my need!
As I remember this should be the house.
Being holy-day the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! Apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

Ap. Who calls aloud?

Rom. Come hither, man; I see that thou art poor;
Hold, there are forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may soon die.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang on thy back:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will consents.

[*Exit.*]

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

[Apothecary returns.]

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to mens souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into flesh.
Come cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

The Monastery at VERONA,

Enter Friar JOHN to Friar LAWRENCE.

John. **H**OLY Franciscan Friar! brother! ho!
Law. This fame should be the voice of Friar
John.

Welcome from Mantua? what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick;
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
(Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign)
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was staid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it; here it is again,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,

Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.

Law. Now must I to the monument alone:
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell 'till Romeo come.
Poor living corpse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

A Church-yard: In it, a Monument belonging to the CAPULETS.

Enter PARIS, and his Page with a light.

Par. **G**IVE me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen;
Under yon' yew-tree lay thee all along,
Placing thy ear close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou heard'st something approach.
Give me those flow'rs. Do as I bid thee; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone.

Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [Exit.

Par. Sweet flow'rs! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strow;
[*Strewing flowers.*

Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hand,
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With fun'ral obsequies adorn thy tomb. [The boy whistles.
—The boy gives warning, something doth approach—
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies? and true loves rite?
What, with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

[Paris retires.

S C E N E V.

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a light.

Rom. **G**IVE me the wrenching iron.
 Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
 Put out the torch, and, on thy life, I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death,
 Is partly to behold my lady's face:
 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
 A precious ring, a ring that I must use
 In dear employment! therefor hence, be gone:
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I further shall intend to do,
 By heav'n, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;
 The time and my intents are savage, wild,
 More fierce and more inexorable far
 Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou win my favour. Take thou that,
 Live and be prosp'rous, and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same I'll hide me near this place;
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. *[Exit.]*

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth;
 Thus I enforce thy rotten joys to open.

[Breaking open the monument.]

And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. *(Shewing himself.)* Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile
 Mountague;

Can vengeance be pursu'd further then death?
 Condemn'd villain, I do apprehend thee;
 Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefor came I thither—
 Good, gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man;
 Fly hence and leave me:
 By heav'n, I love thee better than myself;

For I came hither arm'd against myself.

Par. I do defy thy pity and thy counsel,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.

[They fight, Paris falls.]

Page. Oh lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

Par. Oh, I am slain; if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

Rom. In faith, I will; let me peruse this face——
Mercutio's kinsman! noble County Paris!
Give me thy hand,——

One writ with me in four misfortune's book;
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,
For here lies Juliet—Oh my love, my wife!
Death that hath suckt the honey of my breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Oh Juliet, why art thou yet so fair—here, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-weary flesh:
Come bitter conduct, come unfav'ry guide,
Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark;
No more—here's to my love!—eyes, look your last;

[Drinking the poison.]

Arms, take your last embrace: and lips do you
The doors of breath seal with a righteous kiss:——
Soft—the breaths, and stirs!

[Juliet wakes.]

Jul. Where am I? defend me!

Rom. She speaks, she lives! and we shall still be blest'd!
My kind propitious stars o'erpay me now
For all my sorrows past—rise, rise, my Juliet,
And from this cave of death, this house of horror,
Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms,
There breathe a vital spirit in thy lips,
And call thee back to life and love.

[Takes her hand.]

Jul. Bless me! how cold it is! who's there!

Rom. Thy husband,
'Tis thy Romeo, Juliet; rais'd from despair

To joy's unutt'able! quit, quit this place,
And let us fly together—— [*Brings her from the tomb.*]

Jul. Why do you force me so? I'll ne'er consent——
My strength may fail me, but my will's unmov'd,——
I'll not wed Paris,—Romeo is my husband——

Rom. Her senses are unsettl'd—Heav'n restore 'em!
Romeo is my husband; I am that Romeo,
Nor all the opposing pow'rs of earth or man,
Shall break our bonds, or tear thee from my heart.

Jul. I know that voice—Its magic sweetness wakes
My tranced soul—I now remember well
Each circumstance—Oh my lord, my husband——

[*Going to embrace him.*]

Dost thou avoid me, Romeo? let me touch
Thy hand, and taste the cordial of thy lips—
You fright me—speak—O let me hear some voice
Besides my own in this drear vault of death,
Or I shall faint—support me——

Rom. Oh I cannot,
I have no strength, but want thy feeble aid:
Cruel poison!

Jul. Poison! what means my lord; thy trembling voice!
Pale lips! and swimming eyes! death's in thy face!

Rom. It is indeed—I struggle with him now——
The transports that I felt to hear thee speak,
And see thy op'ning eyes, stopt for a moment
His impetuous course, and all my mind
Was happiness and thee; but now the poison
Rushes thro' my veins—I've not time to tell——
Fate brought me to this place—to take a last,
Last farewell of my love, and with thee die.

Jul. Die! was the Friar false?

Rom. I know not that——
I thought thee dead: distracted at the sight,
(Fatal speed) drank poison, kiss'd thy cold lips,
And found within thy arms a precious grave——
But in that moment—Oh——

Jul. And did I wake for this!

Rom. My powers are blasted,
Twixt death and life I'm torn—I am distracted!
But death's strongest—and must I live thee Juliet!
Oh cruel cursed fate! in sight of heav'n——

Jul. Thou rav'st—lean on my breast——

Rom. Fathers have flinty hearts, no tears can melt 'em
Nature pleads in vain—Children must be wretched—

Jul. Oh my breaking heart—

Rom. She is my wife—our hearts are twin'd together—
Capulet forbear—Paris, loose your hold—
Pull not our heart-strings thus—they crack—they break—
Oh Juliet! Juliet!

[*Dist.*

Jul. Stay, stay, for me, Romeo—
A moment stay; fate marries us in death,
And we are *one*—no pow'r shall part us.

[*Faints on Romeo's body.*

Enter Friar LAWRENCE with Lanthorn, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed! how oft to-night,
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? who's there,
Alack, alack! what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre!

Jul. Who's there?

Fri. Ah Juliet awake, and Romeo dead!
And Paris too—Oh what unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

Jul. Here he is still, and I will hold him fast,
They shall not tear him from me—

Fri. Patience, lady—

Jul. Who is that? O thou cursed Friar! patience!
Talk'st thou of patience to a wretch like me!

Fri. O fatal error! rise, thou fair distressed,
And fly this scene of death!

Jul. Come thou not near me,
Or this dagger shall quit my Romeo's death!

[*Draws a dagger*

Fri. I wonder not thy griefs have made thee desprate
What noise without? sweet Juliet, let us fly—

A greater power than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents—come, haste away,
I will dispose thee, most unhappy lady,
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:

Stay not to question—for the watch is coming.
Come, go, good Juliet—I dare not longer stay. [*Exit*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, I will not away—
What's here! a phial—Romeo's timeless end.
O churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop

To help me after—I will kiss thy lips,
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them— [*Kisses him.*]

[WATCH and PAGE within.]

Watch. Lead, boy, which way——

Jul. Noise again!

Then I'll be brief—O happy dagger!

This is thy sheath, there rest and let me die. [*Kills herself.*]

Boy. This is the place—my liege.

Enter PRINCE, etc.

Prin. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from its morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. What shall it be, that they so shriek abroad!

The people in the street cry Romeo;

Some Juliet; and some Paris; and all run

With open outcry tow'rd's our monument.

Prin. What fear is this, which startles in your ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,

And Romeo dead—Juliet thought dead before

Is warm and newly kill'd——

Cap. Oh me, this sight of death is as a bell,

That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MOUNTAGUE.

Prin. Come, Mountague, for thou art early up,

To see thy son and heir now early fall'n——

Mount. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night,

Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.

What further woe conspires against my age?

Prin. Look there—and see

Mount. Oh though untaught, what manners is in this,

To press before thy father to a grave!

Prin. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while

Till we can clear these ambiguities,

And know their spring and head—mean time forbear,

And let mischance be slave to patience:

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest.

Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know of this;

Fri. Let us retire from this dread scene of death,

And I'll unfold the whole; if ought in this

Is carried by my fault, let my old life

Be sacrific'd some hour before its time
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prin. We still have known thee for a holy man:
Where be these enemies, Capulet! Mountague!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate.

Cap. Oh brother Mountague, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure: for no more
Can I demand.

Mount. But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at that rate be priz'd,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie.
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prin. A gloomy piece this morning with it brings;
Let Romeo's man and let the boy attend us:
We'll hence and scan these sad disasters:
Well may you mourn, my lords, (now wise too late)
These tragic issues of your mutual hate:
From private feuds, what dire misfortunes flow;
Whate'er the cause, the sure effect is Woe.

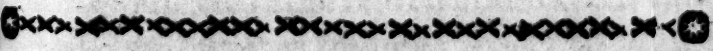
The END of ROMEO and JULIET.

C Y M B E L I N E.

A

T R A G E D Y.

With ALTERATIONS.



ИЗДАНИЕ

Y D E G A

2021-7-14 2021

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N. I.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE admirers of *Shakespear* must not take it ill that there are some scenes, and consequently many fine passages, omitted in this edition of *CYMBELINE*. It was impossible to retain more of the Play, and bring it within the compass of a night's entertainment. The chief alterations are in the devision of the acts, in the shortening many parts of the original, and transposing some scenes. As the Play has met with so favourable a reception from the public, it is hoped that the alterations have not been made with great impropriety.

N. B. The scene printed in *Italic*, in the fifth act, was omitted in the representation after the first night, but it is thought proper to print it.

The PERSONS.

M E N.

CYMBELINE , <i>King of Britain.</i>	Mr. DAVIES.
Cloten , <i>Son to the Queen by a former Husband.</i>	} Mr. King.
Leonatus Posthumus , <i>a Gentleman in Love with the Princess, and privately married to her.</i>	
Goiderius , { <i>Disguis'd under the Names</i>	} Mr. Obrian.
Arviragus , { <i>of Polidore and Cadwal,</i>	
	} Mr. Palmer.
Bellarius , <i>a banish'd Lord disguis'd under the Name of Morgan.</i>	} Mr. Havard.
Philario , <i>an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.</i>	
Iachimo , <i>Friend to Philario.</i>	Mr. Kennedy.
Caius Lucius , <i>Ambassador from Rome.</i>	Mr. Holland.
Pisanio , <i>Servant to Posthumus.</i>	Mr. Bransby.
<i>A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.</i>	Mr. Packer.
Cornelius , <i>a doctor, Servant to the Queen.</i>	Mr. Scrase.
<i>Two Gentlemen.</i>	Mr. Burton.
	{ Mr. Ackman.
	Mr. Fox.

W O M E N.

<i>Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.</i>	Mrs. Bennet.
Imogen , <i>Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.</i>	} Miss Bride.
Helen , <i>Woman to Imogen.</i>	
	Miss Hippisley.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, partly in Rome, partly in Britain

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Palace.**Enter PISANIO and a GENTLEMAN.*

PISANIO.

YOU do not meet a man but frowns. Our looks
 No more obey the hearts than our courtiers;
 But seem, as does the king's.

Gent. But what's the matter?

Pis. Are you so fresh a stranger to ask that?
 His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom (whom
 He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow
 That late he married) hath referr'd himself
 Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman. She's wedded,
 Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
 Is outwar'd sorrow, though I think the king
 Be touch'd at very heart.

Gent. None but the king?

Pis. There is not a courtier,
 Although they wear their faces to the bent
 Of the king's looks, hath a heart, that is not
 Glad at the thing he scowl at.

Gent. And why so?

Pis. He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
 Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
 (I mean that marry'd her,) is a creature, such
 As to seek through the regions of the earth
 For one, his like; there would be something failing
 In him that should compare

Gent. His name and birth?

Pis. That I can well inform you, having liv'd
 A faithful servant in the family.

His father was Sicilius, who serv'd
 Against the Romans, with Cassibelan,
 And gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus.
 He had, besides this gentleman in question,
 Two other sons, who in the wars o' th' time
 Dy'd with their swords in hand. For which their father,
 Then old, and fond of issue, took such sorrow
 That he quit being, and his gentle lady
 Big of this gentleman, our theam, deceas'd,
 As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
 To his protection, calls him Posthumus;
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of, which he took
 As we do air, fast as 'twas ministred,
 His Spring became Harvest: he liv'd in court,
 Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd,
 A sample to the youngest; to th' more mature,
 A glass that featur'd them; and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards.

Gent. I honour him, even out of your report.
 But to my mistress, is she the sole child to the king?

Pis. His only child.
 He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it) the eldest of them, at three years old,
 I' th' swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stol'n, and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
 Which way they went.

Gent. How long is this ago?

Pis. Some twenty years.

Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
 So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
 That could not trace them——

Pis. Howso'er 'tis strange,
 Or that the negligence may be well laugh'd at,
 Yet is it true, Sir.

Gent. I do well believe you.

Pis. Here comes my lord,
 The queen, and princess, you must forbear.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, IMOGEN, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers,
 Ill-cy'd unto you; you're my prisoner, but
 Your goaler shall deliver you the keys,
 That lock up your restraint. For you, good Posthumus,
 So soon as I can win th' offended king,
 I will be known your advocate; marry yet
 The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
 You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
 Your wisdom may inform you,

Post. Please your highness,
 I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:

I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
 Hath charg'd you should not speak together. *[Exit.]*

Imo. Dissembling curtesy! how fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds! my dearest husband,
 You must be gone;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
 O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than both become a man, I will remain
 The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth:
 My residence in Rome, at one Philario's,
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter; thither write, my love,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 Though ink be made of gall.

Enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
 If the king come, I shall incur I know not
 How much of his displeasure—yet I'll move him *[Aside.]*
 To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
 But he does buy my injuries, to be friends,
 Pays dear for my offences. *[Exit.]*

Post. Should we be taking leave,
 As long a term as yet we have to live,
 The lothness to depart would grow. Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little.

Were you but riding forth to air yourself
Such parting were too petty. Look here, my Love,
This diamond was my mother's: take it, Heart,
But keep it 'till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead. *Post.* How, how? Another!
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And fear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here

[*Putting on the ring.*]

While sense can keep thee on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I, my poor self, did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss: so in your trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it.

[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*]

Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods!

When shall we meet again?

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid, hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught the court
With my unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court:
I am gone.

[*Exit.*]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Pisano, go see your lord on board.

[*Exit Pisano.*]

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me. *Imo.* I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation,
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen.

Imo. O, blest, that I might not!

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar, would'st have made my
A seat for baseness.

[*throne.*]

Imo. No, I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one! *Imo.* Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus;
You bred him as my play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What? art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir; heay'n restore me: would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Posthumus
Our neighbour-shepherd's son.

Enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were again together, you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience; peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet sovereign,
Make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Die of this folly. *[Exit.*

Queen. Fy, fy, you must give way—here is Pisanio.

Enter PISANIO.

Your faithful servant, and I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness. *[Exit. Queen.*

Imo. Well, good Pisanio.

Thou saw'st thy lord on board; what was the last
That he spake to thee.

Pis. 'Twas his lovely princess.

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I:
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief:
Still waving, as the fit and stirs of's mind

Could best express how slow his soul fail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him. *Pis.* Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
Crack'd them but to look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then
Then turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good *Pisanio*,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next wantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say; ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
The she's of Italy shall not betray
Mine interest, in his honour; or have charg'd him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, or at midnight,
T' encounter me with oraisons, (for then
I am in heav'n for him;) or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing. See the queen.
Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd. [*Exeunt*]

Enter QUEEN and CORNELIUS, with a Phial.

Queen. Now master doctor, have you brought the
drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay;
But I beseech your grace, without offence
My conscience bids me ask, wherefor you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been
Thy pupil long? I will but try the force
And vigour of thy compounds, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their virtues and effects.

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flatter'ing rascal; upon him
Will I first work: He's for his master's sake.
An enemy to my son. A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord. How now, Pisanio?
Doctor, your service for this time is ended.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam. [*Aside.*]
But you shall do no harm!

Queen. Hark thee a word. [*To Pisanio.*]

Cor. I will not trust one of her malices, with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense a while;
But there is no danger in that shew of death,
More than the locking up the spirits a time;
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer;
So to be false with her. [*Exit.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou! dost thou think in
She will not quench, and let instructions enter [*time*]
Where folly now possesses? do you work;
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son.
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
At last gasp; and what shalt thou expect
To be depend on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new-built, and has no friends
So much, as but to prompt him? thou takest up

[*Pisanio looking on the phial.*]
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour.
It is a thing I make, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I pry'thee take it,
It is an earnest of farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself;
I'll move the king,
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire: think on my words.—
I have given him that, [*Aside.*]

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of leigers for her sweet; and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too. Fare thee well, Pisanio.

Think on my words.

[Exit Queen.

Pis. And shall do;

But when to my good lord, I prove untrue,
I'll choak myself; there's all I'll do for you.
By this is he at Rome, and good Philario,
With open arms, and greatful heart, receives
His friend's reflected image in his son,
Old Leonatus in young Posthumus:
Sweet Imogen, what thou endur'st the while,
Betwixt thy father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer;
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband—heaven keep unshaken
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

PHILARIO's House in ROME

PHILARIO, IACHIMO, and a FRENCHMAN, at a banquet.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in Britain; and
he was then but crescent, not expressed to prove so worthy,
as since he has been allowed the name of. But I could
then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration,
though the catalogue of his endowments have been tabled
by his side, and I peruse him by Items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than
now he is.

French. I have seen him in France; we had very many
there could behold the sun, with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter,
wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than
his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the
matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Britain. Let him be so entertain'd amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for curtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was glad I did attune my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together, with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference.

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country-mistresses. This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of his bold affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptible than any, the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore hours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand in hand comparison, had been something too fair, and too good for any lady in Britain; if she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlusters many I have beheld, I could believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your paragon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you?

Post. Which by their graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stol'n too; so of your brace of unpriseable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a, that way, accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no stranger to me, we are familiar as first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pardon the moiety of my estate, to your ring, which in my opinion o'ervalues it something; but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation. And to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too. [*Angrily.*]

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it; my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser; if you buy ladies flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinkings. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one; if I bring you not sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress; my ten thousand ducats are yours, so is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in; she your jewel, this your

jewel, and my gold, are yours, provided I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions, let us have articles betwixt us; only thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remain unseduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise; for your ill opinion, and th' assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant; we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and I'll strait away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve; I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Chamber in the Palace.

Enter IMOGEN alone.

Imo. **A** FATHER cruel, and a stepdame false
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated
Vexations of it—had I been thief stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy; but most miserable
Is the degree that's glorious. Blessed be those,
How mean so-e'er that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be?

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

[*Reads aside.*

Iach. All of her that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone th' Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend;
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot;

[*Aside.*

Imogen reads.

*He is one of the noblest nore, to whose kindnesses I am
most infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
value your trust.*

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud.

But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' rest, and takes it thankfully——
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady;
What, are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twin'd stones
Upon the humble beach? and can we not
Partition make 'twixt fair and fowl?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye; for apes and monkeys,
Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other. Nor i' th' judgment;
For ideots in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definit. Nor in th' appetite——

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That satiate yet unsatisfy'd desire,
Ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage——

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam, well; beseech you, Sir,
Desire my man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's strange and sheepish. *Pis.* I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.

[*Exit Pisanio.*

Imo. Continues well my lord
His health, beseech you? *Iach.* Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamesome; he is call'd
The Britain reveller. *Imo.* When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that it seems much loves
A Gallian-girl at home. He furnaces
The thick sighs from him, while the jolly Britain,
(Your lord I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries, Oh!—
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knows
By history, report, or his own proof
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be, with his free hours languish out
For assur'd bondage? *Imo.* Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter;
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman?
But heav'n knows some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In you, whom I account his beyond all talents,
Whiff I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too. *Imo.* What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily. *Imo.* Am I one, Sir?
You look on me? what wrack discern you in me
Deserves your pity? *Iach.* Lamentable! what
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' th' dungeon by snuff? *Imo.* Pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't. *Imo.* You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do;) discover to me
What doth you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
 Whose very touch would force the feeler's soul
 To th' oath of loyalty; this object which
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 Fixing it only here; should I, (damn'd then,)
 Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
 That mount the capitol? join gripes with hands
 Made hard with hourly falsehood, as with labour?
 Then glad myself by peeping in an eye
 Base and unlust'rous as the smoky light
 That's fed with stinking tallow? it were fit
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt. *Imo.* My lord, I fear,
 Has forgot Britain. *Iach.* And himself; not I
 Inclind to this intelligence pronounce
 The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
 That from my muteest conscience, to my tongue
 Charm this report out. *Imo.* Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your case doth strike my heart
 With pity, that doth make me seek. A lady
 So fair, and fastened to an empery,
 Would make the greatest king double; to be partner'd
 With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd venturers
 To play with all infirmities for gold,
 Which rottenness lends nature be reveng'd,
 Or she, that bore you was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd?

How should I be reveng'd if this be true?
 As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
 Must not in haste abuse; if it be true,
 How shall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Shou'd he make me
 Live like Diana's priestess 'twixt cold sheets;
 Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
 In your despight, upon your purse! revenge it.
 I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
 More noble than that runagate to your bed,
 And will continue fast to your affection,
 Still close, as sure. *Imo.* What ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away, I do condemn mine ears that have

So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
 Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
 For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange;
 Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
 From thy report, as thou from honour; and
 Sollicit'st here a lady, that disdains
 Thee, and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio! —
 The king my father shall be made acquainted
 Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
 A saucy stranger in his court, to mart
 As in a Romish stew, and to expound
 His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
 He little cares for, and a daughter, whom
 He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio! —

Iach. O happy Leonatus, I may say!
 The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
 Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assur'd credit; blessed live you long,
 A lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
 Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
 That which he is, new o'er; and he is one
 The truest manner'd; such a holy witch
 That he enchants societies into him;
 Half all mens hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended God;
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty prince, that I have adventur'd
 To try your taking of a false report;
 The love I bear him,

Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir, take my power i' th' court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks; I had almost forgot
 T' intreat your grace, but in a small request,
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns
 Your lord; myself, and other noble friends
 Are partners in the business. *Imo.* Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord

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(The best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums
 To buy a present for the emperor:
 Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
 In France; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
 Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
 And I am something curious, being strange,
 To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
 To have them in protection. *Imo* Willingly;
 And pain mine honour for their safety; since
 My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
 In my chamber. *Iach.* They are in a coffer
 Attended by my men: I will make bold
 To send them to you, only for this night;
 I must abroad to-morrow. *Imo.* O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: or I shall short my word
 By lengthening my return. From Gallia,
 I cross the seas on purpose, and on promise
 To see your grace. *Imo.* I thank you for your pains;
 But not away to morrow. *Iach.* O I must, madam.
 Therefor I beseech you, if you please
 To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night;
 I have out-staid my time, which is material
 To th' tender of our present. *Imo.* I will write:
 Send your coffer to me, it shall be safe kept,
 And truly yielded you: your very welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E. II.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd
 the Jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had an hun-
 dred pound on't; and then a whorson Jack-an-apes must
 take me up for swearing, as if I had borrow'd mine oaths
 of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? you have broke his pate
 with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it; it
 would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

Clot. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not
 for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord: nor crop the ears of them.

Clot. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? would he had been one of my rank! Pox on't. I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother; every Jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock, that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No: I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

Clot. Good-night to your majesty, and gracious mother.

Cymb. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clot. She vouchsafes no notice; but I will assail her before morning with mask and music.

Cymb. The exile of her minion is too new, She hath not yet forgot him; some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Enter Messenger, and whispers the first Lord.

Queen. You are most bound to the king, Who lets go by no 'vantages, that may Prefer you to his daughter.

1 *Lord.* So like you Sir, ambassadors from Rome, The one is Caius Lucius.

Cymb. A worthy fellow,

Albeit, he comes on angry purpose now;

But that's no fault of his; our dear son,

When you have given good morning to your mistress,

Attend the queen and us, we shall have need

T'employ you towards this Roman.

Betimes to-morrow we'll hear the embassy.

Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt King and Queen*]

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of another stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clot. Another stranger, and I know not on't?

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

[*Aside.*

1 Lord. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of Leonatus' friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, wheresoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted, therefore cannot derogate.

[*Aside.*

Clot. Come I'll go see this Italian, and if he'll play, I'll game with him, and to-morrow with our father, we'll hear th' ambassador—Come let's go.

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exit Clot. and 1 Lord.*

2 Lord. That such a crafty devil as is his mother, Should yield the world this ass; a woman that Bears all down with her brain, and this her son Cannot take two from twenty for his heart And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess, Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

A magnificent Bed-Chamber, in one part of it a large Trunk.

IMOGEN, is discover'd reading in her Bed, a Lady attending,

Imo. **W**H O's there? my woman, Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam——

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have had three hours then, mine eyes are weak, Fold down the leaf where I have left, to bed——

Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
 And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,
 I pry'thee call me——Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
 Guard me, beseech ye.

To your protection I commend me, Gods.

[*Sleeps.*]

[*Iachimo rises from the Coffer.*]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense
 Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded. Cytheria,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lilly,
 And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch,
 But kiss, one kiss—Rubies unparagon'd
 How dearly they do't—'Tis her breathing
 Perfumes the chamber thus; the flame o' th' taper
 Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
 To see th' inclos'd lights now canopy'd
 Under the windows, white and azure, lac'd
 With blue of heav'n's own tinct—but my design's
 To note the chamber—I will write all down,
 Such, and such pictures—there the window,—such
 Th' adornment of her bed—the arras, figures——
 Why such, and such—and the contents o' th' story—
 Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify, t' enrich my inventory.
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying. Come off, come off,——

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard.
 'Tis mine, as this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted—Like the crimson drops
 I'th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make; this secret
 Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. More—to what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
 Screw'd to my memory. She hath been reading late,

The tale of Tereus, here the leaf's turn'd down
 Where Philomele gave up—I have enough,
 To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
 May bear its raven's eye: I lodge in fear,
 Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
 One, two, three: time, time.

[*He goes into the trunk, the scene closes.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 *Lord.* **Y**OUR lordship is the most patient man in loss,
 the coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold so to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble
 temper of your lordship; you are most hot and furious,
 when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: if I could
 get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's
 almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* It is, my lord.

Clot. I would the maskers and musicians were come. I
 am advis'd to give her music a' morning's; they say it will
 penetrate.

[*A flourish.*

1 *Lord.* Here they are, my lord.

Clot. Come lets join them.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

An open Place in the Palace.

CLOTEN, Lords, Singers and Maskers discover'd.

Clot. **C**OME on; tune, first, a very excellent good conceited thing, after a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark, hark, the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chalic'd flow'rs that lyes;
And winking mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes,
With every thing that pretty is, my lady sweet arise,
Arise, arise!*

So, get you gone—if this penetrate, I will consider you music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpav'd ear much to boot, can never amend. Come, now to our dancing, and if she is immoveable with this, she is an immoveable princess, and not worth my notice.

*(A dance.)**[Knocks at her door]*

Clot. Leave us to ourselves.

[Exeunt Lords, etc.]

If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream: by your leave ho!
I know her women are about her—what
If I do line one of their hands—'Tis gold
Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, and yield up
Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for

I yet understand the case myself.

By your leave.

[Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than those whose taylor's are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: what's your lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person, is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you,
Sell me your good report.

Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good. The princess.

Enter IMOGEN.

Clot. Good-morrow fairest. Sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble.

Clot. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you'd but say so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not. *Clot.* This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin,
I will not.

Imo. Fools cure and not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad.
That cures us both. I am sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
But I who know my heart, do hear pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you.

Clot. The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' th' court,) it is no contract, none.

Imo. Prophane fellow;

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom.

Clot. The fourth-fog rot him.

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment
That ever hath but clipt his body, is dearer
In my respect, than all thou hast to boast of.
How now, Pisanio? *[Missing her bracelet.]*

Enter PISANIO.

Clot. His garment? now the devil.

Imo. To Dorothy, my woman, hie thee presently.

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool,
Fretted, and angred worse—Go bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm—it was thy master's. Shrew me
If I would loss it for a revenue
Of any kings in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning; confident I am,
Last night 'twas on my arm; I kiss'd it then——

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go and search. *[Exit Pisanio.]*

Clot. You have abus'd me—His meanest garment!
I will inform your father. *Imo.* Your mother too;
She's my good lady: and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worst of discontent.

Clot. I'll be reveng'd;
His meanest garment?——Well. *[Exit.]*

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ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Chamber in ROME.**Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.*

POSTHUMUS.

FEAR it not, Sir; I would I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come, in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er pays all I can do. By this your king
Hath heard of great Augustus; Caius Lucius
Will do's commission throughly. And I think
He'll grant the tribute; ere your countrymen,
Will look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief. *Post.* I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war, they'll send no tribute;
Our countrymen the Britons
Are men more order'd then when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
Now mingled with their courage, will make known
To their approvers, they are people, such
As mend upon the world; and more than that,
They have a king, whose love and justice to them
May ask and have their treasures, and their blood.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phil. See, Iachimo.

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble. *Phil.* Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made

The speediness of your return. *Iach.* Your lady,
Is one of the fairest I look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like. *Posthumus reads the letters.*

Phil. Was Caius Lucius in the British court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd. *Post.* All is well yet.
Sparkless this stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I'd lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, as
Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy. *Post.* Make not, Sir,
Your loss, your sport; I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep covenant; had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with our ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed; my hand,
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find

They need it not. *Post.* Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching, it was hang'd
With richest stuff, the colours blue and silver:
A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other. *Iach.* More particulars
Must justify my knowledge. *Post.* So they must
Or do your honour injury. *Iach.* The chimney
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chalte Dian, bathing; never saw figures
So likely to report themselves; the painter,
Was as another nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted.

Post. What's this t' her honour?
Let it be granted you have seen all this,
(Praise be to your remembrance,) the discription
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can [*Pulling out the bracelets.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel; See! ———
And now 'tis up again; it must be married
To that your diamond. *Post.* Jove! ———
Once more let me behold it; is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She strip'd it from her arm, I see her yet.
Her pretty action did out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off to send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true, Here take this too,
'Tis a Basilisk unto mine eye,

Kills me to look on't: Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above measure false!

Phil. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won.
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stoll'n it from her. *Post.* Very true,
And so I hope he came by't: back my ring,
Render me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this; for this was stole.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; By Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true—nay, keep the ring—'tis true; I am sure
She could not lose it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger!—no, he hath enjoy'd her,
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the name of whore, thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one perswaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him. *Iach.* If you seek
For further satisfying; under her breast,
Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life
I kiss it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her? *Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic.
Ne'er count the turns: once and a million.

Iach. I'll be sworn——*Post.* No swearing:
If you will swear you have not don't, you lye.

And I will quit thee if thou dost deny
Thou'st made her strumpet.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal;
I will go there, and do't i' th' court before!
Her father——I'll do something——

Phil. Quite besides

The government of patience. You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

A CHAMBER.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. **I**S there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half workers? we are bastards all,
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was, I know not where,
When I was stamp'd. Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit, yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time, so doth my wife
The non-pareil of this—O vengeance! vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd;
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosie, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn——
That I thought her
As chaste as unshin'd snow. Oh, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo in an hour—was't not?——
Or less: at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full accorn'd boar, a German one,——
O! torture to my mind. Could I find out
The woman's part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flatt'ring, hers; deceiving, hers;

Lust, and rank thoughts, her, hers; revenges hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice-longing, slanders, mutability:
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why hers, in part, or all; or rather all. For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still;
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them—yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
 The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

A PALACE.

*Enter in State, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and
 Lords at one door: and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and
 Attendants.*

Cym. **N**OW say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?
Luc. When Julius Cæsar was in Britain,
 Cassibelan, thine uncle, did for him,
 And his succession, grant to Rome a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd. *Queen.* And to kill the marvel,
 Shall be so ever. *Clot.* There be many Cæsars,
 Ere such another Julius: Britain's a world
 By itself, and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.
 Tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide
 the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon into his
 pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, Sir, no
 more tribute. *Cym.* You must know,
 'Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute, we were free. Say then to Cæsar
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar,
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise,
 Shall by the power we hold by our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefor angry.

Luc. I am sorry,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
Cymbeline's enemy. War and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
with us a day, or two, or longer: if you seek us after-
wards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water
girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in
the adventure, our crows shall fair the better for you; and
there's an end. *Luc.* So, Sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain, is welcome. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

A CHAMBER.

Enter PISANIO reading a Letter.

Pis. **H**OW? of adultery? wherefor write you not
What monsters have accused her? Leonatus?
Oh master, what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear? what false Italian,
As poisonous tongu'd, as handled, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? disloyal? no.
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes
More goddess-like, than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. Oh, my master,
Thy mind to her, is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes. How? that I should murder her,
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command!—I her! her blood!
If it be so, to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't* ———

[the letter reading.]

*That I have sent her, by her own command,
Shall give the opportunity. Damn'd paper!*
Black as the ink that's on thee: lo there she comes.

Enter IOMGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord! that is my Leonatus?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd, relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content.
Good wax, thy leave: blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel.
Good news, gods.

Reading.

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in
his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, oh the
dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.
Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Haven; what
your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he
wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and
your increasing in love.*

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven. Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither; if one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? then, say Pisanio,
How far it is to this same blessed Milford?
How may we steal from hence: pr'ythee speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go so slow; but this is foolery.
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness say
She'll home to her father, and provide me present
A riding suit: no costlier than would fit
A Franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man? nor here, nor here,
Nor what insues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A Forest with a Cave.

Enter BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. **A** Goodly day, not to keep house with such,
Whose roof's as low as ours; see, boys! this gate
Instructs you how t'adore the heav'n's; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbants on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, though fair heav'n!
We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly,
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heav'n!

Arv. Hail heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport, up to yond hill,
Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of courts of princes, of the trick's in war;
That service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort shall we find
The sharded beetle, in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh this life,
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we poor unfledg'd
Have never wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor know not
What air's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
If life is best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed,
A prison for a debtor, that none dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we spoke of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December? How,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? we have seen nothing.

Bel. How you speak?
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o'th' court,
As hard to leave, as keep, whose tomb to limb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling. The toil o'th' war,
A pain, that only seems to seek out danger
I'th' name of Fame and Honour; which dies i'th' search,
And hath as soft a sland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time,
Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse
Must cut'ie at the censure. O boys, this story
The world may read in me; my body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off; then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hanging, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains, whose false oath prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans; so
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, pay'd

More pious debts to heav'n, than in all
The fore-end of my time,—But, up to th' mountains,
This is not hunter's language; he that strikes
The venison first, shall be lord o' th' feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we shall fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state;
I'll meet you in the valleys. *[Exeunt Guid, and Arv.]*
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature?
These boys know little they are sons to th' king,
And Cymbeline dreams not they are alive.
They think they're mine, and tho' train'd up thus meanly
I th' cave there on the brow, their thoughts do hit
The roof's of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things, to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This polidore,
(The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius) Jove!
When on thy three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story, say thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot one's neck, even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd—
O Cymbeline! heav'n and my conscience know
Thou did'st unjustly banish me, whereon
At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse. they take thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave;
Myself Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E VI.

The PALACE.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.

Cym. **T**HU S far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal Sir;

I am right sorry, that I must report you
My master's enemy. I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit;

So farewell, noble Lucius. *Luc.* Your hand, my lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly, but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy. *Luc.* Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

[*Exit Luc. etc.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have given him cause,

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be looked to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter; she has not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty,
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in sufferance.

[*Exit 1st Lord.*]

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter 1st Lord.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? how
Can her contempt be answered?

1 Lord. Please you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to the lowdest noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to profer; this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory. *Cym.* Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens! that which I fear
Prove false. [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say; follow the king.

Glot. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant
I have not seen these two days. [*Exit.*

Queen. Go look after——
Pisanio, he that stand't so for Posthumus!——
He has a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? haply despair hath seiz'd her;
Or wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus; gone she is
To death, or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down
I have the placing of the British crown. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

A Wood.

Enter PISANIO and IMGOEN.

Imo. **T**HOU told'st me when we came from horse the
place
Was near at hand: O where is Posthumus
Say, good Pisanio? what is in thy mind
That makes the stare thus? one but painted thus

Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication. What's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me?
 If't be summer news,
 Smile to't before; if winterly thou need'st
 But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand?
 That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
 And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be even mortal to me,

Pis. Please you read,
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

THY mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed: the testimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of her; let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
 Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
 Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
 All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! what is it to be false?
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
 To break it with a funeral dream of him,
 And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed.

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? thy conscience witness, Iachimo,
 Thou did'st accuse him of incontinency,
 Thou then look'st like a villain; now, methinks,
 Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy,
 Whose feathers were her painting, hath betrayed him.

Poor I am stale, a garment of fashion;
 I must be ript; to pieces with me: oh,
 Mens vows are womens traitors All good seeming
 By thy revolt, oh, husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villany.

Pis. Good madam, hear me——

Imo. Come, fellow, be though honest,
 Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,
 A little witness my obedience. Look,
 I draw the sword myself, take it, and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;
 Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but grief;
 Thy master is not there, who was indeed
 The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
 Thou may't be valiant in a better cause:
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument,
 Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why I must die.
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of my master's. Against self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine
 That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart——
 Something's afor't—Soft, soft, we'll no defence;
 What is here, [Opening her breast.
 The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,

[Pulling his letter out of her breast.

Corrupters of my faith, you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart: pr'ythee dispatch,
 The lamb intreats the butcher. Where's the knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too. *Pis.* O gracious lady?
 Since I receiv'd command to do this business
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Imo. I'll break mine eye-balls first.

Imo. Wherefor then, didst undertake it?

Why hast thou gone so far
 To be unbent? when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 Th'elected deer before thee? *Pis.* But to win time
 To lose so bad employment, in the which
 I have consider'd of a course; good lady,

Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, speak;
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd, some villain,
Ay, and singular in his art, hath done you both
This cursed injury. *Imo.* Some Roman courtesan?

Pis. No, on my life;
I'll give him notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so; you shall be mis'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow;
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband? *Pis.* If you'll back to th' court.

Imo. No court, no father;
Pis. If not a court,
Then not in Britain must you bide. Where then!

Imo. Hath Britain all the sun that shines?
There's living out of Britain. *Pis.* I am most glad
You think of other place: th' ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven,
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mien
Dark as your fortune is, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view; yea, happily, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his action were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves. *Imo.* Oh for means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, there's the point:
You must forget to be a woman, change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
The handmaids of all women, or more truly
Women is pretty self, into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quick answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek.
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart;

Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry. *Imo.* Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one,
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
(Tis in your clock-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them. Would you in your serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy, which will make him so,
(If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable;
And doubling that, most holy. For means abroad,
You have me rich, and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supply.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pry'thee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a phial glass

What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a taste of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And sit you to your manhood; may the Gods
Direct you to the best.

[*Exeunt.*]

Imo. Amen, I thank thee.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A PALACE.

Enter CLOTEN.

Cl. I LOVE and hate her; for she's fair and royal,
I love her, but

VOL. I.

D d

Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, flanders so her judgment,
I will conclude to hate her.

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? ah you precious pandar, villain,
Where is thy lady? in a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my lord.

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? when was she miss'd?

Clot. Where is she, Sir? satisfy me home,
What is become of her? *Pis.* Oh, my all worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain?
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death. *Pis.* Then, Sir,
This paper is the history of my knowlege
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her
Even to Augustus's throne. *Pis.* Or this, or perish. } *Aside.*
She's far enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger. *Clot.* Humph.

Pis. I'll write to my lord she is dead. Oh, Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again.

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus's hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
would'st not be a villain, but to do me true service; that
is, what villainy so'er I bid thee do, to perform it, di-
rectly and truly, I would think thee an honest man; thou
should'st neither want my means for the relief; nor thy
voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Give me thy hand, h'eres my purse. Hast any
of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, one at my lodging, which he
forgot to take with him, it was a favourite of my lady
and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven? even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee. She said upon a time, that she held the very garment of Posthumus, in more respect, than my noble and natural person; with that suit upon my back will I ravish her; and when my lust hath din'd, to the court I'll foot her home again. My revenge is now at Milford-Haven, would I had wings to follow it.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

The FOREST and CAVE.

Enter IMOGEN in Boy's Cloaths.

Imo. I See a man's life is a tedious one,
I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee,
Thou hast withing a ken. Oh, Jove, I think
Foundations fly the wretched, such I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie
That have afflictions on them? yes, no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars. My dear lord,
Thou art one o' th' false ones; now I think on thee,
My hunter's gone, but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this? [*Seeing the Cave.*]
Here is a path to't—'tis some savage hold;
It were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breed cowards, hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak;
No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy

But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Grant such a foe, good heav'ns. [*She goes into the cave.*]

Enter BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Paladour, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast; Cadwall and I
Will play the cook and servant; come, our stomachs
Will make what's homely, favourly; weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keeps thyself.

Guid. There is cold meet i' th' cave, we'll brouze on
that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in—— [*Looking in.*]
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
He were a fairy. *Guid.* What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon. Behold divineness
No elder than a boy.

Enter IMOGEN *from a Cave.*

Imo. Good masters, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took; good
troth,

I have stoll'n nought, nor would not, though I'd found
Gold strew'd i' th' floor. Here's money for my meat,
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted thence
With prayers for the provider. *Guid.* Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty Gods. *Imo.* I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it. *Bell.* Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir; I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy! he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds

By this rude place we live in. Well-encounter'd,
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Arv. I'll love him as my brother;
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours.

Guid. Most welcome:
Be sprightly, for you all 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends?

If brothers, would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons, then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal to thee, my Posthumus. } *Aside.*

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. Would I could free it.

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger.

Bel. Hark, boys. (*Whispering.*) *Imo.* Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them; laying by
That nothing-gift of different multitudes
Could not out-piece these twain. Pardon me, Gods,
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Posthumus is false. *Bel.* It shall be so;
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in;
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have sup'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it. *Guid.* Pray draw near,

Arv. The night to th'owl,
And morn to th'lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, Sir. *Arv.* I pray draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*The FOREST.**Enter CLOTEN alone.*

Clot. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Posthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces, before her face, and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe, out sword, and to a sore purpose; fortune put them into my hand; this is the very description of their meeting place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

*A CAVE.**Enter BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

Bel. **Y**OU are not well: remain here in the cave,
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here;

Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be,
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very seek.

Guid. Go you to hunting, yet I am not well.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well.

So please you, leave me,
Stick to your journal course; the breach of custom,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort

To one not sociable: I am not very seek,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here!

Arv. Brother, farewell. *Imo.* I wish you sport.

Arv. You health——So please you, Sir.

Imo. These are kind creatures. Gods! what lies have I heard?

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:

I am sick still, heart-sick——*Pisanio,*

I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the phial.*

Guid. I cou'd not stir him;

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field:

We'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not seek,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill, I am bound to you.

[*Exit.*

Bel. This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears t' have had Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Nobly he yokes a smiling with a sigh.

Guid. Yet I do note,

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,

Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow patience,

And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine

His perishing root, from the increasing vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates, that villain Hath mock'd me.

[*Exit.*

Bel. Those runagates!

Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis

Cloten, the son o' th' queen; I fear some ambush——

Guid. He is but one; you and my brother search

What companies are near; pray you away,

Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt Bellarius and Arviragus.*

Re-enter CLOTEN.

Clot. Soft, what are you

That fly me thus? Some villain-mountaineers—
I've heard of such. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.

Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words I grant are biggar, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee? *Clot.* Thou villain base
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Guid. No, nor thy tailor, who made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee,

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, then double villain, be thy name.
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner. *Clot.* To thy further fear,
Nay, to the mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to th' queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth. *Clot.* Art not afraid?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise;
At fools I laugh, not fear them, *Clot.* Die the death;
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads;
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Fight, and exeunt.*]

Enter BELLARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world; you did mistake him sure.

Bel. No, time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour.

Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking were are his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them. But see my brother.

Enter GUIDERIUS.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool. Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. Cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? the law
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threaten us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself?
For we do fear no law. What company
Discover you abroad? *Bel.* No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants.
It is not probable he'd come alone.

Arr. Let ord'nance

Come, as the Gods foresay it, howso'er
My brother hath done well. *Bel.* I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth

Guid. With his own sword.

Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten,
That's all I care.

[*Exit.*

Bel. I fear it will be reveng'd:

Would Paladour, thou had'st not don't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arr. Would I had don't.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pry thee to our rock,
You and Fidele play the cooks, I'll stay
Till hasty Paladour return, and bring him
To dinner presently. *Arr.* Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him; to gain his colour
I'd let a river of such Cloten's blood,
And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*

Bel. O thou Goddess,

Thou divine nature! how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys: they are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough,
Their royal blood enchas'd) as the rud'st wind

That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to th' vail. 'Tis wonderful
 That an invifible inftinct fhould frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
 Civility not feen from other; valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been fow'd: yet ftill 'tis ftrange
 What Cloten's being here to us portends,
 Or what his death will bring us.

Enter GUIDERIUS.

Guid. Where's my brother?

I have fent Cloten's clot-pole down the fream,
 In embaffy to his mother; his body's hofage
 For his return.

[*Solemn mufic.*]

Bel. My ingenious instrument,
 Hark, Paladour, it founds: but what occafion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? hark!

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean?

Since death of my dear mother
 It did not fpeak before. All folemn things
 Should answer folemn accidents.

Enter ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Look, here he comes;
 And brings the dire occafion in his looks,
 Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead
 That we have made fo much on. I had rather
 Have fkipt from fixteen years of age to fixty;
 Than have feen this.

Guid. Oh fweeteft, faireft lilly!
 And art thou gone, my poor Fidele.

Bel. What is he dead, how found you him?

Arv. Stark—fmiling as fome fly had tickled flumber,
 Not as death's dart being laugh'd at; his right cheek
 Repofing on a cushion. *Guid.* Where? *Arv.* O' th' floor
 His arms thus leagu'd, I thought he fleep, and put
 My clouted brogues from off my feet, whofe rudeneſs
 Answer'd my fteps too loud.

Guid. If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed;

With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near him.

Arv. With fairest flow'rs,
Whilst summer lasts, and I leave here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave:

Bel. Great griefs I see med'cine the less. For Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember
He paid for that: our foe was princely.
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him, as a prince. Go, bring your lily.

[Exeunt Guid. and Arv.]

Oh! melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom, find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish carack
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made, but oh!
Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy of melancholy.

Enter GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS, with the body.
Come let us lay the bodies each by each,
And strew 'em o'er with flow'rs, and on the morrow
Shall the earth receive 'em. *Arv.* Sweet Fidele!
Fear no more th' heat o' th' sun,

Nor the furious winter's blast;
Thou thy worldly talk hast done,
And the dream of life is past.

Guid. Monarchs, sages, peasants must
Follow thee, and come to dust. *Exeunt with the body.*

S C E N E IV.

The PALACE.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords and PISANIO.

Cym. **A** GAIN; and bring me word how 'tis with her;
A fever with the absence of her son;
Madness, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me. Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone! my queen

Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me! her son gone,
 So needful for this present! it strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll inforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours, set it at your will.

2 Lord. Good, my liege,
 The day that she was missing, he was here;
 I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
 All parts of his subjection loyally. For lord Cloten,
 Their wants no diligence in seeking him,
 He will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
 We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy
 Does yet depend.

2 Lord. So please your majesty,
 The Roman legions all from Gallia drawn,
 Are landed on your coast.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen:
 I am amaz'd with matter, let's withdraw
 And meet the time, as it seeks us; we fear not
 What can from Italy annoy us, but
 We grieve at chances here—Away.——

[*Exeunt.*]

Pis. I've had no letter from my master since
 I wrote him Imogen was slain, 'tis strange!
 Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
 To yield me often tydings. Neither know I
 What is betide to Cloten, but remain
 Perplex'd in all. The heav'ns still must work;
 Wherein I'm false I'm honest; not true, to be true,
 These present wars shall find I love my country,
 Ev'n to the note of th'king, or I'll fall in them;
 All other doubts, by time, let'em be clear'd,
 Fortune brings in some boats, that are not fear'd. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

A F O R E S T.

IMOGEN and CLOTEN, on a Bank strew'd with Flowers.

IMOGEN awakes.

YES, Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way—
I thank you—by yond bush—pray how far thither?—
'Ods pittikins—can it be six mile yet?—
I've gone all night—'faith, I'll lye down and sleep.
But soft; no bed-fellow!—Oh Gods, and goddeses!—
[Seeing the Boy.

The flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dream;
For sure I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures.
I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heav'n as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye: oh, Gods! a part of it!
The dream's here still; even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garment of my Posthumus?
I know them well, this is his hand—
Murdered—Pisanio!—

'Twas thou conspiring with that devil Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. Pisanio!—
How should this be, Pisanio!—'Tis he!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's deed,
Oh, my lord! my lord! [Lies down upon the body.

Enter LUCIUS, and Captains.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come

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Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother. *Luc.* When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' th' wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Soft ho, what trunk is here?
Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!——
Or dead or sleeping on him? but dead rather:
~~For nature doth abhor to make his bed~~
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded; who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? what art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better; this was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain: alas!
There are no more such masters;

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!

Thou mov'st no less with my complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding; say thy name, good friend.

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thy name well fits thy faith;
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No less belov'd. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir; but first, an't please the God
I'll hide my master from the fowls as deep
As these poor pick-axes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves, and weeds, I ha' strew'd his grave
(Such as I can) twice over, I'll weep, and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me. *Luc.* Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than master thee; my friends
The boy hath taught us manly duties; let us
Find out the prettiest dazied-plot we can,
And make him, with our pikes and partizans,
A grave. Come, take him up; boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd

As soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes,
Some falls are means the happier to arise.
Bring him along.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Forest, a March at a Distance.

Enter BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

ARVIRAGUS.

THE noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death, we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the bands, may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd: and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In such a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; and besides the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves.

Guid. Pray, Sir, to the army;
and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines
Thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,

But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
I am ashamed to look upon the holy fun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.—

Guid. By heav'n's I'll go;
If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefor due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans.

Arv. So say I.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys.
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lye. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Field between the BRITISH and ROMISH Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS with a bloody Handkerchief.

Post. **Y**EA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married
ones,

If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than yourselves,
For wrying but a little? Oh Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands——
No bond, but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and strook
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; (that's love)
To have them fall no more; you some permit
To second ills with ills, each worse than other,
And make them dreaded to the doer's thrift;
But Imogen is your own. Do your best wills,
And make me blest t'obey. I am brought hither

Amongst the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom; 'tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd my mistress: peace,
 I'll give no wound to thee; therefor, good heav'ns,
 Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Britain peasant; so I'll fight
 Against the part I came with: so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death; and thus unknown,
 Pitied, not hated, to the face of peril,
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my habit's show;
 Gods, put the strength o'th' Leonati in me;
 To shame the guise o'th' world, I will begin,
 The fashion. Less without, and more within. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E III.

A FIELD of BATTLE.

*A grand Fight between the ROMANS and BRITONS; the
 ROMANS are drove off.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO fighting.

IACHIMO drops his Sword.

Post. O R yield thee, Roman, or thou dy'st.

Iach. Peasant, behold my breast.

Post. No, take thy life and mend it. *[Exit Post.]*

Iach. The heaviness and sin within my bosom

takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a lady,

the princess of this country, and the air on't

eveninglingly enfeebles me, or could this carle,

every drudge of nature, have subdu'd me,

my profession; knighthoods and honours borne

as I wear mine, are titles but of scorn;

With heav'n against me, what is sword or shield;

my guilt, my guilt, o'er-powers me, and I yield. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E IV.

A W O O D.

Enter PISANIO and 1st Lord.

1 *Lord.* **T**HIS is a day turn'd strangely.
Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Pis. I did.

Though you it seems came from the fliers.

1 *Lord.* I did.

Pis. No blame to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britains seen; all flying
Through a strait lane, the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear, that the strait pass was damu'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

1 *Lord.* Where was this lane?

Pis. Close by the battle, ditch'd and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one I warrant. Athwart the lane?
He, with two stripling lads, more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter,
Made good the passage, cried to the fliers, stand,
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and my save
But to look back in frown; stand, stand.

1 *Lord.* Were there but three?

Pis. There was a fourth man, in a poor rustic habit,
That stood the front with them. These matchless four,
Accommodated by the place, gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some, turn'd cowards
But by example, 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o'th' hunter. Then began
A stop i' th' chaser, a retire; anon

A rout, confusion thick, and the event
A victory for us.

I Lord. This was strange chance,
An old man, two boys, and a poor rustic.

Pis. Nay, do not wonder—but go with me, and
see these wonders, and join the general joy. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A W O O D.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Poss. **T**O-day, how many would have given their honours

To've sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too. I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck. This ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knife i'th'war. Well, I will find him;
No more a Britain, I have resum'd again,
The part I come in. Fight, I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hinds, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
On either side. For me, my ransom's death,
I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

CYMBELINE'S Tent.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Lords.*

Cym. **S**TAND by my side, you, whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne: who is my heart,
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
(Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Step'd before shields of proof,) cannot be found
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead, and living,
But no trace of him? *Cym.* To my grief, I am,
The heir of his reward, which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain;

[To Bel, Guid, and Arvirag.]

By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it. *Bel.* Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true, nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest. *Cym.* Bow your knees;
Arise, my knights o' th' battle, I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

*There's business in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' th' court of Britain.*

Cor. Hail, great king;
*To sour our happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.*

Cym. Dead, say'st thou! how ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like herself,

*Who, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess,
I will report, so please you. These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.*

Cym. Pr'ythee say.

*Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you;
Married your royalty, was wise to your place,
Abhor'd your person.*

*Cym. She alone knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.*

*Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess,
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.*

*Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?*

*Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral, which being took,
Should by the mixture feed on life, and lingring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, to o'ercome
You with her shew: yes, and in time, to work,
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless, desperate, open'd, in dispiight
Of heav'n and men, her purposes; repented
The ills she hatch'd, were not effected: so
Despairing, dy'd.*

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

*Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine ears that heard her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all.*

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and other Roman Prisoners,
LEONATUS behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britains have ras'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd, with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted.
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threat'ned
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be called ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman, with a Roman's heart can suffer;
Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat, my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so dutious, diligent,
So tender over his occasions.
He hath done no Briton harm
Though he hath serv'd a Roman. Save him, Sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me; boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
I know not why, nor wherefor,
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master, live;
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt
Fitting my bounty, and thy state I'll give it;
Know'st him thou look'st him? speak
Wilt have him live? is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman, no more kin of me,
Than I to your highness, who being born your vassal
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefor ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page,
I'll be thy master: walk with me, speak freely. [*Go aside.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One said ano her
Not more resembles than he th' sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele; what think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further;

Pis. It is my mistress: [*Aside.*]
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side.
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth, [*To Iach.*]
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or by our greatness, and the grace of it
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falshood. On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may tender
Of whom he had this ring.

Pest. What's that to him? [*Aside wondering.*]

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel, [*thee*]
Whom thou didst banish: (and which more may grieve
As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember. Give me leave, I faint— [*Swoons.*]

Cym. My daughter, what of her? Renew thy strength,
I had rather thou should'st live, while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where,) 'twas at a feast, oh would
Our viands had been poison'd! or at least

Those which I heav'd to head; the worthy Posthumus—

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity; there it begins:

He spake of her, as Dian had her dreams,
And she alone were cold; whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praise, and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger; to attain

In suit the place of's bed, and win this ring,
By hers and mine adultery. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught,
By your chaste daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt amorous, and villainous.

Yet to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof, enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; and he could not
But think her bound of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
Methinks I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st, *[Coming forward,*

Italian fiend! ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer. Thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come—Oh give me cord, knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer. Thou king send out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th'abhorred things o'th' earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief to do't. The temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself——
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o'th' street to bait me; every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy less than 'twas. Oh Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! oh Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord, hear, hear——

Post. Away—thou scornful page, there is no peace for me.
[Striking her, she falls.]

Pis. O gentlemen, help
 Mine and your mistress—Oh, my lord Posthumus!
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now—help, help,
 Mine honour'd lady——

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How came these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress.

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
 Think that you are upon a rock, and now,
 Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
 Till the tree die.

Cym. My child! my child!
 My dearest Imogen.

Imo. Your blessing, Sir.

[Kneeling.]

Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
 You had a motive for't.

Cym. My tears that fall
 Prove holy water on thee; Imogen,
 Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was
 That we met here so strangely; but her son
 Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Guid. Let me end the story; 'twas I that slew him.

Cym. The Gods forefend.

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
 Luck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
 Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me
 Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
 With language that would make me spurn the sea,
 It could so roar to me. I cut off's head,
 And am right glad he is not standing here
 To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir king,
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well decended as thyself, and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. Let his arms alone,
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? how of descent
As good as we?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy; here's my knee;
Mighty Sir,
These two young gentlemen that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your lions, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my issue?

Bel. So sure as you, your father's: I, old Morgan,
Am that Bellarius, whom you sometime banish'd;
Your pleasure was at once my offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason. These gentle princes,
For such, and so they are, these twenty years
Have I train'd up; those arts they have, that I
Could put into them. But, gracious Sir,
Here are your sons again: and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heav'ns,
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthy
To in-lay heav'n with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my children—
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star.
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he!
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp;
It was wise nature's epd, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? ne'er mother,
Rejoic'd deliverance more; blest may you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now; oh Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord:
I have got two worlds by't. Oh my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother
When I was but your sister; I your brother,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd
Save these in bonds, let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master, I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, Sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo, I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again;
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. But your ring first,
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith; now take that life
Beseech you, which I so often owe.

[*Kneels.*

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, 'is to spare you:
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd;
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law:
Pardon's the word to all. Laud we the Gods;

And let our crooked smoaks climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward; let
A Roman, and a British ensign wave
Friendly together; so through Lud's town march;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our piece we'll ratify. Seal it with feasts.
Set on there: never was a war did cease
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes*]

The END of the FIRST VOLUME.